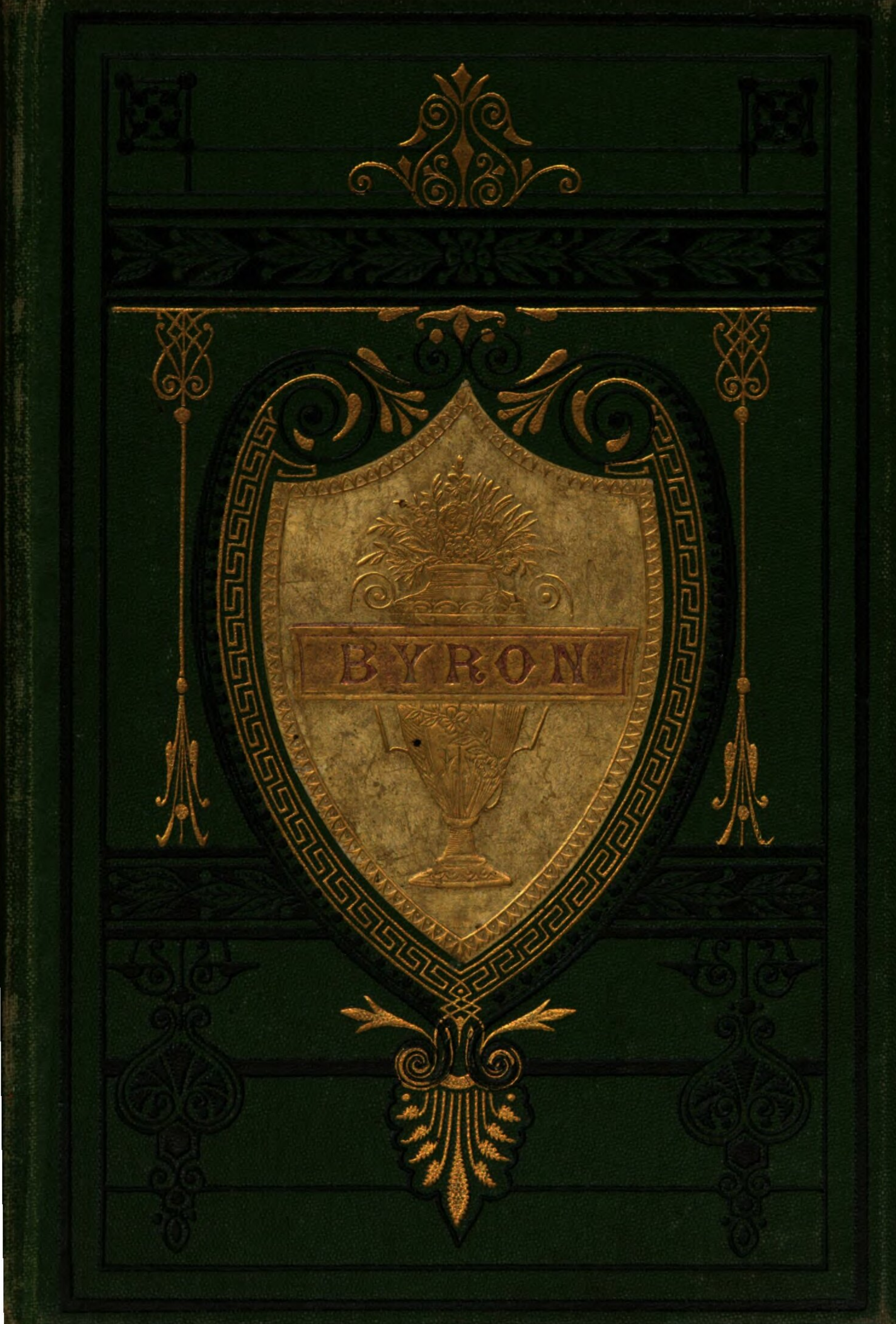




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Dark will thy doom be darker still
Thine immortality of ill
Siege of Corinth p 264

The
Poetical Works
of
Lord Byron



What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest —p. 152

(1857)

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THE
✓
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.
WITH LIFE.

Six Engravings on Steel.

GALL & INGLIS.

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25 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

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(1857)



LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

ON the 22d January 1788, in Holles Street, London, the poet Byron was born. His boyhood was spent in Aberdeenshire, his youth in England, and the single decade of his manhood in foreign countries. He died at Missolonghi in Greece on the 19th April 1824.

In this locomotive age, thousands—whose memory survives them no longer than the grief of immediate kinsmen—trace a life-itinerary more varied and more suggestive of adventure and vicissitude than the above. But Byron's course, however simple and ordinary when viewed merely as a traveller's, was signalized by outbursts of genius and character at once sulphureous and splendid, which startled the contemporary world, as they rapidly succeeded each other,—exciting the alarm of the timid, the admiration of the bold, and the wonder of all. Nor has that mingling of brightness and shade, which marks both his genius and his character, less either of attraction or of mystery for us his immediate posterity. In surveying the monument which he has erected to himself in our literature, we are still like visitors to a volcano, only that the volcano is now extinct; and whether we dig into the lava, rich in rarest ores which his burning genius outpoured, or look down into the crater where his soul, alternately gleaming like heaven and smoking like hell, wasted, and at length wore out the man, posterity is divided, like his contemporaries, between terror and admiration, united only by wonder.

If an ill-assorted marriage be an evil omen for the issue, then was Byron born under unlucky stars. His father, Captain Byron, had outraged, in his previous family life, not only the principles of religion, but also the laws of society; and when, in 1783, he married Miss Catherine Gordon, the wealthy heiress of Gight, Aberdeenshire, it was chiefly for the purpose of paying off his debts with her fortune. Within two years after the marriage the heiress of Gight was reduced to a pittance of L.150 a year. In 1790, for economy's sake, the unhappy couple removed from London to Aberdeen; but they soon separated. Even after this Captain Byron was mean-spirited enough to solicit money from his beggared wife, and she had not the heart to refuse him. With a small supply thus obtained he crossed the channel and in 1791 he died at Valenciennes, in the north of France.

Of this ill-starred marriage the poet Byron was the fruit, in 1788, as has been said. He was therefore two years old when his parents removed to Aberdeen, and in that city the next eight years of his boyhood were spent. He was put to a day-school at the age of five, and even then betrayed an unusual fondness for historical reading. But neither here, nor afterwards at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, did he distinguish himself in school-work; he was usually far down in the class; and when Aberdonians in after years raked up their reminiscences of their noble school-fellow, it was as a leader in frolic and fight, not as a maker of Latin versions, that Byron stood forth.

Instances of generosity, boldness, and impotent rage, are cited out of Byron's boyhood: but anecdotes of this kind belong to the childhood of thousands who turn out most ordinary men. One only circumstance is characteristic enough to merit specification, and that is the profound impression made upon his heart, at eight years of age, by a Scotch *lassie* named Mary Duff. So long afterwards as 1813, when twenty-five years of age, he made this first attachment the theme of lengthened remark in his diary. He avers that the news of Mary Duff's marriage was "like a thunder-stroke, it nearly choked me, to the horror of my mother, and the astonishment and almost incredulity of everybody." Byron's precocity, therefore, was not intellectual, but emotional.

In 1796, which is also the date of this boyish attachment, Byron, on recovering from scarlet-fever, was removed, for the benefit of the country air, from Aberdeen to a farm-house near Ballater. The bed in which Byron slept is still shown in the farm-house, and a short walk brings the worshipper of genius to "Dark Lochnagar." The mountain scenery of other lands always recalled to him that of Scotland; and the recollected innocence and peace amid which he had viewed the latter, formed a chief element of his delight in contemplating the former. In "The Island," a poem written only a year or two before his death, he thus expounds his love of the most stupendous or most classic mountain scenes:—

"But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature, held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy."

He sometimes disdains Scotland; but this was affectation. A fond remembrance was the genuine tribute of his heart to the scenes and companions of his boyhood.

In 1798, by the death of his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, Mary Duff's sweetheart became all at once an English peer, and the delighted mother removed with her noble boy to Newstead Abbey, the family seat in Nottinghamshire. This was not only the turning-point in the fortunes of the future poet, but a circumstance of mighty influence on the development of his character. During the spring-time of life there is unrest and waywardness enough in most individuals of a race so vigorous as the British, and the necessity of daily labour, to win or to maintain one's position in society, is the fly-wheel graciously attached to the machinery of our powers, regulating all their movements, and turning to profitable account that energy which might otherwise have proved destructive. By his sudden elevation to wealth and rank, Byron

was deprived of this restraining and regulating influence, and thus had one chance less of acquitting himself worthily as a man.

Another circumstance which influenced his character, and especially his temper, not a little, was a slight deformity of the right foot, the result of an accident at birth. In after life he became morbidly anxious to conceal the defect, that he might escape the observation of vulgar curiosity, and he almost entirely succeeded; but it begat in him a lasting grudge towards his mother, whom he held responsible, if not for the accident itself, at least for the neglect of *immediate* remedies; and the stimulus which it gave to his desire of excelling was not unaccompanied with bitterness. Sometimes he made a jest of his lame foot, and obtruded it on the attention of his friends; for he was consistent in nothing; but the following lines from the "The Deformed Transformed," may be accepted as fairly representing his general view:—

"Deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Aye, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first."

During the year 1799, spent in Dr Glennie's school at Dulwich, Byron was tortured by mechanical appliances for the rectification of his foot; but to no purpose. Neither was the other object of placing him with this gentleman,—that, namely, of preparing him for a great public school,—attained in any satisfactory degree; for the capricious fondness of his mother continually interfered with the discipline of the school, and, not content with the interval between Saturday and Monday, she would often keep him at home a whole week. It appears that he was known amongst his Dulwich schoolfellows as "The Old English Baron," a *sobriquet* suggested by his boastful allusions to his paternal ancestry. The Byrons came over from France at the Conquest, and one Ralph de Burun is mentioned in Domesday Book as a proprietor in Nottinghamshire. Newstead Abbey was a gift from Henry VIII., and the title, conferred by Charles I. in 1643, was the reward of loyalty. His mother's lineage was not unworthy of his father's, for she could trace up her descent to James I. of Scotland: but Byron was of course most interested in the name which he himself bore. A favourite book among Dr Glennie's boys was a narrative of the shipwreck of the *Juno*, on the coast of Arracan, in 1795; and the awful scene in Canto II. of *Don Juan* is due to the impression which the perusal of this volume made upon Byron's young mind. In one particular, indeed, the horror of Byron's picture falls short of the actual narrative, for, from the lines—

"When he himself sank down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering,"—

one would suppose that the agony of the father was almost immediately over, whereas the prose-narrative represents it as lasting several days:—"then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvass (he), sank down and rose no more; though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged from the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him."

While still at Dr Glennie's, Byron dashed off into poetry, the goddess of his inspiration being his own cousin, Margaret Parker. He himself considered the verses made on this occasion as his first; but his nurse, Amy Gray, whose memory is more to be trusted, represents him as having already, in 1798, when living at Newstead, fired off a rhymed satire at an old lady for whom he had conceived an aversion.

In 1800 Byron was removed to Harrow, which is still visited by his admirers for the sake of a stone in the churchyard, called Byron's tomb, because he used to sit upon it musing for hours. Here, as at Aberdeen Grammar School, he was more distinguished in the playground than in the classroom, and the only notable reminiscence of Byron's school appearances which Dr Drury, then head-master at Harrow, has been able to recal, relates to an English declamation. All the other orators delivered precisely what they had written: but Byron, after repeating from his manuscript for a while, diverged from it, breaking out into more brilliant and not less fluent language, and so continued to the end. However slight the attention paid by Byron to strictly scholastic work, his time was not wasted at Harrow. His reading, though miscellaneous, was extensive; and scholarship was not at all necessary to the poetic reproduction of his materials.

To the Harrow period belongs that one of all Byron's attachments in which he has ever had most of the world's sympathy. The vacation of 1803 was spent with his mother at Nottingham, near Newstead, and here he fell in love with Miss Chaworth, heiress of Annesley, a property contiguous to his own. He was in his sixteenth year, and she was unfortunately two years older, so that, instead of regarding him as even a possible candidate for her hand, she thought of him only as a school-boy. "Do you think I would care anything for that lame boy?" is an expression of her's that was reported to Byron, and which cut deeper into his soul than anything she could have said to himself, in declining his addresses. This unfortunate attachment is celebrated in "The Dream," and has been considered by Byron's biographers, as it also was by himself, as having exerted a fatal influence on his whole subsequent career. No doubt a virtuous attachment is the best safeguard of youth, and a happy domestic circle is the sphere most favourable to the development of all that is good in man; but unsuccessful love is often more lasting than love requited, and, considering Byron's peculiar temperament, it is exceedingly doubtful whether, even with Miss Chaworth, he would have been able to fulfil his dream, and would have always remained content with the sober happiness of English domestic life. At all events as Byron would have shown himself more a man by reconciling himself to the disappointment, instead of evermore idly regretting it, and too often wickedly avenging it upon others, so it is better for us, instead of speculating on what might have been had Miss Chaworth returned his affection, to note the fact that he sank under the trial. Religion, which inculcates the *unworthiness* of the individual, and begets the habit of resignation by the constant reference of events to an All-wise Disposer; or Philosophy, which teaches the *littleness* of the individual, and the necessity, if not the duty, of submitting to inevitable evils, would have sustained

aim ; but the natural imperiousness of his will had not been as yet tamed by either of these wise mistresses. There was rebellion in his very submission ; and a disappointment which might have humbled his pride and sweetened his temper, seems rather to have soured him to the world and stung his pride into recklessness. The grave doubt, with which Byron commences the following paragraph in his "Detached Thoughts," is not to be forgotten over the pensiveness of the conclusion. "I doubt sometimes whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me, yet I sometimes long for it. My earliest dreams (as most boy's dreams are) were martial ; but a little later they were all for *love* and retirement, till the hopeless attachment to M—— C—— began, and continued (though sedulously concealed) *very* early in my teens, and so upwards, for a time ; *this* threw me out again alone on a wide, wide sea."

In 1805 Byron entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the proper studies of which were not more attractive to him than had been those of Harrow. He never, indeed, came to entertain either affection or respect for Cambridge, which is probably due to the fact that he was here brought into more immediate contact with the ecclesiastical element, whilst at the same time scepticism was growing up within him, and, not long after his entrance, acquired such consistency as to make him distinctly conscious of its presence. Only those outward things which harmonize with the inward things of a man can command his respect and affection ; but to Byron's mind the whole university system bristled with prohibitions and threats, and in opposition to this hostile aspect he assumed a hostile attitude. Neither body nor mind however was allowed to remain inactive ; the former, manifesting already that tendency to corpulence which so greatly annoyed him afterwards, he exercised by athletic sports, particularly swimming and boxing ; and the latter he continued to store by miscellaneous reading. His muse, too, became vocal, and his verses began to circulate in private, winning so much approbation, as they passed from hand to hand, that in 1806 he put a small collection of them to the press. He presented the first copy to the Rev. John Becher, Southwell, for whom he entertained a sincere regard ; and, when that gentleman hastened to *expostulate* with him on the inexcusable "luxuriousness of colouring" in one of the pieces, Byron immediately ordered the whole stock to be burnt. This order was easily executed as the volumes were intended only for private circulation ; and in four and twenty hours only two of them remained, viz., Mr Becher's own, and one that had been sent to Edinburgh before that gentleman's criticism reached the author. In 1807 a purified edition was prepared ; and, not long after, appeared for general circulation the "Hours of Idleness," dedicated to Lord Carlisle, his guardian.

The fierce onslaught which the *Edinburgh Review* made upon this last production in the spring of 1808, stung Byron to the quick, and, like a challenge addressed to a man of spirit, first made him aware of his own great resources. Indeed he is said to have looked such fierce defiance after reading the critique, that a friend actually asked him if he had received a *challenge*. He resolved upon revenge, and took it, ere a twelvemonth elapsed, by the

publication of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire as fierce, indiscriminate, and unprincipled as he afterwards himself declared it to be. On the first leaf of a copy, which he perused nine years afterwards abroad, the following has been found in his handwriting:—"The binding of this volume is considerably too valuable for its contents. Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames."

Some of Byron's eccentricities belonging to this period deserve to be mentioned. Thus, after reading the *Edinburgh Review* on the "Hours of Idleness," he is said to have drunk three bottles of claret at dinner; and he celebrated his coming of age in 1809 by dining on eggs and bacon, and a bottle of ale. This latter fact he himself records thirteen years afterwards, when writing from Geneva, and adds,—"but as neither of them agrees with me, I never use them but on great jubilees, once in four or five years or so." This recurrence after so long a date, to so trivial a circumstance, and the annotation of it, clearly betray an affectation of peculiarity, and a desire to be noticed and wondered at, to which no other name than vanity can be given. There is every reason to believe that Byron said and did many things, and these not always innocent, for the express purpose of making people especially his own countrymen, stare. Did not vanity combine with incipient misanthropy in dictating the inscription over the tomb of his favourite dog Boatswain in the grounds of Newstead?

Byron was just twenty when this monument was erected; and the misanthropy of an English nobleman at that early age is on the first view surprising. In Byron's case, however, the explanation is at hand. Let a man be out of harmony with the social system into which he has been born, let him be prevented from expending on any object in heaven or on earth that power of love which nature gives in greater or less measure to us all, and let him lose even his own self-respect, then the most natural issue is misanthropy. These fatal data were already present in Byron. His scepticism brought him into discord with the institutions of his country, and deprived him, in his solitary musings, of man's "last appeal from fortune and from fate:" the *Edinburgh Review* had stung him into insurrection against the whole literary world, where, if anywhere, he might have expected to meet with kindred spirits: his love had gone out to a worthy object, and had returned to his bosom with the poison of rejection and disdain: filial piety offered him no refuge, for his mother had forfeited his respect by the vulgar extremes to which she went in her fits of passion, throwing even the poker at his head; nor could he dwell peacefully with his own thoughts,—for there he was encountered by the fresh memory of his youthful excesses. Had Byron's spirit broken, one of two issues was before him,—either the paralysis of despair, or complete regeneration; but, as it resisted the pressure, nothing remained but to go out of himself in hate, and wage war with mankind.

It is much to be regretted that Byron was taken by his peers fast for what he was, or rather for what he gave himself out to be, which, by a strange perversity, was even worse than the reality. They all stood aloof, even his guardian Lord Carlisle; and when,

on the 13th March 1809, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, not a single nobleman was there to introduce him. Had his faults been generously overlooked, had he been accepted as a better man than he actually was, it is possible that this more than human charity might have bent a pride which could not be broken, and that he might have made it a point of honour to merit a confidence gratuitously afforded. As it was, he felt deeply the neglect; and, not having the humility to acknowledge the equity of the retribution which so quickly visited his early sins, he seems to have resolved upon justifying the evil impressions which attended his entrance into public life.

Byron now concerted a scheme of foreign travel with Mr John Cam Hobhouse, afterward Lord Broughton; and it may be easily conceived that, besides the attractions which foreign travel presents to all young men of intelligence and spirit, it had a peculiar fascination for him, as promising some relief from that social isolation and antagonism in England, which he could neither remedy nor endure. Scotchmen, they say, are most at home when abroad, that is a satire; but it is always true of the man who is not in harmony with things at home. He may not be a whit more in harmony with things abroad, but then he does not feel himself called upon to be so; no one expects him to be a participator there, and the position of an onlooker, which would have been false at home, becomes true and natural abroad. Already in the autumn of 1808, Byron had taken up his residence at Newstead Abbey; and he now left his mother in possession of it, assigning her at the same time a suitable income. His last act, however, before leaving England, was one of defiance. The first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which had appeared only a few days after he took his seat in the House of Lords, was exhausted in six weeks: he prepared a second edition for the press, and immediately after started on his travels, sailing from Falmouth on the 2d July 1809.

Touching at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta, he landed at Prevesa in Albania, on the 29th September, and prosecuted a tour through that and the adjacent Turkish provinces, arriving towards the end of the year at Athens, where he spent ten weeks. Here he lodged with the widow of the English vice-consul, one of whose daughters, Theresa Macri, is the "Maid of Athens," celebrated in song. This lady became afterwards the wife of a stalwart Englishman, Mr Black, till lately teacher of English in the Gymnasium of Athens; she is still alive, the mother of very handsome sons and daughters.

On the 5th March 1810, Byron sailed from the Piræus to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople. The ship had to wait in the Dardanelles for a favourable wind; and it was on this occasion that Byron swam across the Hellespont in imitation of Leander. The actual distance across is only about a mile, but the swimming distance is upwards of three, owing to the strength of the current towards the Archipelago, and he was not unjustly proud of this feat, as demonstrating both his own prowess and the credibility of classic story. It is true that Leander's performance was greater still, because he crossed both ways as often as he visited Hero, whereas Byron crossed only the

one way, from the European to the Asiatic side. In a long letter to Mr Murray the publisher, under date Ravenna, 21st February 1821,* Byron vindicates the adequacy of his experiment to prove the credibility of Leander's feat, in opposition to Mr Turner, a traveller, who had failed in an attempt to cross from the Asiatic side, and who attributed his own failure to an unfavourable current, as he did Byron's success to a favourable one. He mentions that, whereas he had been only one hour and ten minutes in crossing the Hellespont, he had been four hours and twenty minutes in the water, without help or rest, eight years afterwards, at a swimming match in the Grand Canal of Venice.

In the month of July he returned to Athens, whence he made various excursions, particularly to the Morea. The monument of Lysicrates, popularly known as the Lantern of Diogenes, a time-worn building, which Dugald Stewart's monument on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, greatly resembles in size and plan, is still pointed out by Athenian guides as having been Byron's head-quarters on this occasion. The fact is, that this monument, fortunately for its preservation, then formed part of the wall of a Franciscan convent, where Byron had lodgings. His "Hints from Horace," a satire upon London life, were written here, and bear date, "Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 12, 1811." The preparation of the notes on the state of Modern Greece, appended to the second canto of "Childe Harold," was another labour that engaged him here, and one more congenial to the place.

After an absence of two years Byron returned, *via* Malta, to England. His mother had been impressed by a notion that she should never see him again, and even when Byron reached London, said to her waiting-woman, "If I should be dead before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!" Her presentiment was fulfilled, for the perusal of certain upholsterers' bills put her, ailing as she was at the time, into such a rage that she died somewhat suddenly in the end of July 1811, and Byron reached Newstead in time, not to see her in life, but to bury her. His conduct on this occasion is an extreme illustration of that perversity by which he delighted to misrepresent himself before the world. Instead of following the remains himself, he stood at the abbey door, looking at the procession as it moved off; and then, putting on his sparring gloves, he commenced his usual pastime with a lad who served him as antagonist. Who could imagine this to be the same son who, a few nights before, had been found by a servant sitting in the dark by his mother's corpse, and sighing heavily over it? and who, when the servant expostulated with him, answered:—"Oh Mrs Pry, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!" This continual belying of himself seems to have sprung from a peculiarity of temperament, of which he gives the following account, in a letter written August 21, 1811, consequently about a month after his mother's funeral:—"Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer

and yet I do not feel relieved by it, but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits." X

On the 27th February 1812 Byron made his first speech in the House of Lords, on the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill; and two days afterwards the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared. These were the first fruits of his oriental travels, and their reception was such as to justify Byron's own account: "I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." In the month of April he again spoke in the House, pleading this time for relief to the Irish Roman Catholics; and on the 2d June of the following year he made his third and last appearance as a speaker, on the occasion of presenting a petition. His estimate of Parliament is worth quoting, as a proof that a fund of sound common sense underlay all Byron's eccentricity. He wrote:—"The impression of Parliament upon me was that its members are not formidable as *speakers*, but very much so as an *audience*; because in so numerous a body there may be little eloquence, but there must be a leaven of thought and good sense sufficient to make them *know* what is right, though they can't express it nobly."

In May 1813 appeared "The Giaour;" in December of the same year "The Bride of Abydos;" and in 1814 "The Corsair." These productions were not like the golden fruit that falls with ripeness from a prosperous tree growing up amid calm and balmy airs, but rather like the rich amber and bright coral cast upon the wind-beaten shore by a tempestuous sea. There is much truth in Goethe's remark, that Byron was inspired by the Genius of Pain. What a fitful tempest his life was during this period of high literary effort may be understood from the following entry in his journal, dated Dec. 6 of the same year. "This journal is a relief. When I am tired—as I generally am—out comes this, and down goes everything. But I can't read it over; and God knows what contradictions it may contain. If I am severe with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor." What a spasm? In a paroxysm, of which the proximate cause is not known, he wrote to his publisher, Mr Murray, requesting that all his writings should be immediately destroyed; but on a simple representation made by Mr Murray he resiled at once from his mad-like purpose.

It was thought by others, and perhaps also by Byron himself, that his unrest might be turned into a happier, more innocent, and not less productive calm, by wedding a lady worthy of his love. With this view he paid his addresses to Miss Milbanke, and was at length accepted, the letter of acceptance reaching him almost at the same moment when the gardener of Newstead Abbey came in with the lost wedding-ring of Byron's mother, which had just then been turned up by the spade under her Ladyship's window. The marriage took place on the 2d January, 1815: in December of the same year Lady Byron bore him a daughter, the Ada of his poems, afterwards Lady Lovelace; and early in 1816 she left his house with her infant, on a visit to her father in Leicestershire; but she never returned, nor did Byron see either wife or child again.

What were the particulars of that incompatibility which led to Lady Byron's separation from her husband, and to her perseverance in it, notwithstanding repeated advances on his Lordship's part towards a reconciliation, the world does not know. Their general nature may be guessed at from her Ladyship's declaration, that if Byron were sane, then she never would return to him. It appears that a list of sixteen symptoms was actually submitted to medical opinion in proof of his insanity; and one can easily understand how a lady, who had all her own impulses under that strict control which is essential to good breeding in England, should have suspected of insanity a man like Byron, who rejoiced not only in uttering whatever came into his head, and in doing whatever the whim of the moment dictated, but in exaggerating both, as if for the purpose of experimenting to what length eccentricity could go. Satisfied at length that Byron was not insane, she was unable, from want of sympathy with an almost hysterical temperament like his, to ascribe his conduct to anything else than disrespect, studied or heedless, towards herself, and withdrew accordingly from the scene of her humiliation. The fault must have been Byron's, for he himself exculpates Lady Byron, writing to Mr Moore, under date March 8, 1816. "I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem it, I must bear it."

If Lady Byron, who had special opportunities of getting at the rationale of Byron's domestic eccentricities, and whose prepossessions, as well as interests, must have led her to seek the most favourable interpretation of them, yet pronounced against him, it could not be expected that society in general would pass a kindlier verdict. A huge outcry was indeed raised against Byron, and, with hardly a dissentient voice, sentence of social excommunication was passed upon him. Add to this, that his pecuniary embarrassments, which were already so great that, in the single year of his married life, his house was nine times in the possession of bailiffs, had now reached a crisis, and it will be seen that now, much more than in 1809, he was shut up to a flight from England. In February 1816 he had published "*The Siege of Corinth*" and "*Parisina*," having consented by this time, under the pressure of his pecuniary difficulties, to receive payment for his works; and in the spring of the same year he started for the Continent.

He reached Switzerland by Brussels and the Rhine, and fixed his residence at the Villa Diodati, near Geneva. Here he composed the third canto of "*Childe Harold*," "*The Prisoner of Chillon*," and "*The Dream*." Now, as before, melancholy gnawed at his heart. After descanting on the noble views he had seen during a tour of thirteen days in Switzerland, he concludes his journal by the following melancholy passage:—"But in all this, recollections of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany one through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my

own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory around, above, and beneath me." The society of Mr and Mrs Shelley, whom he met with at Geneva, afforded him an agreeable relief; but hard work and spare diet were the characteristics of his sojourn in Switzerland. It is almost incredible that he should have lived on so slender a bill of fare as Moore gives in a note*:—"A thin slice of bread, with tea, at breakfast; a light vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer water, tinged with *vin de grave*; and, in the evening, a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance. The pangs of hunger he appeased by privately chewing tobacco, and smoking cigars."

In October 1816 Byron removed from Switzerland to Venice, where he spent three years,—the most discreditable, certainly, of his whole life: for youth and inexperience can no longer be pled in palliation of his excesses. Nevertheless the noble drama of Manfred belongs to this period. At Venice Byron first met with Madame Guiccioli, to be near whom he removed to Ravenna in the end of 1819. Here he joined the Carbonari; and as Madame Guiccioli and her brother were so far compromised in the unsuccessful rising of 1821 as to be banished by the Pope, Byron removed in that year from Ravenna to Pisa, for the purpose of rejoining them.

To this year belongs, perhaps, the most touching incident in Byron's whole history. On July 31, 1814, a pious young lady in Hastings entered in her diary a solemn prayer in behalf of one who could be no other than Byron; that lady became the wife of Mr Sheppard, Frome, Dorset; and, in 1821, two years after her decease, that gentleman, under whose eye this portion of his late wife's diary had meanwhile fallen, communicated it to Lord Byron, accompanying it with such remarks as piety prompted, and respect for his Lordship allowed. By return of post Byron wrote an answer, which is no less admirable from his point of view, than was the young lady's prayer from hers. He allows the advantage which believers in the gospel have over unbelievers, considers his own scepticism a necessity of his nature, and almost hopes that he, like Maupertuis and Henry Kirke White, having begun with infidelity, may end in a firm belief.†

This hope, which he but glances at, was never fulfilled. Byron's pride remained unbroken; he could not surrender,—he could only assert himself; and the last act of his life-drama shows us simply a man vindicating his manhood. The Greeks had by this time risen in insurrection, and Philhellenism had become the fashion, or rather the passion, of the day. To play a conspicuous figure at the head of revolted Greeks, was a prospect that presented irresistible attractions to Byron. It promised a dangerous adventure, which would form a piquant contrast to the secure indulgence of former years; an almost scenic position, which would keep him before the eyes of men, and particularly of the English; and an opportunity of serving the cause of liberty and human progress, and of thus gratifying a noble ambition. The lines written at Missolonghi‡ on the 36th and last anniversary of his birth-day, clearly show how this expedition to Greece appealed to his nobler nature. He had led an unworthy life; and the soul now insisted

*Moore's Life of Byron, vol.

11. 281. †Ib., vol. v., p. 286. ‡Ib., vol. vi., p. 137

on rising superior to the body, and closing the connection by a worthy exploit.

In the autumn of 1822 Byron left Pisa, because of a quarrel with a sergeant-major of the town, and because the Guiccioli had been ordered out of the Tuscan territory. These, his favourite friends, he rejoined in Genoa, whence, in July 1823, he set sail for Greece. It was not till the beginning of the following year, however, that he reached Missolonghi. First of all, a storm drove back his ship into the port of Genoa; then he touched at Leghorn, where a messenger, direct from Goethe, presented him with complimentary verses by that famous German; and when, on landing at Argostoli, in Cephalonia, he learned the distracted condition of Greek affairs, he prudently kept aloof from all the parties who competed for his special patronage, nor removed to Missolonghi, till his personal presence there seemed likely to further, or, as many represented it, was indispensable to save the national cause. Even those who condemn most unsparingly the extravagance and recklessness of Byron's former life are constrained to admire his moderation and good sense in connection with the Greek rising. In the end of January he was appointed commander of an expedition which was to reduce Lepanto, then in possession of the Turks; and he took measures for the regulation of his finance, and of the commissariat, as well as for the military organization, with all the foresight and skill of an experienced commander.

His course, however, was now nearer a close than his own occasional forebodings contemplated. The weather was bad, and the situation unhealthy; he had got wet through, too, and on the evening of the 15th February was seized with a convulsive fit. His constitution was in fact breaking down, and the means he employed were not apt for building it up. It is well known that debility and plethora have certain symptoms in common: Byron was really suffering from the former, but his measures were directed against the latter. In Greece he subsisted almost entirely on dry toast, vegetables, and cheese; and if, on measuring the girth of his wrist and waist, which he did almost every morning, he found them, as he supposed, enlarged, he immediately took a strong dose of medicine. On the 9th of April he got wet through again; fever and rheumatic pains ensued. On the 18th, Easter day, he got up, and attempted to read, but in a few minutes he became faint, and returned to bed. He quietly expired on the following day. The Greeks were in consternation, and all the more so because a thunder-storm broke over the town at the moment he died. They still reverence his memory. The English traveller now reads "Lord Byron," inscribed among a host of other conspicuous Philhellenes on the walls of the Greek senate; and, should he visit Munychia, he leaves Athens by a street bearing Byron's name.

Byron's remains were taken to England, and interred in the family vault, in the Church of Hucknall, a village between which and Missolonghi some have traced a strong resemblance.

CONTENTS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS :—	PAGE
On the Death of a Young Lady—"Hush'd are the winds,"	5
To E—"Let folly smile,"	6
„ D—"In thee, I fondly hoped,"	6
Epitaph on a Friend—"Oh, friend! for ever,"	6
A Fragment—"When to their airy hall,"	7
Leaving Newstead Abbey—"Through thy battlements,"	7
Answer to Lines in "Letters of an Italian Nun, &c.,	8
Adrian's Address to his Soul when Dying—"Ah! gentle,"	9
Translation from Catullus. Ad Lesbiam—"Equal to Jove,"	9
Translation of Epitaph on Virgil—"He who sublime,"	9
Imitation of Tibullus—"Cruel Cerinthis!"	10
Translation from Catullus. "Lugete," &c.—"Ye Cupids,"	10
Imitated from Catullus. To Ellen—"Oh! might I kiss,"	10
Translation from Horace—"The man of firm,"	11
From Anacreon. <i>Θέλω λεγεῖν Ἀτρείδᾳ</i> —"I wish to tune,"	11
„ Anacreon. <i>Μεσονυκτιαὶς ποθ' ὥρα</i> —" 'Twas now,"	12
„ the Prometheus Vincit, &c.—"Great Jove,"	13
To Emma—"Since now the hour is come at last,"	13
„ M. S. G.—"Whene'er I view those lips,"	14
„ Caroline—"Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,"	15
„ —"When I hear you express an affection,"	15
„ —"Oh! when shall the grave,"	16
„ a Lady, with Camoën's Poems—"This votive pledge,"	17
The First Kiss of Love—"Away with your fictions,"	17
To the Duke of Dorset—"Dorset! whose early steps,"	18
Change of Masters at a School—"Where are those honours,"	20
On Marriage of Miss Chaworth—"Hills of Annesley!"	21
Granta. A Medley—"Oh! could Le Sage's,"	21
On Harrow on the Hill—"Ye scenes of my childhood,"	23
To M—"Oh! did those eyes,"	24
„ Woman—"Woman! experience might,"	25
„ M. S. G.—"When I dream that you love 'em,"	25
„ Mary, on receiving her Picture—"This faint,"	26
„ Lesbia—"Lesbia! since far from you,"	26
„ a Lady, alarmed by a bullet—"Doubtless, sweet girl,"	27
Love's last Adieu—"The roses of love,"	28
Damætas—"In law an infant,"	29
To Marion—"Marion! why that pensive brow,"	29
To a Lady on a Lock of Hair braided with his own,	31
Oscar of Alva. A Tale—"How sweetly shines,"	32
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus—"Nisus the guardian,"	38
Translation from the Medea of Euripides—"When fierce,"	46
Suggested by a College Examination—"High in the midst,"	47
To a beautiful Quaker—"Sweet girl! though only once,"	49
The Cornelian—"No specious splendour,"	50

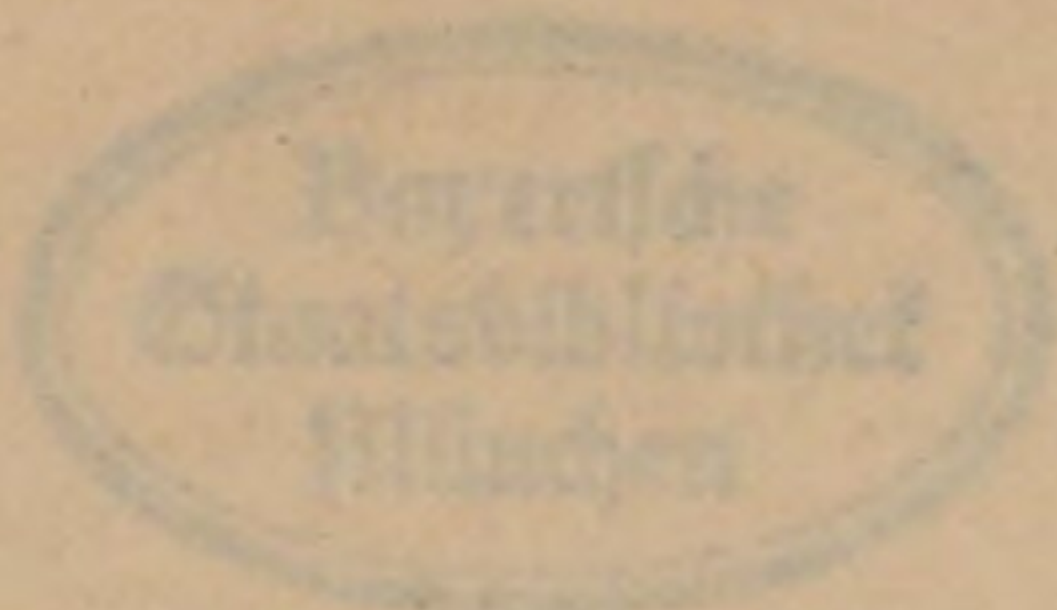
HOURS OF IDLENESS—(Continued).	PAGE
Prologue to "Wheel of Fortune,"—"Since the refinement,"	51
— On the Death of Mr Fox—"Oh factious viper!"	52
The Tear—"When friendship or love,"	53
Reply to Verses of J. M. Pigot,— "Why, Pigot, complain,"	54
To the sighing Strephon—"Your pardon, my friend,"	55
„ Eliza—"Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman,"	55
Lachin y Gair—"Away, ye gay landscapes,"	56
To Romance—"Parent of golden dreams,"	57
Elegy on Newstead Abbey—"Newstead! fast falling,"	58
Childish Recollections—"When slow disease,"	62
Answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled "The Common Lot,"	70
To Rev. J. T. Beecher—"Dear Beecher, you tell me,"	71
The Death of Calmar and Orla—"Dear, are the days,"	72
To Edward Noel Long, Esq.—"Dear Long, in this,"	75
„ A Lady—"Oh had my fate,"	77
"I would I were a careless child,"	78
"When I roved a young Highlander,"	79
To George, Earl Delawarr—"Oh! yes, I will own,"	80
„ the Earl of Clare—"Friend of my youth,"	81
Written beneath an Elm at Harrow—"Spot of my youth,"	83
Criticism of "Hours of Idleness" in the Edinburgh Review,	84
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS,	88
— THE GIAOUR; A Fragment of a Turkish Tale,	115
— THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS; A Turkish Tale.	145
— THE CORSAIR; A Tale,	173
— LARA; A Tale,	213
HEBREW MELODIES:—	
„ "She walks in beauty,"	239
„ "The harp the monarch minstrel swept,"	239
„ "If that high world,"	240
„ "The wild Gazelle,"	240
„ "Oh! weep for those,"	241
„ "On Jordan's banks,	241
Jephtha's Daughter—"Since our Country,"	241
„ "Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,"	242
„ "My soul is dark,"	242
„ "I saw thee weep,"	243
„ "Thy days are done,"	243
Song of Saul before his last Battle—"Warriors and chiefs!"	243
Saul, "Thou whose spell,"	244
All is Vanity,— "Fame, wisdom, love,"	244
„ "When coldness wraps this suffering clay,"	245
— Vision of Belshazzar—"The King was on his throne,"	246
„ "Sun of the sleepless!"	247
„ "Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,"	247
Herod's Lament for Mariamne—"Oh Mariamne,"	247
— Destruction of Jerusalem—"From the last hill,"	248
By the Rivers of Babylon—"We sate down and wept,"	248
— Destruction of Sennacherib—"The Assyrian came,"	249
„ "A Spirit pass'd before me,"	249
— THE SIEGE OF CORINTH,	250
— PARISINA,	273
— THE PRISONER OF CHILLON; A Fable,	287
— THE DREAM,	296

	PAGE
MANFRED; A Dramatic Poem,	301
THE LAMENT OF TASSO,	332
THE CURSE OF MINERVA,	338
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,	345
ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,	459
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:—	
On Revisiting Harrow—"Here once engaged,"	463
Epitaph on John Adams—"John Adams here lies,"	463
"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer,"	464
"Bright be the place of thy soul!"	464
"When we two parted,"	464
To a Youthful Friend—"Few years have past,"	465
Lines upon a Cup formed from a Skull—"Start not,"	467
"Well! thou art happy,"	467
On a Newfoundland Dog—"When some proud son of man,"	468
To a Lady—"When Man, expelled from Eden," &c.,	469
"Remind me not, remind me not,"	469
"There was a time, I need not name,"	470
"And wilt thou weep when I am low?"	471
"Fill the goblet again!—A Song,	471
To Mrs Musters, on leaving England—"Tis done," &c.,	472
Written in an Album, at Malta—"As o'er the cold,"	474
To Florence—"Oh Lady! when I left,"	474
On passing the Ambracian Gulf—"Through cloudless,"	475
Stanzas composed in a thunder storm—"Chill and mirk,"	475
On Swimming from Sestos to Abydos—"If, in the month,"	477
Written at Athens, January 16, 1810—"The spell,"	478
"Maid of Athens, ere we part,"	478
Translation of a Greek War-Song—"Sons of the Greeks,"	479
" of a Romaic song—"I enter thy garden,"	480
Lines written beneath a Picture—"Dear object,"	481
On Parting—"The kiss, dear maid!"	481
To Thyrsa—"Without a stone,"	481
" The same—"One struggle more,"	483
"Away, away, ye notes of woe,"	484
Euthanasia—"When time, or soon or late,"	485
"And thou art dead, as young and fair,"	485
"If sometimes in the haunts of men,"	487
On a Cornelian Heart—"Ill-fated Heart!"	488
From the French—"Ægle, beauty and poet,"	488
Reply to Lines in Traveller's Book—"The modest bard,"	488
Epitaph for Joseph Blacket—"Stranger! behold,"	488
Lines to a Lady Weeping—"Weep, daughter,"	489
"The chain I gave,"	489
To Samuel Rogers, Esq.—"Absent or present,"	490
Address, at Drury Lane Theatre—"In one dread night,"	490
Verses found in a Summer-House—"When Dryden's fool,"	492
Impromptu—"Remember thee!"	492
To Time—"Time! on whose arbitrary wing,"	492
Translation of a Romaic Love-song—"Ah! love,"	493
"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,"	494
On being asked "The origin of Love,"	495
"Remember him, whom passion's power,"	495
Monody on death of Sheridan—"When the last," &c.,	496

MISCELLANEOUS—(<i>Continued</i>).	PAGE
"Fare thee well! and if for ever,"	499
A Sketch—"Born in the garret,"	500
Stanzas to Augusta—"When All around,"	502
„ to the same—"Though the day of my destiny,"	503
Epistle to Augusta—"My sister! my sweet sister!"	505
On hearing that Lady Byron was ill—"And thou wert sad,"	507
Impromptu—"When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,"	509
Sonnet to Genevra—"Thine eyes' blue tenderness,"	509
„ to the same—"Thy cheek is pale,"	509
From the Portuguese—"In moments to delight,"	510
Windsor Poetics—"Famed for contemptuous breach,"	510
Stanzas for Music—"I speak not, I trace not,"	510
Address for Caledonian Meeting—"Who hath not glow'd,"	511
Address to Countess of Jersey—"When the vain triumph,"	512
To Belshazzar—"Belshazzar! from the banquet turn,"	513
On the Death of Sir P. Parker—"There is a tear,"	513
Stanzas for Music—"There's not a joy,"	514
„ „ "There be none of beauty's,"	515
Ode from the French—"We do not curse thee,"	515
From the French—"Must thou go,"	518
On Star of "The Legion of Honour"—"Star of the brave!"	519
Napoleon's Farewell—"Farewell to the land,"	520
Darkness—"I had a dream,"	520
Churchill's Grave—"I stood beside the grave,"	522
Sonnet to Lake Lemman—"Rousseau—Voltaire, &c.,"	523
Prometheus—"Titan! to whose immortal,"	523

EXTRACTS.

First Love—" 'Tis sweet to hear,"	524
Vain regrets—"But now at thirty,"	525
Fame—"What is the end of fame?"	526
The Shipwreck—"The wind increased,"	526
Haidee—"They carpeted their feet,"	540
"The Isles of Greece,"	542
Evening—"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,"	544
The Lovers—"The heart—which may be broken,"	545
A Dream—"She dreamed of being alone,"	546
The Maniac—"A vein had burst,"	547
Fame—"Of Poets who come down,"	549
The Slave Market—" 'Twas a raw day,"	550
The Assassination—"The other evening,"	552
Love and Glory—"O Love! O Glory!"	552
Auld Lang Syne—"And all our little feuds,"	553
The Black Friar—"Beware! beware!"	553
Norman, or Newstead Abbey—"To Norman Abbey, &c.,"	554
MAZEPPA,	557
ODE ON VENICE,	573



HOURS OF IDLENESS:

A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

Virginibus puerisque canto.—HORACE, lib. iii. Ode 1.

Μήτ' ἄρ' με μάλ' αἶνεε, μήτε τι νείκεε.—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.—DRYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.,

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS OBLIGED WARD, AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR

ROBERTS OF ILLINOIS
A SERIES OF LECTURES ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED

OF THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF CHICAGO
AND THE
COUNTRY AROUND IT
FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
J. H. ROBERTS
OF CHICAGO

THE SECOND EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED
BY
J. H. ROBERTS
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AND
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OF CHICAGO
THE
PUBLISHERS
OF THE
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OF LECTURES
ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED
CHICAGO
1887



HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,
COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.*

HUSH'D are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's† tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beamed :
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey ;
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh ! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate !
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

But wherefore weep ? Her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day ;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers
Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And, madly, godlike Providence accuse ?
Ah ! no, far fly from me attempts so vain ;—
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear.
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face ;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802.

* The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection ; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.—B.

† Margaret Parker, daughter of Admiral Parker. Byron's first verses were written, in 1800, on this lady, for whom he felt a youthful passion. He was then about twelve, she about thirteen.

TO E——.*

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined ;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth !
Yet envy not this gaudy state !
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace ;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——.†

IN thee, I fondly hoped to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever ;
Till Envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my breast,
Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat ;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And, when the grave restores her dead,
When life again to dust is given,
On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—
Without thee, where would be my heaven ?

February, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Αετὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἱῶος.—LAERTIUS.

OH, Friend ! for ever loved, for ever dear !
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd bier !
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death !
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.

* The son of one of his tenants at Newstead.

† Lord Delawarr, a school companion at Harrow.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep ;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
 Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here :
 But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
 Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
 Ah, none !—a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice
 Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
 When, poised upon the gale my form shall ride,
 Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side ;
 Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns
 To mark the spot where earth to earth returns !
 No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
 My epitaph shall be my name alone ;
 If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay !
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot ;
 By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

" Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day : yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
 Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay :
 In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
 Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
 Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
 The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurell'd wreath ;
 Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan* slumbers ;
 Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

* Of Horiston Castle in Derbyshire.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy ;
 For the safety of Edward and England they fell :
 My fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
 How you fought, how you died, still her annals can tell
 On Marston,* with Rupert,† 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field ;
 For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.
 Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant departing
 From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu !
 Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.
 Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.
 That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish ;
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown :
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish :
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !

1803.

LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN
 BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"AWAY, away, your flattering arts
 May now betray some simple hearts.
 And you will smile at their believing,
 And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESS TO MISS——.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,
 From which thou'dst guard frail female hearts,
 Exist but in imagination,—
 Mere phantoms of thine own creation :
 For he who views that witching grace,
 That perfect form, that lovely face,
 With eyes admiring, oh ! believe me,
 He never wishes to deceive thee :
 Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
 Thou'lt there descry that elegance,
 Which from our sex demand such praises,
 But envy in the other raises :
 Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
 Believe me, only does his duty :
 Ah : fly not from the candid youth ;
 It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July, 1804.

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.—B.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.—B.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—
Greater than Jove he seems to me—
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms;
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone,
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly.
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND
TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's* unequal hand alike controll'd
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

* The hand of death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.—B.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Sulpicia ad Cerinthus."—*Lib.* 4.

CRUEL Cerinthus ! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please ?
Alas ! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again.
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate ;
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved :
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom moved :
And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirupp'd oft, and free from care,
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.
Oh ! curst be thou, devouring grave !
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away :
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow ;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire :
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss :
Nor then my soul should sated be :
Still would I kiss and cling to thee :
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever ,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever :
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.

To part would be a vain endeavour :
 Could I desist?—ah ! never—never !

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can control ;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent :
 Gales the warring waves which plough,
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.
 Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurling his lightnings from above,
 With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed behold.
 The flames of an expiring world,
 Again in crushing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
 Might light his glorious funeral pile :
 Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Οἶλ'ω λεγέειν Ἀτρεΐδης, κ. τ. λ.]

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
 To deeds of fame and notes of fire ;
 To echo, from its rising swell,
 How heroes fought and nations fell,
 When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
 Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;
 But still, to martial strains unknown,
 My lyre recurs to love alone :
 Fired with the hope of future fame,
 I seek some nobler hero's name ;
 The dying chords are strung anew,
 To war, to war, my harp is due :
 With glowing strings, the epic strain
 To Jove's great son I raise again ;
 Alcides and his glorious deeds,
 Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
 All, all in vain ; my wayward lyre
 Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
 Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
 Adieu the clang of war's alarms !
 To other deeds my soul is strung,
 And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
 My harp shall all its powers reveal,
 To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
 Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
 In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON

[Μισοθυγκταίς ποθ' ὤρεται, κ. τ. λ.]

'TWAS now the hour when Night had driven
 Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
 Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
 His arctic charge around the pole ;
 While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
 Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep :
 At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
 Descending from the realms of joy,
 Quick to my gate directs his course,
 And knocks with all his little force.
 My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—
 "What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
 "Alas!" replies the wily child,
 In faltering accents sweetly mild,
 "A hapless infant here I roam,
 Far from my dear maternal home.
 Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!
 The nightly storm is pouring fast:
 No prowling robber lingers here.
 A wandering baby who can fear?
 I heard his seeming artless tale,
 I heard his sighs upon the gale:
 My breast was never pity's foe,
 But felt for all the baby's woe.
 I drew the bar, and by the light,
 Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
 His bow across his shoulders flung,
 And thence his fatal quiver hung
 (Ah! little did I think the dart
 Would rankle soon within my heart).
 With care I tend my weary guest,
 His little fingers chill my breast;
 His glossy curls, his azure wing,
 Which droop with nightly showers, I wring;
 His shivering limbs the embers warm;
 And now reviving from the storm,
 Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
 Than swift he seized his slender bow:—
 "I fain would know, my gentle host,"
 He cried, "If this its strength has lost;
 I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
 The strings their former aid refuse."
 With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
 Deep in my tortured heart it lies;
 Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—
 "My bow can still impel the shaft:
 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it:
 Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 4. 1804.

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover ;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas ! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more ;
Which tears me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well ! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears ;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years ;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell ;
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We, lingering, look a last farewell.

O'er fields through which we used to run,
And spend the hours in childish play ;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay ;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envy'd every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes ;

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake ;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The elm I clambered for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,
 You leave me, leave this happy vale;
 These scenes I must retrace alone:
 Without thee, what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
 The anguish of a last embrace?
 When, torn from all you fondly loved,
 You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
 For this these tears our cheeks bedew,
 This is of love the final close,
 Oh, ——! the fondest, last adieu

TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,
 Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
 Yet I forego that bliss divine,
 Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
 How could I dwell upon its snows!
 Yet is the daring wish repress;
 For that—would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
 Can raise with hope, depress with fear
 Yet I conceal my love,—and why?
 I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
 Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
 And shall I plead my passion now,
 To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
 United by the priest's decree:
 By any ties but those divine,
 Mine, my belov'd, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
 Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
 With joy I court a certain doom,
 Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
 By driving dove-eyed peace from thine
 Rather than such a sting impart,
 Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave;
 More than I here shall dare to tell;
 Thy innocence and mine to save—
 I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
 And hope no more thy soft embrace;

Which to obtain my soul would dare,
All, all reproach—but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd,
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou couldst not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame;
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In sighs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain,—
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best belov'd, adieu!
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;
Nor let thy mind past joys review,—
Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

WHEN I hear you express an affection so warm,
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;
That age will come on, when remembrance deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of our youth with a tear.

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze
When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
 Tho' I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree
 Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,
 In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
 No doubt can the mind of your lover invade ;
 He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
 A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
 And our breasts, which, alive, with such sympathy glow,
 Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
 When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low,—

Oh ! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
 Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow ;
 Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
 And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

OH ! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow ?
 Oh ! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay ?
 The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
 But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
 I blast not the fiends who have hurled me from bliss ;
 For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
 Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
 Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage
 On our foes should my glance launch in vengeance its lightning.
 With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
 Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight ;
 Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
 Their merciless hearts would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
 Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer ;
 Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation ;
 In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh ! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
 Since in life, love and friendship for ever are fled ?
 If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
 Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,
WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize,
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Α Βαρβιτος δε χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μουνον ἤχσι.

ANACREON

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse.
And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move,
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love!

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove,
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
 For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
 The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
 Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.*

DORSET! whose early steps with mine have stray'd
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
 Whom still affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;†
 Thee on whose head a few short years will shower
 The gift of riches, and the pride of power;
 E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
 Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
 Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
 To shun fair science, or evade control,
 Though passive tutors,‡ fearful to dispraise
 The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
 View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
 And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
 To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—
 And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
 Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn,—
 When these declare, "that pomp alone should wait
 On one by birth predestined to be great;
 That books were only meant for drudging fools,
 That gallant spirits scorn the common rules;"
 Believe them not;—they point the path to shame,
 And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
 Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
 Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
 Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
 None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
 Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear;
 For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
 But now new scenes invite me far away;
 Yes! I have mark'd within that generous mind
 A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.

* In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.—B.

† At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.—B.

‡ Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant: I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.—B.

Ah ! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone ;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour ;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside
Then share with titled crowds the common lot—
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.

Fain would I view thee with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too :
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun ;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day ;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast ! the British drama forth ?
Another view, not less renown'd for wit ;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit ;
Bold in the field and favour'd by the Nine,
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine ;
Far, far distinguished from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.
Such were thy fathers ; thus preserve their name :
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close
To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine ;
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew ;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away.
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day ;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell ;
Alas ! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark blue-deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

Dorset, farewell ! I will not ask one part
 Of sad remembrance in so young a heart :
 The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
 Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
 And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
 Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
 Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
 May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
 We hence may meet and pass each other by,
 With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
 A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
 With thee no more again I hope to trace
 The recollection of our early race ;
 No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
 Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice,
 Still if the wishes of a heart untaught
 To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
 If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—
 Oh ! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
 The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
 Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

1805.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WHERE are those honours, Ida ! once your own,
 When Probus* filled your magisterial throne ?
 As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
 Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
 So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
 And seat Pomposus† where your Probus sate.
 Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
 Pomposus holds you in his harsh control ;
 Pomposes, by no social virtue sway'd,
 With florid jargon, and with vain parade ;
 With noisy nonsense, and new-frangled rules,
 Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
 Mistaking pendants for learning's laws,
 He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,
 With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
 Ill-fated Ida ! soon must stamp your doom :
 Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
 No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

* Dr Drury, head master of Harrow.

† Dr Butler, with whom Byron, when at Harrow, was constantly in collision. Byron was afterwards ashamed of his conduct to Dr B., and had he published another edition of the *Hours of Idleness*, would have avowed the wrong.

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARY
CHAWORTH.*

HILLS of Annesley! bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests warring.
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

'Αργυρίαις λόγχοις μέχου καὶ πάντα Κρατήσαις.

OH! could Le Sage's† demon's gift
Be realised at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——,‡ indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater

* While he was at Harrow in 1804 he fell deeply in love with this young lady, who resided at Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead. Byron was in his sixteenth year, while the lady was about two years older. She liked him as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at him as a boy.

† The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.—E.

‡ Lord Hawke.

There, in apartments small and damp
 The candidate for college prizes
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely metres attic;
 Or agitates his anxious breast
 In solving problems mathematic:

Who reads false quantities in Seale,*
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
 In barbarous Latin† doom'd to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage,
 The square of the hypotenuse.‡

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
 When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay:
 In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray:

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
 Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.
 What scene is this which meets the eye?
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,§
 Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I hear?
 The organ's soft celestial swell
 Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

* Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity; but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.—B.

† The Latin of the Schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.—B.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.—B.

§ On a saint's day the students wear surplices in chapel.—B.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
 Though he who hears the music long
 Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
 Even as a band of raw beginners ;
 All mercy now must be refused
 To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
 Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
 On Babylonian river's border.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
 Inspired by stratagem or fear,
 They might have set their hearts at ease,
 ——— a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
 The ——— a soul will stay to read
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low ;
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, Old Granta's spires !
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
 No more thy theme my muse inspires :
 The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh ! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—VIRGIL.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
 Embitters the present, compared with the past ;
 Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
 And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last ;
 Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied !
 Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
 The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought
 The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.
 Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
 As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay ;
 Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
 To catch the last gleam of the suns setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown ;
While to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop* himself was outshone :

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation.
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived ;
Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.†

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you !
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast ;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you :
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me,
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll !
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

But if, through the course of the years which await me.
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
" Oh ! such were the days which my infancy knew !"

1806

TO M——.

OH ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair ;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own :

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When beaming with meridian blaze ;
Thy beauty must enrapture all ;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven ;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

* A cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.—B

† At Harrow, Byron was famous for his power of declamation.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister-lights would scarce appear :
 E'en suns, which systems now control,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN ! experience might have told me,
 That all must love thee who behold thee :
 Surely experience might have taught
 Thy firmest promises are nought :
 But, placed in all thy charms before me,
 All I forget, but to adore thee.
 Oh memory ! thou choicest blessing
 When join'd with hope, when still possessing
 But how much cursed by every lover
 When hope is fled and passion's over.
 Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
 How prompt are striplings to believe her !
 How throbs the pulse when first we view
 The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
 Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
 A beam from under hazel brows !
 How quick we credit every oath,
 And hear her plight the willing troth !
 Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
 When lo ! she changes in a day.
 This record will for ever stand,
 " Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."*

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive ;
 Extend not your anger to sleep ;
 For in visions alone your affection can live,—
 I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus ! envelope my faculties fast,
 Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
 Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
 What rapture celestial is mine !

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
 Mortality's emblem is given ;
 To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
 If this be a foretaste of heaven !

Ah ! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow
 Nor deem me too happy in this ;
 If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
 Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.—B.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
 Oh ! think not my penance deficient !
 When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
 To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.*

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
 Though strong as mortal art could give,
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
 The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
 The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no ! that eye,
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue ;
 But where's the beam so sweetly straying,
 Which gave a lustre to its blue,
 Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there
 Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 'twill cheer
 My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
 In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
 And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

LESBIA ! since far from you I've ranged,
 Our souls with fond affection glow not ;
 You say 'tis I, not you, have changed,
 I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost ;
 And Lesbia ! we are not much older,
 Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
 Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

* Byron had "a passion for the name of Mary"

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
 Two years have lingering past away, love
 And now new thoughts our minds engage,
 At least I feel disposed to stray, love !
 'Tis I that am alone to blame,
 I, that am guilty of love's treason ;
 Since your sweet breast is still the same,
 Caprice must be my only reason.
 I do not, love ! suspect your truth,
 With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not ;
 Warm was the passion of my youth,
 One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.
 No, no, my flame was not pretended ;
 For, oh ! I loved you most sincerely ;
 And—though our dream at last is ended—
 My bosom still esteems you dearly.
 No more we meet in yonder bowers ;
 Absence has made me prone to roving ;
 But older, firmer hearts than ours
 Have found monotony in loving.
 Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
 New beauties still are daily bright'ning.
 Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
 The forge of love's resistless lightning.
 Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
 Many will throng to sigh like me, love
 More constant they may prove, indeed ;
 Fonder, alas ! they ne'er can be, love

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.*

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a garden at Southwell, two ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near them ; to one of whom the following stanzas were addressed the next morning.]

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl ! the hissing lead,
 Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
 And hurtling† o'er thy lovely head,
 Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.
 Surely some envious demon's force,
 Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
 Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
 Diverted from its first career.
 Yes ! in that nearly fatal hour
 The ball obey'd some hell-born guide,
 But Heaven, with interposing power,
 In pity turned the death aside.

* Miss Houson.

† This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sisters :—

“Iron sleet of arrowy shower
 Hurtles through the darken'd air.”—B.

Yet as, perchance one trembling tear
 Upon that thrilling bosom fell ;
 Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
 Extracted from its glistening cell :

Say, what dire penance can atone
 For such an outrage done to thee ?
 Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
 What punishment wilt thou decree ?

Might I perform the judge's part,
 The sentence I should scarce deplore ;
 It only would restore a heart
 Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make
 Is to become no longer free ;
 Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,
 Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
 Such expiation of my guilt :
 Come then, some other mode elect ;
 Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless ! and I swear
 Naught shall thy dread decree prevent ;
 Yet hold—one little word forbear !
 Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Αἶψα, δ' αἶψα με φεύγει.—ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
 Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew
 Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
 Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu !

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
 In vain do we vow for an age to be true ;
 The chance of an hour may command us to part,
 Or death disunite us in love's last adieu !

Still hope-breathing peace through the grief-swollen breast,
 Will whisper, " Our meeting we yet may renew ;"
 With this dream of deceit half our sorrow's repress,
 Nor taste we the poison of love's last adieu !

Oh ! mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of youth
 Love twined round their childhood his flowers as they grew
 They flourish awhile in the season of truth,
 Till chill'd by the winter of Love's last adieu !

Sweet lady ! why thus doth a tear steal its way
 Down a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hue ?
 Yet why do I ask ?—to distraction a prey,
 Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu !

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?
 From cities to caves of the forest he flew;
 There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind;
 The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's easy chains
 Once passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
 Despair now inflames the dark tide of his veins;
 He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul rapt in steel!
 His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few,
 Who laughs at the pang that he never can feel,
 And dreads not the anguish of love's last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast;
 No more with love's former devotion we sue:
 He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast;
 The shroud of affection is love's last adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
 Astrea* declares that some penance is due;
 From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
 The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
 Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
 His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
 His cypress the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,† and in years a boy,
 In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
 From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd
 In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
 Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
 Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
 And found the goal when others just begin:
 Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
 And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
 And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?
 Change that discontented air;
 Frowns become not one so fair.

* The Goddess of Justice.

† In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.—B.

'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us.
Naught but cool indifference thrills us,
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain would say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
She blushes, curt'sies, frowns—in short she
Dreads lest the subject should transport me
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering.
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is like a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.
Marion, adieu! oh, prithee, slight not
This warning, though it may delight not
And lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,
At once I'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED
WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO
MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.*

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fixed, I think we've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish,
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene's a garden?
For gardens seem, by ore consent,
Since Shakespeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion
To form the place of assignation.†
Oh! would some modern muse inspire,
And seat her by a sea-coal fire;
Or had the bard at Christmas written,
And laid the scene of love in Britain,
He surely, in commiseration,
Had changed the place of declaration.
In Italy I've no objection;
Warm nights are proper for reflection;
But here our climate is so rigid,
That love itself is rather frigid.
Think on our chilly situation,
And curb this rage for imitation;
Then let us meet as oft we've done,
Beneath the influence of the sun;
Or, if at midnight I must meet you,
Within your mansion let me greet you.
There we can love for hours together,
Much better in such snowy weather,
Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves
That ever witness'd rural loves;
Then, if my passion fail to please,
Next night I'll be content to freeze;

* Supposed to be the Mary addressed p. 26.

† In the above little piece the author has been accused by some candid readers of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of December, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. We would advise these liberal commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.—B.

No more I'll give a loose to laughter,
But curse my fate for ever after.*

OSCAR OF ALVA.†—A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore ;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd ;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd :

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low ;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light ;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And gray her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan ?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall ;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave,
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

* Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, "Carr's Stranger in France."—"As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear, 'that the indecorum was in the remark.'"—B.

† The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's "Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."—B.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note :*
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float :

And they who heard the war-notes wild
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son ;
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er.
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it streamed along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth
Allan had early learn'd control,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave : the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel ;

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell,
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came ;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled :
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

* See criticism on this line, p. 86.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan joined the bride:
"Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
"Is he not here?" the youth replied;
"With me he roved not o'er the glade:

"Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

"Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoined,
"Nor chase nor wave my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would ought to her impede his way

"Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion—through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain,
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave.
Then hope is lost in boundless grief,
His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

"Oscar! my son—thou God of Heav'n
Restore the prop of sinking age!
Or if that hope no more is given,
Yield his assassin to my rage.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore
My Oscar's whitened bones must lie;
Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,
With him his frantic sire may die!

"Yet he may live,—away, despair!
Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;
T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!
O God! my impious prayer forgive.

"What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er;
Alas! can pangs like these be just?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till time, which soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lover's cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,
And all their former joy recall.

But who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eyes far fiercer glow
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowds are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

"Old man!" he cried, "this pledge is done;
Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me:
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

"Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tears starting as he spoke,
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

"'Tis well," replied the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye:
"Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;
Perhaps the hero did not die.

"Perchance, if those whom most he loved
Would call, thy Oscar might return;
Perchance the chief has only roved;
For him thy Beltane yet may burn.*

"Fill high the bowl the table round,
We will not claim the pledge by stealth
With wine let every cup be crown'd;
Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

"With all my soul," old Angus said,
And filled his goblet to the brim;
"Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
I ne'er shall find a son like him."

*Beltane, a Highland festival on the first of May, held near fires lighted for
n.—B.

"Bravely, old man, this health has sped ;
But why does Allan trembling stand ?
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

The crimson glow of Allan's face
Was turned at once to ghastly hue ;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refuse to taste ;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye
On his with deadly fury placed.

"And is it thus a brother hails
A brother's fond remembrance here ?
If thus affection's strength prevails,
What might we not expect from fear ?"

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,
"Would Oscar now could share our mirth !"
Internal fear appall'd his soul ;
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

"'Tis he ! I hear my murderer's voice !"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form,
"A murderer's voice !" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high ;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee ;
And thrice he frowned on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased,
Who lies upon the stony floor !
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away ! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes :"
His sand is done,—his race is run ;
Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
 His locks are lifted by the gale :
 And Allan's barbed arrow lay
 With him in dark Glentanar's vale.
 And whence the dreadful stranger came,
 Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
 But no one doubts the form of flame,
 For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.
 Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
 Exulting demons wing'd his dart ;
 While Envy waved her burning brand,
 And pour'd her venom round his heart.
 Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow ;
 Whose streaming life-blood stains his side !
 Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
 The dart has drunk his vital tide.
 And Mora's eye could Allan move,
 She bade his wounded pride rebel ;
 Alas ! that eyes which beam'd with love
 Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.
 Lo ! seest thou not a lonely tomb
 Which rises o'er a warrior dead ?
 It glimmers through the twilight gloom ;
 Oh ! that is Allan's nuptial bed.
 Far, distant far, the noble grave
 Which held his clan's great ashes stood ;
 And o'er his corse no banners wave,
 For they were stain'd with kindred blood.
 What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
 Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise ?
 The song is glory's chief reward,
 But who can strike a murderer's praise ?
 Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
 No minstrel dare the theme awake ;
 Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
 His harp in shuddering chords would break.
 No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
 Shall sound his glories high in air :
 A dying father's bitter curse,
 A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
 Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood ;
 Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield
 Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field

From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
 And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
 To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
 With him Euryalus sustains the post ;
 No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
 And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy ;
 Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
 As yet a novice in the martial strife,
 'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share—
 A soul heroic, as his form was fair :
 These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
 In peace, in war, united still they move ;
 Friendship and glory form their joint reward ;
 And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

“What god,” exclaim'd the first, “instils this fire ?
 Or, in itself a god, what great desire ?
 My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd.
 Abhors this station of inglorious rest ;
 The love of fame with this can ill accord,
 Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
 Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
 Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb ?
 Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
 And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign ?
 Then hear my thought :—In deep and sullen grief
 Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief :
 Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
 (The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
 Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
 Methinks, an easy path perchance were found ;
 Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
 And lead Æneas from Evander's halls.”

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
 His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy :—
 “These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone ?
 Must all the fame, the peril be thine own ?
 Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
 As one unfit to share the toils of war ?
 Not thus his son the great Opheltès taught ;
 Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought ;
 Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
 I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate :
 Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear
 And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
 Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
 And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.
 Fame, fame, is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath :
 The price of honour is the sleep of death.”

Then Nisus,—“Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
 Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
 More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
 I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne !
 So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,

And clasp again the comrade of my youth !
 But should I fall,—and he who dares advance
 Through hostile legions must abide by chance,—
 If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
 Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,
 Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
 Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
 When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
 Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me ;
 Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
 Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse ;
 Or, if my destiny these last deny,
 If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
 Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
 To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
 Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
 Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep ?
 Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
 Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared ;
 Who braved what woman never braved before,
 And left her native for the Latian shore."
 "In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
 Replied Euryalus ; "it scorns control !
 Hence, let us haste !"—their brother guards arose,
 Roused by their call, nor court again repose ;
 The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
 Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
 And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man
 Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
 Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
 On one great point the council are agreed,
 An instant message to their prince decreed ;
 Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
 And poised with easy arm his ancient shield ;
 When Nisus and his friend their leave request
 To offer something to their high behest.
 With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
 The faithful pair before the throne appear :
 Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,
 The elder first address'd the hoary band.

"With patience" (thus Hyrtacides began)
 "Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
 Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
 Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
 Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
 Between the ocean and the portal placed.
 Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
 Whose shade securely our design will cloak !
 If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
 We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
 Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
 Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night :
 Then shall Æneas in his pride return,

While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way ;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaimed,—
"Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."
Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast ;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd :
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise ?
Our deities the first best boon have given—
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven,
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."
Iulus then :—"By all the powers above !
By those Penates* who my country love !
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair !
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus ! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown !
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey :
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine ;
Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine ;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the punie wave :
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine ; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past :
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dames,
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
And all the realms which now the Latins sway
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres,

* Household god

Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one ;
 Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine ;
 Without thy dear advice, no great design ;
 Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
 In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus :— " No day shall shame
 The rising glories which from this I claim.
 Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
 But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
 Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
 One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
 My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
 Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
 Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
 Her feeble age from dangers of the main ;
 Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
 A bright example of maternal love.
 Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
 Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;
 From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
 No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek ;
 By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
 Her parting tears would shake my purpose now
 Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
 In thee her much loved child may live again ;
 Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
 Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
 So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
 To rise in glory or to fall in fame."
 Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
 In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt :
 Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow ;
 Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
 " All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied
 " Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
 Creusa's* style but wanting to the dame.
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
 But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
 Now, by my life !—my sire's most sacred oath—
 To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
 All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
 If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
 Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
 A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew ;
 Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
 For friends to envy and for foes to feel :
 A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
 Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
 Mnesthus to guard the elder youth bestows,
 And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
 Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.—B

To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain,
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place :
His prayer he sends : but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale !

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er ?
Alas ! some slumber who shall wake no more !
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms are seen ;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between.
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine ;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
" Now," cries the first, " for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share :
Here lies our path ; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies.
I'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting breast
Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed ;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed :
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince,
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell ;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides ;
And last his lord is number'd with the dead :
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head ;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour ;
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire ;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd ;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last :
Ah ! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep ;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls :
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams ;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.
Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name ;
His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides ;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,

The reeking weapon bears alternate stains ;
 Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
 One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
 Now where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
 Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray ;
 There, unconfin'd, behold each grazing steed,
 Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed :
 Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
 Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm :
 "Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd ;
 Full foes enough to-night have breathed their last :
 Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn ;
 Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
 What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
 They leave regardless ! yet one glittering prize
 Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes ;
 The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
 The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt
 This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
 Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
 Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
 Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears,
 Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
 To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
 To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course :
 While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
 The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
 Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscenes led,
 To Turnus with their master's promise sped :
 Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
 When, on the left, a light reflection falls ;
 The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
 Volscens with question loud the pair alarms :—
 "Stand, stragglers ! stand ! why early thus in arms ?
 From whence, to whom ?"—He meets with no reply
 Trusting the covert of the night, they fly :
 The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
 While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
 Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene :
 Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
 The bows and winding turns his steps mislead ;
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
 To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
 Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
 On every side they seek his absent friend.
 "O God ! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
 In what impending perils art thou left !"
 Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;

The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise ;
The sound elates, the sight his hopes destroys :
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound ;
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare ?
Ah ! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share ?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey ?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live ?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye :—
" Goddess serene, transcending every star !
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar !
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove ;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung ;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay.
He sobs, he dies—the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven.
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes ;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall.
" Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for all !"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals ;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies :
" Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me alone ;
Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
Ye starry spheres ! thou conscious Heaven ? attest,
He could not—durst not—lo ! the guile confest !
All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend ;
He only loved too well his hapless friend :
Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage remove ;
His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain ; the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :

As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe;
Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every blow;
In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace.

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given!

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:

Ye racking doubts ! ye jealous fears !
 With others wage internal war ;
 Repentance, source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far !

May no distracting thoughts destroy
 The holy calm of sacred love !
 May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
 Which hover faithful hearts above !
 Fair Venus ! on thy myrtle shrine
 May I with some fond lover sigh,
 Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—
 With me to live, with me to die.

My native soil ! beloved before,
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
 A hapless banish'd wretch to roam !
 This very day, this very hour,
 May I resign this fleeting breath !
 Nor quit my silent humble bower ;
 A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile sigh ?
 And seen the exile's silent tear,
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly.
 A pensive weary wanderer here ?
 Ah ! hapless dame !* no sire bewails
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone ;
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key†
 The milder treasures of his soul,—
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And ocean's storms between us roll !

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
 MAGNUS† his ample front sublime uprears :

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea ; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.—B.

† The original is “Καθαράν ἀνοίξαντι κληῖδα φρενῶν,” literally “disclosing the bright key of the mind.”—B.

‡ No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus (Dr W. L. Mansel then head of Trinity College). He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed such an attempt could only recoil upon myself ; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.—B.

Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
 While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
 As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
 His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
 Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
 Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
 Though little versed in any art beside;
 Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
 Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
 What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
 When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
 When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
 Or Henry trampled on the crest of France:
 Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
 Yet well he recollects the law of Sparta;
 Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
 While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
 Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
 Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
 Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
 Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
 If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
 But lo! no common orator can hope
 The envied silver cup within his scope.
 Not that our heads much eloquence require,
 Th' **ATHENIAN'S*** glowing style, or Tully's fire.
 A manner clear or warm is useless, since
 We do not try by speaking to convince.
 Be other orators of pleasing proud:
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd!
 Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
 No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
 The slightest motion would displease the Dean;
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate
 Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
 Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
 Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
 No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
 Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best;
 Who utters most within the shortest space
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
 Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
 Where on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie
 Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
 Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls:

* Demosthenes.—*B.*

In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise ;
 Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's* note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote :
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
 When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the Lord of power,
 Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;†
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
 Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
 Such is their practice, such is their reward !
 This much, at least we may presume to say—
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl ! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain.
 I would not say, " I love," but still
 My senses struggle with my will :
 In vain to drive thee from my breast,
 My thoughts are more and more repress ;
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies :
 Perhaps this is not love, but yet
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke ;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
 And tells a tale it never feels :
 Deceit the guilty lips impart,
 And hush the mandates of the heart ;
 But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
 Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
 As thus our glances oft conversed,
 And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
 No spirit, from within, reproved us,
 Say rather, " 'twas the spirit moved us."
 Though what they utter'd I repress,
 Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess ;
 For as on thee my memory ponders,

* The present Greek professor of Trinity College, Cambridge (Richard Porson), a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.
 —B.

† Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment.—B.

Perchance to me thine also wanders.
 This for myself, at least, I'll say,
 Thy form appears through night, through day :
 Awake, with it my fancy teems ;
 In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams :
 The vision charms the hours away,
 And bids me curse Aurora's ray,
 For breaking slumbers of delight,
 Which make me wish for endless night.
 Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,
 Shall joy or woe my steps await,
 Tempted by love, by storms beset,
 Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas ! again no more we meet,
 No more our former looks repeat ;
 Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
 The dictate of my bosom's care :
 " May heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,
 That anguish never can o'ertake her ;
 That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
 But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !
 Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated
 To be, by dearest ties related,
 For her each hour new joys discover,
 And loose the husband in the lover !
 May that fair bosom never know
 What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
 Which stings the soul with vain regret,
 Of him who never can forget !"

THE CORNELIAN.*

No specious splendour of this stone
 Endears it to my memory ever ;
 With lustre only once it shone,
 And blushes modest as the giver.
 Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
 Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me ;
 Yet still the simple gift I prize,—
 For I am sure the giver loved me.
 He offer'd it with downcast look,
 As fearful that I might refuse it ;
 I told him when the gift I took,
 My only fear should be to lose it.
 This pledge attentively I view'd,
 And sparkling as I held it near,
 Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
 And ever since I've loved a tear.

A gift from a youth of the name of Eddlestone, for whom Byron had formed
 an ardent friendship ; he was in humble circumstances.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
 Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield ;
 But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
 Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
 Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume ;
 The flowers which yield the most of both
 In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
 For once forgetting to be blind,
 His would have been an ample share,
 If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
 His form had fix'd her fickle breast ;
 Her countless hoards would his have been,
 And none remain'd to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE
 WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
 Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;
 Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
 Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;
 Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
 Nor dare to call the blush from beauty's cheek
 Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
 And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
 Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
 Others appear more conscious of defect :
 To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
 In all the arts of scenic action old :
 No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
 No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear ;
 To-night you throng to witness the *début*
 Of embryo actors, to the Drama new ;
 Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try ;
 Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly :
 Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
 Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
 Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
 Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise
 But all our dramatis personæ wait
 In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
 No venal views our progress can retard,
 Your generous plaudits are our sole reward :
 For these, each Hero all his power displays,
 Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
 Surely the last will some protection find ;
 None to the softer sex can prove unkind :

While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
 The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
 Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
 Should, after all, our best endeavours fail.
 Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
 And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR FOX,

[THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER

"OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
 But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath.
 These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
 We give the palm where justice points its due."

TO WHICH BYRON SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH factious viper ! whose envenom'd tooth
 Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth ;
 What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
 With generous feeling, of the good and great,
 Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
 Of him whose meed exists in endless fame ?
 When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
 Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
 Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
 For noble spirits "war not with the dead :"
 His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
 As all his errors slumber'd in the grave ;
 He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
 Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state :
 When, lo ! a Hercules in Fox appear'd,
 Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd :
 He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
 With him our fast-reviving hopes have died ;
 Not one great people only raise his urn,
 All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
 "These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
 To give the palm where Justice points its due ;"
 Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
 Or round our statesmen wind her gloomy veil.
 Fox ! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep
 Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep ;
 For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
 While friends and foes alike his talents own ;
 Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,
 Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign ;
 Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
 For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.

THE TEAR.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
 Felix! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."--Gray.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
 When Truth in a glance should appear,
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
 To mask detestation or fear;
 Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
 Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
 In Glory's romantic career;
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
 Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
 All his toils are repaid, when embracing the maid,
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth!* seat of Friendship and Truth,
 Where love chased each fast fleeting year,
 Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
 My Mary to Love once so dear!†
 In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
 She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess, may she live ever blest!
 Her name still my heart must revere:
 With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
 And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
 This hope to my breast is most near:
 If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
 May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier,

* Harrow.—B.

† Mary Chaworth, see Note p. 21.

As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name;
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ.
ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain,
Why thus in despair do you fret?
For months you may try, yet believe me, a sigh
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny
That your's is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthrall, I'd abandon them all,
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend,
 Your pardon a thousand times o'er :
 From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
 But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
 No more I your folly regret ;
 She's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
 Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
 From your verses, what else she deserved ;
 Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate,
 As your fair was so — reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
 Can such wonderful transports produce ;
 Since the "world you forget, when your lips have once met,"
 My counsel will get but abuse.

You say, when "I rove I know nothing of love ;"
 'Tis true, I am given to range :
 If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
 Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
 To humour a whimsical fair ;
 Though a smile may delight, yet a frown wont affright,
 Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
 To mix in the Platonists' school ;
 Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
 Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
 Whose image must fill my whole breast—
 Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her—
 What an insult 'twould be to the rest !

Now, Strephon, good bye ; I cannot deny
 Your passion appears most absurd ;
 Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
 For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA.*

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
 Who to woman deny the soul's future existence ;
 Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
 And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
 He ne'er would have women from paradise driven ;

* Miss Elizabeth Pigot of Southwell, with whom he kept up a correspondence during his residence at Cambridge.

Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,
 With women alone he had peopled his heaven.
 Yet still to increase your calamities more,
 Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
 He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!—
 With souls you'd dispense; but this last who could bear it?
 His religion to please neither party is made;
 On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;
 Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
 "Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the ——."

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,
 Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
 Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits though elements war;
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.
 Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;†
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star:
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.
 "Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car:
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.
 "Ill-starr'd,‡ though brave, did no visions foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"

* *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near *Lachin y Gair* I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.—B.

† This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.—B.

‡ I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntly, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James the First of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.—B.

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,*
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause :
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar ;†
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.
 Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse, ere I tread you again :
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you,
 Yet still are ye dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar :
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic !
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance !
 Auspicious queen of childish joys,
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys ;
 At length, in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth ;
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth
 And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspecting soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll ;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue ;
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even woman's smiles are true.
 And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend ?
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,
 A Pylades‡ in every friend ?
 But leave at once thy realms of air
 To mingling bands of fairy elves :
 Confess that woman's false as fair,
 And friends have feeling for—themselves
 With shame I own I've felt thy sway :
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er ;

* Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain ; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "*pars pro toto*."—B.

† A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.—B.

‡ It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryaius, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian or modern novelist.—B.

No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar.
 Fond fool ! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear ;
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear

Romance ! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy motley court I fly,
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility ;
 Whose silly tears can never flow
 For any pangs excepting thine ;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds ;
 And call thy sylvan female choir,
 To mourn a swain for ever gone,
 Who once could glow with equal fire,
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
 On all occasions swiftly flow ;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and phrensy glow
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train ?
 An infant bard at least may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race ! a long adieu !
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh ;
 E'en now the gulph appears in view,
 Where unlamented you must lie :
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
 Alas ! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

"It is the voice of years that are gone ! they roll before me with all their deeds."—OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD ! fast falling, once-resplendent dome !
 Religion's shrine ! repentant HENRY's† pride !
 Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.

* As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had originally no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.—B.

† Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.—B.

Hail to thy pile ! more honour'd in thy fall
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state ;
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs,* obedient to their lord,
 In grim array the crimson cross† demand ;
 Or gay assemble round the festive board
 Their chief's retainers, an immortal band :

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
 Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
 Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
 A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief ;
 His feudal realm in other regions lay :
 In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
 Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes ! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
 The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view,
 Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
 Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
 Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl
 And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
 Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
 The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
 In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
 Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
 Soon as the gloaming‡ spreads her waning shade,
 The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
 Or matin orisons to Mary§ paid.

Years roll on years ; to ages, ages yield ;
 Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed :
 Religion's charter their protecting shield,
 Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,
 And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
 Another HENRY|| the kind gift recalls,
 And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer ;
 He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
 To roam a dreary world in deep despair—
 No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

* This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman ;" synonymous with vassal.—B.

† The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.—B.

‡ As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.—B.

§ The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.—B.

|| At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.—B.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banner's wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress* now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him† from the unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND‡ fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death:
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.—B.

† Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was general-in-chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.—B.

‡ Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.—B.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire ; the clamour of the fight is o'er ;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court :
What satellites declare her dismal reign !
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's skies ;
The fierce usurper seeks his native —
And nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans :
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath ;
Earth shudders as her caves receive her bones,
Loathing* the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler now resumes the helm,†
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state ;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead ! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest ;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return ;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees ;
And hark ! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake :
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake ;
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah, happy days ! too happy to endure !
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew ;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure :
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed ;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart ;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

* This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers : both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition ; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave for the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.—B.

† Charles II.—B.

Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay !

The last and youngest of a noble line

Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers ;

Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep ;

Thy cloisters, previous to the wintry showers ;

These, these he views, he views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret :

Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.

Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,

But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes

Or gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great ;

Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,

Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply the sun, emerging, yet may shine,

Thee to irradiate with meridian ray ;

Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,

And bless thy future as thy former day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins ;

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,

And flies with every changing gale of spring ;

Not to the aching frame alone confined,

Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind :

What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,

Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,

With Resignation wage relentless strife,

While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.

Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,

Remembrance sheds around her genial power,

Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,

When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven ;

Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,

Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.

As when through clouds that pour the summer storm

The orb of day unveils his distant form,

Gilds with faint beams the crystal dew of rain,

And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain ;

Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,

The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams.

Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,

To scenes far distant points his paler rays ;

Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,

The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought ;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields :
Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu !
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes ;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams ;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep ;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source ;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though, they please, my aching sight.
IDA ! blest spot, where science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train !
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire ;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same ;
Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
The social smile of every welcome face ;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past :—
I bless the former, and forgive the last.

Hours of my youth ! when, nurtured in my breast,
To love a stranger, friendship made me blest ;—
Friendship the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein ;
When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—
In love to friends, in open hate to foes ;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan ;
Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think ;
Still to assent, and never to deny—
A patron's praise can well reward the lie :
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospect for a word ?
Although against that word his heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this ! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask ;
Let keener bards delight in satires sting ;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing :

Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe ;
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
 Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
 With this submission all her rage expired.
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave ;
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
 POMPOSUS* virtues are but known to few ;
 I never feared the young usurper's nod,
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
 If since on Granta's failings, known to all
 Who share the converse of a college hall,
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again,
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command ;
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—
 Their first adviser, and their last resort ;
 Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
 Or all the sable glories of his gown ;
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school—
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—
 Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
 The dear preceptor of my early days ;
 PROBUS,† the pride of science, and the boast,
 To IDA now, alas ! for ever lost.
 With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
 And fear'd the master, though we lov'd the sage.
 Retir'd at last, his small yet peaceful seat,
 From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
 POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair ;
 POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, forbear
 Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot ;
 His name and precepts be alike forgot ;
 No more his mention shall my verse degrade,—
 To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd
 Fair IDA'S bower adorns the landscape round ;
 There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
 The vale where rural Nature claims her praise ;
 To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
 Who move in joy, and dance along the plain ;

* Dr Butler, see note, p. 20.

† Dr Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

*Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi!
 Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.—*

In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue ;
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new ;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray ;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer's heat :
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes ;
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day :
" 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought ;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell ;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall ;
There, deeply carved, behold ! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame ;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son,—
The one long graved, the other just begun :
These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire :
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law ;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour ;—
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away—
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side ;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd ;
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell ;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely stay'd at home ;"— E

While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
 When names of these, like ours, alone survive :
 Yet a few years, one general wreck will overwhelm
 The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race ! though now we meet no more,
 One last long look on what we were before—
 Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu—
 Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
 Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
 Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
 I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
 And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
 Vain wish ! if chance some well-remember'd face,
 Some old companion of my early race,
 Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
 My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy ;
 The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
 Were quite forgotten when my friend was found :
 The smiles of beauty—(for, alas ! I've known
 What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne)—
 The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
 Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near ;
 My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
 The woods of IDA danced before my eyes ;
 I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,
 I saw and join'd again the joyous throng ;
 Panting, again I trac'd her lofty grove,
 And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love.

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
 Retrace the circuit of my former flight ?
 Is there no cause beyond the common claim
 Endear'd to all in childhood's very name ?
 Ah ! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
 Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear,
 To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
 And seek abroad the love denied at home.
 Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee—
 A home, a world, a paradise to me.
 Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
 The tender guidance of a father's care.
 Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
 The love which glistens in a father's eye ?
 For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
 Made, by a parent's early loss, my own ?
 What brother springs a brother's love to seek ?
 What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek ?
 For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
 To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties !
 Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
 Fraternal smiles collected round me seem ;
 While still the visions to my heart are prest,
 The voice of love will murmur in my rest :
 I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice ;
 I hear again,—but ah ! no brother's voice.

A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray,
 Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
 While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
 I cannot call one single blossom mine:
 What then remains? in solitude to groan,
 To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.
 Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
 And none more dear than IDA'S social band.

ALONZO!* best and dearest of my friends,
 Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:
 From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise
 The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
 Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
 If hope anticipate the words of truth,
 Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
 To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
 Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
 Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
 Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
 Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
 Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
 Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
 Together we impell'd the flying ball;
 Together waited in our tutor's hall;
 Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
 Or shar'd the produce of the river's spoil;
 Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
 Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
 In every element, unchanged, the same,
 All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
 DAVUS,† the harbinger of childish joy;
 For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
 The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
 Yet with a breast of such materials made—
 Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
 Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
 In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
 Still I remember in the factious strife,
 The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:
 High pois'd in air the massy weapon hung,
 A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
 Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
 Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow.
 Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career;
 Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
 Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
 The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand.
 An act like this, can simple thanks repay?

* The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards. See note, *Childe Harold*, p. 519.

† The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, who took his part in a disturbance, and prevented him from being felled to the ground by the butt end of a musket.

Or all the labours of a grateful lay ?
 Oh, no ! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
 That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS !* on me thy claims are justly great :
 Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,
 To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
 The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
 Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
 A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit :
 Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
 LYCUS ! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
 Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
 What may we hope from genius thus refined !
 When time at length matures thy growing years,
 How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers !
 Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
 With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS† pass by unsung ?
 From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung :
 What though one sad dissension bade us part,
 That name is yet embalm'd within my heart ;
 Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
 And palpitate responsive to the sound.
 Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will :
 We once were friends,—I'll think we are so still.
 A form unmatched in nature's partial mould,
 A heart untainted, we in thee behold :
 Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
 Nor seek for glory in the tented field ;
 To minds of ruder texture these be given—
 Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
 Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
 But that thy tongue could never forge deceit :
 The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
 The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
 Would make that breast with indignation burn,
 And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
 Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate ;
 Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate ;
 The world admire thee, and thy friends adore ;—
 Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
 See honest, open, generous CLEON‡ stand ;
 With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene
 No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
 On the same day our studious race begun,
 On the same day our studious race was run ;
 Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
 Thus side by side we strove for many a year ;
 At last concluded our scholastic life,
 We neither conquer'd in the classic strife :

* The Earl of Clare.

† The Earl of Delaware.

‡ Edward Noel Long, Esq. afterwards of the Coldstream Guards, (a poem p. 75. is addressed to him.)

As speakers* each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame :
To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own,
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh ! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmer tear !
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return ;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell !
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,
When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,
Or placed me higher in the studious throng ;
Or when my first harangue received applause,
His sage instruction the primeval cause,
What gratitude to him my soul possest,
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast !
For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own.
Oh ! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give :
The song might perish, but the theme might live.
Yet why for him the needless verse essay ?
His honour'd name requires no vain display :
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast ;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA ! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain !
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last ;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
To me a silent and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone ;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA ! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide :
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear,—
That tear, perhaps the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,

* This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.—B.

The feeble veterans of some former throng,
 Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
 Are swept for ever from this busy world ;
 Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
 While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth ;
 Say if remembrance days like these endears
 Beyond the rapture of succeeding years ?
 Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
 So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe ?
 Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
 Can royal smiles, or wreathes by slaughter won,
 Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,
 (For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
 Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
 As those where youth her garland twined for you
 Ah, no ! amidst the gloomy calm of age
 You turn with faltering hand life's varied page ;
 Peruse the record of your days on earth,
 Unsullied only where it marks your birth ;
 Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
 And blot with tears the sable lines of grief ;
 Where passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
 Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu ;
 But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
 Traced by the rosy finger of the morn ;
 When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of truth,
 And Love, without his pinion,* smiled on youth.

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, ENTITLED
 "THE COMMON LOT."†

MONTGOMERY ! true the common lot
 Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave ;
 Yet some shall never be forgot—
 Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
 The hero‡ rolls the tide of war ;
 Yet not unknown his martial worth,
 Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
 Perchance may 'scape the page of fame ;
 Yet nations now unborn will know
 The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
 Must share the common tomb of all :

* "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb.—B.

† Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c.—B.

‡ No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and in more modern times the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c. are familiar to every historical reader but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.—B.

Their glory will not sleep the same ;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
 Assumes the ghastly stare of death ;
 The fair, the brave, the good must die,
 And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
 Still beaming through the lover's strain ;
 For Petrarch's Laura still survives :
 She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
 And Time, untiring waves his wing ;
 Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
 But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
 Collected in the solemn tomb ;
 The old and young, with friends and foes,
 Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
 Yet falls at length an useless fane ;
 To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
 The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
 From dark oblivion meant to guard ;
 A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
 By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
 Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave ;
 Some few who ne'er will be forgot
 Shall burst the bondage of the grave.

1806.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER ON HIS ADVISING THE
 AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind ;—
 I cannot deny such a precept is wise ;
 But retirement accords with the tone of my mind :
 I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
 Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth ;
 When infancy's years of probation expire,
 Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
 Still mantles unseen in its secret recess ;—
 At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
 No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

Oh ! thus the desire in my bosom for fame
 Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
 Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions of flame,
 With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
 What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave !
 Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath !
 Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd ?
 Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules ?
 Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd ?
 Why search for delight in the friendship of fools ?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love ;
 In friendship I early was taught to believe ;
 My passion the matrons of prudence reprove ;
 I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth ?—it may pass in an hour,
 If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown ;
 To me what is title ?—the phantom of power ;
 To me what is fashion ?—I seek but renown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul ;
 I still am unpractised to varnish the truth ;
 Then why should I live in a hateful control ?
 Why waste upon folly the days of my youth ?

1803.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

DEAR are the days of youth ! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers !" Past is the race of heroes ! But their fame rises on the harp ; their souls ride on the wings of the wind ; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds ! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests : he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief ; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear ; but mild was the eye of Calmar ; soft was the flow of his yellow locks : they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul : his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes ! Equal were their swords in battle ; but fierce was the pride of Orla :—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's

* It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume, p. 38.—B.

sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies ; but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept : their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs : they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin ? He rests in the halls of Tura ; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms ? The path is by the swords of foes ; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs ! Who will arise ?"

"Son of Trenmor ! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me ? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards ; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone ?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend a-far ? Chief of Oithona ! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear ? No, Orla ! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells ; ours be the path of danger ; ours has been the cave of Oithona ; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin ? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air : he will rejoice in his boy ; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin : he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora ? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar ? Live, Calmar ! Live to raise my stone of moss ; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend ? Could I give his fame to the winds ? No, my heart would speak in sighs : faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla ! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high : the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed : they frown in sleep ; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint ; their embers fail in smoke. All is hush'd ; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the

journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly, Calmar, fly," said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not wake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven;—the bards raised the song,

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm."*

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again!
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase,
Our raptured visions as before,
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And manhood claims his stern dominion—
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers.
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;

* I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.—B.

If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone ;

Oh may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless flow ;
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forgot another's woe.

Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same.

Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame.

But, hence ! ye hours of sable hue !

Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more.

Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past.

And caves their sullen roar enclose,

We heed no more the wintry blast,

When lull'd by zephyrs to repose.

Full often has my infant muse

Attuned to love her languid lyre ;

But now without a theme to choose,

The strains in stolen sighs expire.

My youthful nymphs, alas ! are flown ;

E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,

And Carolina sighs alone,

And Mary's given to another ;

And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,

Can now no more my love recall :

In truth, dear LONG, 'twas time to flee

For Cora's eye will shine on all.

And though the sun, with genial rays,

His beams alike to all displays,

And every lady's eye's a *sun*,

These last should be confined to one.

The soul's meridian don't become her,

Whose sun displays a general *summer* !

Thus faint is every former flame.

And passion's self is now a name.

As when the ebbing flames are low,

The aid which once improved their light,

And bade them burn with fiercer glow,

Now quenches all their sparks in night ;

Thus has it been with passion's fires,

As many a boy and girl remembers,

While all the force of love expires,

Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's noon,
 And clouds obscure the watery moon,
 Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
 Described in every stripling's verse ;
 For why should I the path go o'er,
 Which every bard has trod before ?
 Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
 Has thrice performed her stated round,
 Has thrice retraced her path of light,
 And chased away the gloom profound,
 I trust that we, my gentle friend,
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend
 Above the dear-loved peaceful seat
 Which once contain'd our youth's retreat ;*
 And then with those our childhood knew,
 We'll mingle in the festive crew ;
 While many a tale of former day
 Shall wing the laughing hours away ;
 And all the flow of souls shall pour
 The sacred intellectual shower,
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn.

TO A LADY.†

OH ! had my fate been join'd with thine,
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,
 These follies had not then been mine,
 For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe,
 To thee, the wise and old reproving :
 They know my sins, but do not know
 'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
 And all its rising fires could smother ;
 But now thy vows no more endure,
 Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
 And spoil the blisses that await him ;
 Yet let my rival smile in joy,
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah ! since thy angel form is gone,
 My heart no more can rest with any ;
 But what it sought in thee alone,
 Attempts, alas ! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid !
 'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
 Nor Hope, nor Memory, yield their aid,
 But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

* Long was one of his chief companions at Harrow.

† Mary Chaworth, written shortly before her marriage with Mr Must.r

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures ;
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,
 These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd :—
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
 And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,—
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys :
 To think would drive my soul to madness ,
 In thoughtless throngs and empty noise ;
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal,
 In spite of every vain endeavour,—
 And fiends might pity what I feel,—
 To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave ;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon* pride
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rock where billows roll.

Fortune ! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound !
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar ;
 I ask but this— again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er designed for me :
 Ah ! why do dark'ning shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be ?
 Once I beheld a splendid dream,
 A visionary scene of bliss :
 Truth !—wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this ?

* Sassenach or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.—B

I loved—but those I loved are gone ;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled :
 How cheerless feels the heart alone
 When all its former hopes are dead !
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull to hear the voice of those
 Whom rank or chance, or wealth or power,
 Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
 Associates of the festive hour.
 Give me again a faithful few,
 In years and feelings still the same,
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where bois'trous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman ! thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all !
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall !
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine,
 Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind ;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh ! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest !
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.*

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven, of snow ! †
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below, ‡
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
 And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear ;
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, § 'twas center'd in you ?

* "And I said, Oh ! that I had wings like a dove : for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.—*B.*

† Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow" is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.—*B.*

‡ This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bour, &c., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.—*B.*

§ Mary Duff, to whom he was passionately attached while in Aberdeen, and when he was not quite eight years old.

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,—
 What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
 But still I perceive an emotion the same
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild;
 One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
 And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
 And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
 From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
 I breasted the billows of Dee's* rushing tide,
 And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
 At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
 For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
 As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
 And delight but in days I have witness'd before:
 Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd, my lot;
 More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew;
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
 I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen;†
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
 I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
 That faintly resembles my Mary's in hue,
 I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
 The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
 Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow:
 But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
 Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah, no!
 Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
 Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
 No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
 Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.

OH! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;
 The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
 The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherished for you.

* "Breasting the lofty surge."—SHAKESPEARE. The Dee is a beautiful river which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.—B.

† Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.—B.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion ;
 The attachment of years in a moment expires :
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.
 Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth I allow :
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.
 No more with affection shall memory blending,
 The wonted delights of our childhood retrace :
 When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 And what would be justice appears a disgrace.
 However, dear George, for I still must esteem you—
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid—
 The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.
 I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live :
 My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.
 You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
 If danger demanded, were wholly your own ;
 You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
 Devoted to love and to friendship alone.
 You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection !
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
 And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.
 For the present we part,—I will hope not for ever ;
 For time and regret will restore you at last :
 To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
 I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE

"Tu semper amoris
 Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."—VAL. FLAG.

FRIEND of my youth ! when young we roved,
 Like striplings, mutually beloved,
 With friendship's purest glow,
 The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
 Dearer than all the joys I've known,
 When distant far from you :
 Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
 To trace those days and hours again,
 And sigh again, adieu !

My pensive memory lingers o'er
 Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,

Those scenes regretted ever ;
The measure of our youth is full.
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah ! never !
As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain ;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main !
Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,
Nor mingle as before :
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.
Our souls, my friend ! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels :
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in fashion's annals ;
'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of reason ;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.
Now, Clare, I must return to you,
And, sure, apologies are due :
Accept, then, my concession.
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right !
My muse admires digression.
I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state ;—
May regal smiles attend you !
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.
Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you ;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
But those who best deserve you !
Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring sway !
May no delight decoy !
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy !

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
 Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow ;
 Be still as you were wont to be,
 Spotless as you've been known to me,—
 Be still as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear ;
 Whilst blessing your beloved name,
 I'd waive at once a *poet's* fame,
 To prove a *prophet* here.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE
 CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.*

SPOT of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
 Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
 Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
 With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod :
 With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
 Like me, the happy scenes they knew before :
 Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
 Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
 Thou drooping Elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
 And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
 Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
 But, ah ! without the thoughts which then were mine :
 How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
 Invite the bosom to recall the past,
 And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
 " Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell !"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
 And calm its cares and passions into rest,
 Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my dying hour,—
 If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,—
 To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
 Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell ;
 With this fond dream, methinks, 'twere sweet to die—
 And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;
 Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
 Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose ;
 For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
 Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd ;
 Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
 Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved ;
 Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
 Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here ;
 Deplored by those in early days allied,
 And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807

* Harrow-on-the-Hill, a village in the county of Middlesex, ten miles N.W. from London.

THE FOLLOWING CRITICISM APPEARED IN THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,* FOR JANUARY 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated.
By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo, pp. 200.
Newark, 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point; and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

* It is generally understood that this article was written by Lord Brougham.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet,—nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is anything so deserving the name of poetry, in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say anything so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it:—

“Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

‘Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
’Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

“That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.”

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas “On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow.”

“Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship or mischief allied,
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.”

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr Rogers, “*On a Tear*,” might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:—

“Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

‘The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.”

And so of instances in which former poets have failed. Thus, we do not think a Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, “Adrian's Address to his Soul,” when Pope succeeded

so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 11 (from Anacreon) a translation, where *two* words (*Θεῶν λεγέειν*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 12 where *μεσονυκτικαὶ πόθ' ὥραις* is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic Poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his lordship, we venture to object to it as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds? whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder: 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was," &c. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard,"—"The artless Helicon I boast is youth"—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," &c., &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas:—

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes

Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypotenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas :—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and, "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift-horse in the mouth.*

* Byron says, "When I first saw the review of my 'Hours of Idleness,' I was furious; in such a rage as I never have been since. I dined that day with Scroope Davies, and drank three bottles of claret to drown it; but it only boiled the more. That critique was a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it, which was meant for humour, 'about people being thankful for what they could get,—not looking a gift-horse in the mouth,' and such stable expressions. The severity of 'the Quarterly' killed poor Keats; and neglect, Kirke White; but I was made of different stuff, of tougher materials. So far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me. I set to work immediately, and in good earnest, and produced in a year, 'The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' There were many things in that satire which I was afterwards sorry for, and I wished to cancel it. I did my utmost to suppress the publication not only in England but in Ireland."

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

A SATIRE.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."—POPE.

PREFACE.

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowle's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine,* who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.†

* Sir John Hobhouse, Bart.

† The preface, up to this point, was written for the second edition. The preface to the first edition commenced with what follows.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large ; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution the more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten ; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure ; but Mr Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger ; and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered ; as it is to be feared that nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra ; but if the author succeeds in merely “bruising one of the heads of the serpent,” though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.*

STILL must I hear?†—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,‡
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,
Our task complete, like Hamet's,§ shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;

* Written at Newstead in 1808.

† IMIT.—

“Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?”—*Juv. Sat. I.*—*B.*

‡ Mr Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the “Small Beer Poet,” li. flirts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.—*B.*

§ Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixotte*. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli.—*B.*

E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
 Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
 More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit ! but not belong
 To me the arrows of satiric song ;
 The royal vices of our age demand
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
 Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
 And yield at least amusement in the race :
 Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame ;
 The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
 Speed, Pegasus !—ye strains of great and small,
 Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all !
 I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
 I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,
 A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame ;
 I printed—older children do the same.
 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,
 Not that a title's sounding charm can save
 Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave :
 This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
 Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.*
 No matter, George continues still to write,†
 Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.
 Moved by the great example, I pursue
 The self-same road, but make my own review :
 Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet like him, will be
 Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote ;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault ;
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt ;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit ;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit :
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment ? no—as soon
 Seek roses in December—ice in June ;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff ;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore ;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled

* This ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.—B.

† In the *Edinburgh Review*.—B.

By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Boeotian head.*
 To these young tyrants,† by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
 To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—
 While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
 While such are critics, why should I forbear?
 But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
 Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me,‡ why I venture o'er
 The path which Pope and Gifford§ trod before:
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
 Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
 "But hold!" exclaims a friend,—“here's some neglect
 This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect.”
 What then? the self same blunder Pope has got,
 And careless Dryden—“Aye, but Pye has not:”
 Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
 Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.||

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,
 And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
 Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;
 A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
 And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.
 Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.
 Then Congreve's¶ scenes could cheer, or Otway's melt—††
 For nature then an English audience felt.
 By why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feeble bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age;
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.
 The loaded press beneath her labour groans,

* Messrs Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and the last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are mentioned hereafter.—B.

† IMIT.—

“Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
 — occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.”—*Juv. Sat. I.*—B.

‡ IMIT.—

“Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
 Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus;
 Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.”—*Juv. Sat. I.*—B.

§ William Gifford, founder and first editor of the Quarterly Review, and author of the Baviad, the Mæviad, &c.

|| Poet Laureate from 1790 till 1813.

¶ William Congreve, author of “Love for Love,” “The Mourning Bride,” &c.

†† Thomas Otway, author of “The Orphan,” “Venice Preserved,” &c.

And printer's devils shake their weary bones ;
 While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelves
 And Little's lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.
 Thus saith the Preacher : " Nought beneath the sun
 Is new : " yet still from change to change we run :
 What varied wonders tempt us as they pass !
 The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
 In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,
 Till the swoln bubble bursts—and all is air !
 Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize :
 O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail ;
 Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
 And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own :
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters not,
 From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.*

Behold ! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
 For notice eager, pass in long review :
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
 And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race :
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode ;
 And tales of terror jostle on the road ;
 Immeasurable measures move along ;
 For simpering folly loves a varied song.
 To strange mysterious dulness still the friend
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
 Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!—
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.†
 While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,

* Stott, better known in the " Morning Post " by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus :—(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.*)—

" Princely offspring of Braganza,
 Erin greets thee with a stanza," &c.

Also, a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows :—

" Oh ! for a Lay, loud as the surge
 That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

the " Lay of the Last Minstrel " was nothing to this.—B.

† See the " Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, " a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highway-man. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although to use his own elegant phrase, "'twas his neck-verse at Harribee," i. e. the gallows.—The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident, we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money ; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his pay-masters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.—B.

That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
 And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood,
 Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
 And skip at every step, — knows how high,
 And frighten foolish babes, — knows why;
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
 Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
 And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next, view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.
 And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
 On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
 Though Murray with his Miller may combine
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
 No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
 Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
 Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
 Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
 And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
 Such be their meed, such still the just reward
 Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
 For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
 And bid a long "good night to Marmion."*

These are the themes that claim our plaudist now;
 These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
 While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
 Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
 When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro† sung,
 An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
 While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name;
 The work of each immortal bard appears
 The single wonder of a thousand years.‡
 Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
 Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
 Without the glory such a strain can give,
 As even in ruin bids the language live.
 Not so with us, though minor bards content,
 On one great work a life of labour spent:
 With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
 Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!

* "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.—B.
 Virgil.

As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard efforts; since neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr Southey's will survive?—B.

To him let Camoëns,* Milton, Tasso yield,
 Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field
 First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
 The scourge of England and the boast of France !
 Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
 Behold her statue placed in glory's niche ;
 Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
 A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.
 Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,†
 Arabia's monstrous, wild and wondrous son ;
 Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race !
 Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense !
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales ;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's,‡ and not so true.
 Oh Southey ! Southey !§ cease thy varied song !
 A bard may chant too often and too long :
 As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare !
 A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;
 If still in Berkley ballads || most uncivil,
 Thou wilt devote old women to ———,
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :
 “ ——— help thee,” Southey, and thy readers too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,
 Who warns his friend “ to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books, for fear of growing double ;”¶
 Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;

* A celebrated poet of Portugal.

† “Thalaba,” Mr Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle “Joan of Arc,” was marvellous enough, but “Thalaba” was one of those poems “which,” in the words of Porson, “will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.”—B.

‡ Sir John Mandeville, the traveller.

§ We beg Mr Southey's pardon : “Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic.” See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureate Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but as Mr Southey's poem “disdains the appellation,” allow us to ask—has he substituted anything better in his stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?—B.

|| See “The Old Woman of Berkley,” a ballad, by Mr Southey, where an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a “high-trotting horse.”—B.

¶ Lyrical Ballads p. 4.—“The Tables Turned.” Stanza 1.

“Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
 Why all this toil and trouble?”

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double”—B.

Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.
 Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of an "idiot boy ;"
 A moon-struck silly lad, who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day ;
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
 To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear ?
 Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
 Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
 If Inspiration should her aid refuse
 To him who takes a pixy for a muse,†
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegise an ass
 So well the subject suits his noble mind,
 He brays, the laureate of the long-ear'd kind.

Oh ! wonder-working Lewis ! monk, or bard,
 Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard !
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
 Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou !
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
 By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band ;
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
 To please the females of our modest age ;
 All hail, M.P. ! ‡ from whose infernal brain
 Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;
 At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
 With "small gray men," "wild yagars," and what not,
 To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott ;
 Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,
 St Luke alone can vanquish the disease :

* * *

Who in soft guise, * *
 Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd ?
 'Tis Little ! young Catullus of his day,
 As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay !
 Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
 Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.

* Mr W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same ; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable :—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
 Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 The cock did crow, to-who, to-who,
 And the sun did shine so cold." &c., &c., p. 129.—B.

† Coleridge's Poems, Songs of the Pixies, i.e. Devonshire fairies [in that county they are called Piskeyes,] we have "Lines to a young Lady ;" and, "Lines to a young Ass."—B.

‡ "For every one knows little Matt's an M.P."—See a poem to Mr Lewis, in "The Statesman," supposed to be written by Mr Jekyll.—B.

Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;
 From grosser incense with disgust she turns :
 Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
 She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
 To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
 Hibernian Strangford !* with thine eyes of blue,
 And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
 Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
 And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
 Learn if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
 Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
 Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
 By dressing Camoëns† in a suit of lace ?
 Mend, Strangford ! mend thy morals and thy taste ;
 Be warm, but pure ; be amorous, but be chaste :
 Cease to deceive ; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
 Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold !—ye tarts ! one moment spare the text—
 Hayley's last work, and worst—until his next ;
 Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
 Or — the dead with purgatorial praise,
 His style in youth or age is still the same,
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.
 Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumph" shine !
 At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
 Of "Music's Triumph," all who read may swear,
 That luckless music never triumph'd there.‡

Moravians, rise ! bestow some meet reward
 On dull devotion—Lo ! the Sabbath bard,
 Sepulchral Grahame,§ pours his notes sublime
 In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme ;
 Breaks into blank the gospel of St Luke,
 And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch ;
 And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
 Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

Hail, Sympathy ! thy soft idea brings
 A thousand visions of a thousand things,
 And shows, still whimpering through threescore of years,
 The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
 And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles !
 Thou first, great oracle of tender souls ?
 Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,

* The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "Strangford's Camoëns," p. 127, note to p. 56, or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review* of Strangford's Camoëns.—B.

† It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the *Song of Solomon*.—B.

‡ Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "Triumphs of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c., &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr H's consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.—B.

§ Mr Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."—B.



The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
 Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
 What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,*
 Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
 In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
 Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
 If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
 Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
 All love thy strain, but children like it best.

* * * *

Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
 The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
 "Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"†
 Such as none heard before, or will again!
 Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood
 Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
 Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
 The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;‡
 And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!—
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
 Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
 Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
 If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
 Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
 If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
 Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
 Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan,
 The first of poets was, alas! but man.
 Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
 Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;§
 Let all the scandals of a former age
 Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page
 Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
 Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
 Write as if St John's|| soul could still inspire,
 And do from hate what Mallet¶ did for hire:

* Bowles' "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."—B.
 † "Awake a louder," &c., is the first line in Bowles' "Spirit of Discovery," a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following:—

"A kiss

Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
 Here heard: they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.,

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.—B.

‡ The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert a Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.—B.

§ Curll is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."—B.

|| St John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

¶ Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—"the Patriot King,"—which that splendid but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.—B.

Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme ;*
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Nor raised thy hoof against the lion dead ;†
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.

Another epic ! who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men ?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market—all alive !
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five !
Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be flat,
Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat ;
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain,
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.
Oh, Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name,
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame !—
Oh, Amos Cottle ! for a moment think,
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams ?
Oh pen perverted ! paper misapplied !
Had Cottle‡ still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisypheus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice§ all his granite weight of leaves :
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain !
The petrifications of a plodding brain,
That ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo ! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale ;

* Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymster.—

“ Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous ; answer him, ye owls ! ”—

Dunciad.—B.

† See Bowles' late edition of Pope's Works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another than to elevate his own.—B.

‡ Mr Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics.—“ Alfred,”—(poor Alfred ! Pye has been at him too)—“ Alfred ” and the “ Fall of Cambria ”—B.

§ Mr Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of “ Richmond Hill,” and the like :—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.—B.

Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
 Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield* weep.
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
 For ever startled by the mingled howl
 Of Northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl;
 A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
 By ——— instinct, all that cross their way;
 Aged or young, the living or the dead,
 No mercy find—these harpies must be fed.
 Why do the injured unresisting yield
 The calm possession of their native field?
 Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
 Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur Seat?†

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,
 England could boast a judge almost the same;
 In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
 Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
 And given the spirit to the world again,
 To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
 With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
 With voice as willing to decree the rack;
 Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
 As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
 Since well instructed in the patriot school
 To rail at party, though a party tool,
 Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
 Back to the sway they forfeited before,
 His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
 And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?
 Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
 And greeting thus present him with a rope:
 "Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
 Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
 This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
 To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
 And guard it sacred in its future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?‡

* Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."—B.

† Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.—B.

‡ In 1806, Messrs Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints.—B.

Oh, day disastrous ! On her firm-set rock,
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock,
 Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north ;
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career ;*
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms :†
 Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth storey, where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound :
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
 Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams :
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue ;
 And all with justice deem'd the two combined
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
 The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of Moore ;
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And straight restored it to her favourite's head ;
 That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,
 Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,
 And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
 " My son," she cried, " ne'er thirst for gore again,
 Resign the pistol, and resume the pen ;
 O'er politics and poesy preside,
 Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide !
 For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
 Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
 Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
 The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.‡
 Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer,§ and sometimes,

* The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum ; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.—B.

† This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.—B.

‡ His lordship (the Earl of Aberdeen), has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of " Gell's Topography of Troy."—B.

§ Mr Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a " Song on the recovery of Thor's Hammer : " the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus :—

" Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 The hammer's bruises were her lot,
 Thus Odin's son his hammer got."—B.

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,
 Smug Sydney* too thy bitter page shall seek,
 And classic Hallam,† much renown'd for Greek;
 Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
 And paltry Pillans‡ shall traduce his friend;
 While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,§

* * *

Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
 Beware lest blundering Brougham|| destroy the sale,
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.¶

Then prosper Jeffrey! pertest of the train
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
 Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
 For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
 And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
 This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.††
 Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
 Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone:

* The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, and sundry criticisms.—B.

† Mr Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.—*Note added to second edition.*—The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dined at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but, on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.—B.

‡ Pillans is a tutor at Eton.—B. (Afterwards Professor of Humanity in the Edinburgh University. There is no foundation for this charge.)

§ The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miseries," and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and condemned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled "Whistle for it."—B.

|| Mr Brougham, in No. xxv. of the *Edinburgh Review*, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions. In the first edition Lord Byron added: "The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and musical pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables." In the second edition the latter sentence was omitted, and the following substituted. "It seems that Mr Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay:—so be it."—B.

¶ I ought to apologise to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "kelpies" are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.—B.

†† See the colour of the back binding of the *Edinburgh Review*.—B

And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen !
 Illustrious Holland ! hard would be his lot,
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot !
 Holland, with Henry Petty* at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse !
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
 Declare his landlord can at least translate !†
 Dunedin ! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food—and feed because they write,
 And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique ;
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
 Reforms each error and refines the whole.‡

Now to the Drama turn—Oh ! motley sight !
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite !
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,§
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.||
 Though now, thank Heaven ! the Rosciomania's o'er,
 And full-grown actors are endured once more ;
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
 While British critics suffer scenes like these ;
 While Reynolds vents his “——” “poohs !” and “zounds !”¶
 And common-place and common sense confounds ?
 While Kenney's “World”—ah ! where is Kenney's wit ?††—
 Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit ;
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words ?‡‡
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage !
 Heavens ! is all sense of shame and talent gone ?
 Have we no living bards of merit ?—none !
 Awake, George Colman ! §§ Cumberland, ||| awake !
 Ring the alarum bell ! let folly quake !

* The Marquis of Lansdowne.

† Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.—B.

‡ Certain it is her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know from good authority that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.—B.

§ Theodore Hook. In his melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage ; a new asylum for distressed heroes.—B.

|| Charles Dibdin, celebrated as a writer of naval songs.

¶ All these are favourite expressions of Mr Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.—B.

†† James Kenney, author of *Raising the Wind*, &c.

‡‡ Thomas Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of *Bonduca* of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of *Caractacus*. Was this worthy of his sire ? or of himself ?—B.

§§ Author of the “Iron Chest,” “Love Laughs at Locksmiths,” &c.

||| Author of the “West Indian,” and other plays.

Oh, Sheridan !* if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy assume her throne again ;
 Abjure the mummary of the German Schools ;
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods ! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
 Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread ?
 On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask ?†
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose ?
 While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger,‡ forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot ?
 Lo ! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame !
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
 Still Skeffington and Goose§ divide the prize.
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renown'd alike ; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs ;||
 Nor sleeps with " Sleeping Beauties," but anon,
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,¶
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Stares wondering what the — it can mean ;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few !
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah ! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame ?
 Well may the nobles of our present race,
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship Catalini's pantaloons ;
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

* * * *

Truth ! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
 To drive this pestilence from the land.
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skill'd to know the right and know the wrong,
 Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
 To fight my course through passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—

* Richard Brinsley Sheridan, statesman, wit, and dramatist.

† Theodore Edward Hook.

‡ Philip Massinger, a tragic poet.

§ Dibdin's pantomime of Mother Goose.

|| Mr Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury-Lane Theatre—as such Mr Skeffington is much indebted to him.—B.

¶ Mr [afterwards Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the " Sleeping Beauty," and some comedies, particularly " Maids and Bachelors." *Bacca laurii baculo magis duam lauro digni.*—B.

E'en I must rouse my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal ;
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
" What art thou better, meddling fool, than they ?"
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
Then sleep my pen for ever ! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice :
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,*
Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St Giles or in Tottenham-road ?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare,
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square ?
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm ? In spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself ;
Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
Lords too are bards, such things of times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah ! who would take their titles with their rhymes ?
Roscommon !† Sheffield !‡ with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head ;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer !
Lord, rhymster, petit-maitre, pamphleteer !§
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage ;
But managers for once cried, " Hold, enough !"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff,
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf :
Yes ! doff that covering, where morocco shines,

* What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints.
—B.

† Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, died 1684.

‡ John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, died 1721.

§ The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.—B.

And hang a calf-skin* on those recreant lines.†

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle‡ prove a blanket too!
One common Læthe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,§
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.||

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,¶
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft†† declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns and Bloomfield,‡‡ nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,

* "Doff that lion's hide."
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

SHAKS. *King John*.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

B.

† Byron afterwards in *Childe Harold*, p. 399, expresses his regret that he had thus written.

‡ "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.—B.

§ This lovely little Jessica, (who published under the name of Rosa Matilda) the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the *Monk*.—B.

| These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.—B.

¶ Joseph Blackett, a rhyming shoemaker.

†† Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.—B.

‡‡ Robert Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, &c.

Forsook the labours of a servile state,
 Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate :
 Then why no more ? if Phœbus smiled on you,
 Bloomfield ! why not on brother Nathan too ?*
 Him to the mania, not the muse, has seized ;
 Not inspiration, but a mind diseased :
 And now no boor can seek his last abode,
 No common be enclosed without an ode.
 Oh ! since increased refinement deigns to smile
 On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
 Let poesy go forth, prevade the whole,
 Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul !
 Ye tuneful cobblers ! still your notes prolong,
 Compose at once a slipper and a song ;
 So shall the fair your handiwork peruse,
 Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
 May Moorland weavers† boast Pindaric skill,
 And tailors' lays be longer than their bill !
 While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
 And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.
 To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected genius ! let me turn to you.
 Come forth, oh Campbell !‡ give thy talents scope
 Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope ?
 And thou, melodious Rogers ! rise at last,
 Recall the pleasing memory of the past ;
 Arise ! let blest remembrance still inspire,
 And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre ;
 Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
 Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
 What ! must deserted Poesy still weep
 Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep ?
 Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
 To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns !
 No ! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
 Who, least affecting, still affect the most :
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
 Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby,§ Macneil.||

“ Why slumbers Gifford ? ” once was asked in vain ;
 Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again.
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?¶
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?

* See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of “ Honington Green.”—B.

† Vide “ Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire.”—B.

‡ It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of “ The Pleasures of Memory,” and “ The Pleasures of Hope,” the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's “ Essay on Man : ” but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.—B.

§ Sotheby, translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of “ *Saul*,” an epic poem.—B.

|| Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly “ *Scotland's Scaith*,” and the “ *Waes of War*,” of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.—B.

¶ Mr Gifford promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works ; let him remember, “ *Mox in reluctantes dracones*.”—B.

Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
 Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
 Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
 And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
 Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
 Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
 Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
 Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!* while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
 Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
 That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
 That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
 Alone impels the modern bards to sing:
 'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write,
 Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
 Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires;
 This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
 Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee† and Genius find a place,
 Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
 To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
 And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
 Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
 Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
 While honours, doubly merited, attend
 The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
 Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
 Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
 The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.—B.

† Mr Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."—B.

The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
 Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
 But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
 With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands ;
 Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
 And views their remnants with a poet's eye !
 Wright !* 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
 Those shores of glory, and to sing them too ;
 And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
 To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards !† who snatch'd to light
 Those gems too long withheld from modern sight ;
 Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
 Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
 And all their renovated fragrance flung,
 To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;
 Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
 The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
 Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone :
 Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
 Restore the muse's violated laws ;
 But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,‡
 That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
 Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
 The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear ;
 In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
 But now, worn-down, appear in native brass ;
 While all his train of hovering sylphs around
 Evaporate in similes and sound :
 Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :
 False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.§

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
 The meanest object of the lowly group,
 Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
 Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd :||
 Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
 A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach :
 The native genius with their being given
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott !¶ resign to minstrels rude
 The wilder slogan of a border feud :
 Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;
 Enough for genius if itself inspire !

* Waller Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published : it is entitled "Horæ Ionicæ," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—B.

† The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.—B.

‡ Dr Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," &c.

§ The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.—B.

|| Messrs Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.—B.

¶ By the bye, I hope that in Mr Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to gramarye, and more to grammar, than the lady of "The Lay," and her ravo, William of Deloraine.—B

Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
 And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse ;
 Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
 To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;
 Let Moore still sigh ; let Strangford steal from Moore,
 And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore ;
 Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,*
 And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave ;
 Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line ;
 Let Stott, Carlisle,† Matilda, and the rest
 Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
 Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
 Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
 But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays :
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
 Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
 Say ! will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,
 Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
 For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood ?

Scotland ! still proudly claim thy native bard,
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward !
 Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
 But own the vast renown a world can give ;
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
 And tell the tale of what she was before ;
 To future times her faded fame recal,
 And save her glory, though his country fall

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
 To conquer ages, and with time to cope ?

* James Montgomery of Sheffield.

† It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago ?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover ; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it ; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler ; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it), with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl : no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle ; if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogues, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark :—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards ?

Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen.—B.

New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
 And other victors fill the applauding skies;
 A few brief generations fleet along,
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
 E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim,
 The transient mention of a dubious name!
 When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
 And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
 Expert in science, more expert at puns?
 Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
 Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
 Though printers condescend the press to soil
 With rhyme by Hoare,* and epic blank by Hoyle: †
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us list. ‡
 Ye, who in Granta's honours would surpass,
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full grown ass;
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke,§ still striving piteously "to please,"
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
 A monthly scribler of some low lampoon,
 Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
 And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
 Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
 Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!||
 At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
 So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's¶ verse
 Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's worse.
 But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
 The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
 On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
 To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
 Where Richards†† wakes a genuine poet's fires,
 And modern Britons glory in their sires.

* The Rev. Charles James Hoare, author of a Seatonian prize poem, "The Shipwreck of St Paul."

† Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of a Seatonian prize poem, "Exodus."

‡ The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."—B.

§ This person (Mr Hewson Clarke), who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "The Art of Pleasing" as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the "Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.—B.

|| "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.—B.

¶ This gentleman's name, (Francis Hodgson), requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.—B.

†† The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by Richards.—B

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
 My country what her sons should know too well,
 Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
 The host of idiots that infest her age;
 No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
 As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
 Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
 And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
 What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
 What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
 'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
 Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
 But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
 And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
 Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
 And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
 But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
 With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
 To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
 And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
 The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
 Still hear thy motley orators dispense
 The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
 While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
 And old dame Portland* fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
 That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
 And Afric's coast and Calpe's† adverse height,
 And Stamboul's‡ minarets must greet my sight:
 Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,§
 Where Kaff|| is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime,
 But should I back return, no tempting press
 Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:
 Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
 Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;¶
 Let Aberdeen and Elgin†† still pursue
 The shade of fame through regions of vertu;
 Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
 Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
 And make their grand saloons a general mart
 For all the mutilated blocks of art.
 Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
 I leave topography to rapid Gell;‡‡

* A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing." His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.—B.

† Ancient name for Gibraltar.

‡ Constantinople.

§ Georgia.—B.

|| Mount Caucasus.—B.

¶ Sir John Carr was nicknamed by the Edinburgh Review, from the many tours he made, "The Jaunting Car."

†† Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses in his stoneshop, are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"—B.

‡‡ Mr Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.—B.

And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;
And now at once I tear the veil away:—
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons, and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too "are penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION OF
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so —— with their ungodly ribaldry:—

“Tantæne animis coelestibus iræ.”

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, “An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him —— ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “evil speaking?” I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “persons of honour and wit about town;” but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subandi *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the “*Satirist*,” for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the “*Satirist*.” He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of the

“*Satirist*,” who, it seems, is a gentleman! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenæ, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, “pour on, I will endure.” I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers; and, in the words of Scott, I wish

“To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.”—B.

THE GIAOUR;
A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

**"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting."—MOORE**

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

**AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP**

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

London, May 1812

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly ; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the " olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR.*

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb† which, gleaming e'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

* * * *

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,‡
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,

* Pronounced *Djour*.

† A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.—B.

‡ The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.—B.

And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar*
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The langour of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy†
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart

* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night : with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.—B.

† "Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction" —

Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. v.

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !*
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Her's is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They, too, will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,

* I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description ; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after " the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of langour, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character : but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last —B.

A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
 Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar
 High as thine own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,*
 And callous, save to crime ;
 Stain'd with each evil that polutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast,
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.
 In vain might Liberty invoke
 The spirit to its bondage broke,
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke :
 No more her sorrows I bewail,
 Yet this will be a mournful tale,
 And they who listen may believe,
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
 The shadows of the rocks advancing
 Start on the fisher's eye, like boat
 Of island-pirate or Mainote ;
 And fearful for his light caïque,
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek :
 Though worn and weary with his toil,
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
 Till Port Leone's safer shore
 Receives him by the lovely light
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,

* Athens is the property of the Kiaslar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens.—B. (This was written before the Greek revolution, when Athens was made the capital of the independent kingdom of Greece).

With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed ?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound ;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide :
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast ;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour !
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface :
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt ;
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
 My gaze of wonder as he flew :
 Though like a demon of the night
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
 His aspect and his air impress'd
 A troubled memory on my breast,
 And long upon my startled ear
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
 He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
 He winds around ; he hurries by ;
 The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
 For well I ween unwelcome he
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee ;
 And not a star but shines too bright
 On him who takes such timeless flight.
 He wound along ; but ere he pass'd
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
 A moment breathed him from his speed,
 A moment on his stirrup stood—
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still,
 Though too remote for sound to wake
 In echoes of the far tophaike,*
 The flashes of each joyous peal
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,
 To-night, sat Rhamazani's sun ;
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;†
 To-night—but who and what art thou
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
 And what are these to thine or thee,
 That thou should'st either pause or flee ?

* "Tophalke," musket.—B.

† The Rhamazan and the Bairam are the two principal Mohammedan festivals.

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place:
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids it gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
 Away, away, for life he rides:
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed*
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.
 'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued:
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years:
 What felt *he* then, at once oppress'd
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought!
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.
 The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
 And did he fly or fall alone?
 Woe to that hour he came or went!
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb:
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,†
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,

* Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.—B.

† The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in Eastern poetry.—B.

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely spider's thin gray pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The Bat builds in his Haram bower,
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.
And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seem'd each melting tone
Of music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at twilight's close:
The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
The blood that warm'd this heart is shed!
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swell'd the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;
There lingers Life, though but in one"—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which solitude might well forbear;
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,

Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bliss the sacred "bread and salt."*
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty,
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den,
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre !†

* * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 And silver-sheathed ataghan ;‡
 The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green :§
 "Ho ! who art thou ?"—"This low salam||
 Replies of Moslem faith I am."—
 "The burden ye so gently bear
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 My humble bark would gladly wait."

"Thou speakest sooth ; thy skiff unmoor,
 And waft us from the silent shore ;
 Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channel'd waters dark and deep.
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done.
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;
 Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of

* * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ;
 I watch'd it as it sank, methought
 Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That checker'd o'er the living stream :
 I gazed, till vanishing from view,

* To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest : even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.—B.

† I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet ; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty ; the next, on his valour.—B.

‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver ; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.—B.

§ Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants ; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works : they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.—B.

"Salam aleikoum ! aleikoum salam !" peace be with you ; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful :—to a Christian, "Urlarula," a good journey ; or "saban hiresem, saban serula ;" good morn, good even ; and sometimes, "may your end be happy ;" are the usual salutes.—B.

Like lessening pebble it withdrew :
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, that mock'd the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep,
 Which trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * *

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen* of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase, and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm and hue and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?
 No : gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,

* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.—B.

And darts into her desperate brain :
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire ;*
 So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death !

* * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
 Nor bends on woman's form his eyes ;
 The unwonted chase each hour employs,
 Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
 Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
 When Leila dwelt in Seria.
 Doth Leila there no longer dwell ?
 That tale can only Hassan tell :
 Strange rumours in our city say
 Upon that eve she fled away
 When Rhamazan's† last sun was set,
 And flashing from each minaret
 Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
 Of Bairam through the boundless East.
 'Twas then she went as to the bath,
 Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath ;
 For she was flown her master's rage
 In likeness of a Georgian page,
 And far beyond the Moslem's power
 Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour
 Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd ;
 But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
 Too well he trusted to the slave
 Whose treachery deserved a grave :
 And on that eve had gone to mosque,
 And thence to feast in his kiosk.
 Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
 Who did not watch their charge too well ;
 But others say, that on that night,
 By pale Phingari's‡ trembling light,
 The Giaour upon his jet black steed
 Was seen, but seen alone to speed
 With bloody spur along the shore,
 Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
 But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
 It will assist thy fancy well ;
 As large, as languishingly dark,
 But Soul beam'd forth in every spark.

* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement ; but others have actually brought in the the verdict of " Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question ; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.—B.

† The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.—B.

‡ Phingari, the moon.—B.

That darted from beneath the lid,
 Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.*
 Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
 That form was nought but breathing clay,
 By Alla! I would answer nay;
 Though on Al-Sirat's† arch I stood,
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
 With Paradise within my view,
 And all his Houris beckoning through.
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
 And keep that portion of his creed,
 Which saith that woman is but dust,
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?‡
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue
 The young pomegranate's§ blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new;
 Her hair in hyacinthine|| flow,
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
 The loveliest bird of Franguestan!¶
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
 And spurns the waves with wings of pride,
 When pass the steps of stranger man
 Along the banks that bound her tide;
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise:
 Thus high and graceful was her gait;
 Her heart as tender to her mate;

* The celebrated fabulous ruby of sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," &c. In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a disyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.—B.

† Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskillful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "*facilis descensus Avernus*" not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.—B.

‡ A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.—B.

§ An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*."—B.

|| Hyacinthine, in Arabic "*Sunbul*;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.—B.

¶ "Franguestan," Circassia.—B.

Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each arm'd as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures wet their thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

* * *

They reach the grove of pine at last :
 " Bismillah !* now the peril's past ;
 For yonder view the opening plain,
 And there we'll prick our steeds amain :"
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
 A bullet whistled o'er his head ;
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground !
 Scarce had they time to check the rein,
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound :
 But three shall never mount again :
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
 The dying ask revenge in vain.
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
 Half shelter'd by the steed :
 Some fly behind the nearest rock,
 And there await the coming shock,
 Nor tamely stand to bleed
 Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
 Stern Hassan only from his horse
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
 Till fiery flashes in the van
 Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
 Have well-secured the only way
 Could now avail the promised prey ;
 Then curl'd his very beard† with ire,
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire :
 " 'Though far and near the bullets hiss,
 I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."
 And now the foe their covert quit,
 And call his vassals to submit ;
 But Hassan's frown and furious word
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
 Nor of his little band a man
 Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
 Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun ‡
 In fuller sight, more near and near,
 'The lately ambush'd foes appear,
 And, issuing from the grove, advance
 Some who on battle-charger prance.
 Who leads them on with foreign brand,
 Far flashing in his red right hand ?
 " 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! I know him now ;
 I know him by his pallid brow ;
 I know him by the evil eye§
 That aids his envious treachery ;

* Bismillah.—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.—B.

† A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.—B.

‡ "Amaun," quarter, pardon.—B.

§ The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.—B.

I know him by his jet-black barb :
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death :
 'Tis he ! well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour !"

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood,
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering c'ash,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.

The bickering sabres' shivering jar ;
 And pealing wide, or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar ;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,

More suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith,
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death !

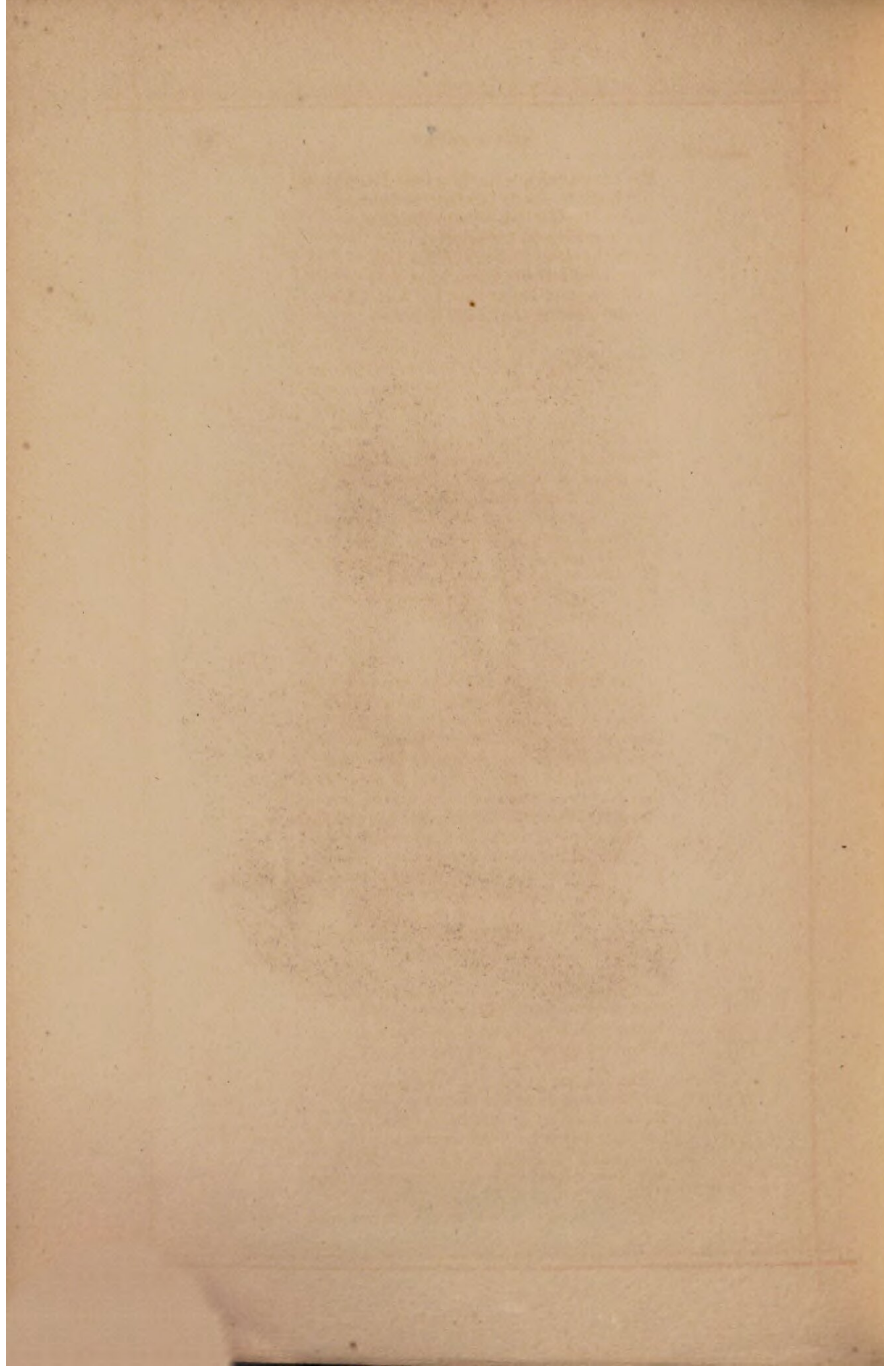
* * * * *
 With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,*

* The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.—S



My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
And now I go — but go alone.

The Giaour p.131



His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * *

“Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
 He call'd on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
 Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?
 I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize;
 My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
 And now I go—but go alone.”

* * * *

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:
 His Mother look'd from her lattice high—
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye.
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
 “'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.”
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower:
 “Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
 Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
 Oh, false reproach! Yon Tartar now
 Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed, and weary way.”

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness;
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!

His calpac* rent—his caftan red—
 “Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed :
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 But this empurpled pledge to bear.
 Peace to the brave ! whose blood is spilt :
 Woe to the Giaour ! for his the guilt.”

* * * *

A turban† carved in coarsest stone,
 A pillar with rank weeds o’ergrown.
 Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e’er at Mecca bent the knee ;
 As ever scorn’d forbidden wine,
 Or pray’d with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of “Alla Hu !”‡
 Yet died he by a stranger’s hand,
 And stranger in his native land ;
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unavenged, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark Heaven of Houris’ eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright ;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,§
 And welcome with a kiss the brave !
 Who falls in battle ’gainst the Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * *

But thou, false Infidel ! shall writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir’s|| scythe :
 And from its torment ’scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis’¶ throne ;
 And fire unquench’d, unquenchable,
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell ;
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell !

* The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.—B.

† The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.—B.

‡ “Alla Hu!” the concluding words of the Muezzin’s call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.—B.

§ The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—“I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, ‘Come, kiss me, for I love thee,’” &c.—B.

|| Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See Relig. Ceremon. and Sale’s Koran.—B.

¶ Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.—P.

But first, on earth as Vampire* sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent :
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race :
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life ;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse :
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
 Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony !
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip†
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip ;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave ;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they !

* * * *

“How name ye yon lone Caloyer ?
 His features I have scann'd before
 In mine own land : 'tis many a year,
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 As ever served a horseman's need.
 But once I saw that face, yet then
 It was so mark'd with inward pain,
 I could not pass it by again ;
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 As death were stamp'd upon his brow.
 “'Tis twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came ;

* The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant, Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba*, quotes, about these “Vroucolochas,” as he calls them. The Romaic term is “Vardoulacha.” I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that “Broucolokas” is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.—B.

† The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.—B.

And here it soothes him to abide
 For some dark deed he will not name.
 But never at our vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before confession chair
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone,
 His faith and race alike unknown.
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast;
 Yet seems he not of Othman race.
 But only Christian in his face:
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;
 But were I prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay,
 Or, pent within our penance cell,
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave,
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue.
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook,
 From him the half-affrighted friar
 When met alone, would fain retire.
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile:
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at Misery.

How that pale lip will curl and quiver !
Then fix once more as if for ever ;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face :
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
But brighter traits with evil mix'd ;
And there are hues not always faded.
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded :
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom ;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high :
Alas ! though both bestow'd in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decay'd and 'rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by ;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye ;
Each ivied arch and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone !

“ His floating robe around him folding
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the Anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire ;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch ;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumin'd wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd :
For he declines the convent oath.
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside ;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo !—mark ye, as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky,

That livid cheek, that stony air
 Of mix'd defiance and despair!
 Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine
 Else may we dread the wrath divine
 Made manifest by awful sign.
 If ever evil angel bore
 The form of mortal, such he wore:
 By all my hope of sins forgiven,
 Such looks are not of earth nor heaven."
 To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can ne'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal;
 The rugged metal of the mine,
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plunged within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;
 Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge, beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone are ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *
 If solitude succeed to grief,
 Release from pain is slight relief;
 The vacant bosom's wilderness
 Might thank the pang that made it less.
 We loathe what none are left to share
 Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
 The heart once left thus desolate
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
 It is as if the dead could feel
 The icy worm around them steal.
 And shudder, as the reptiles creep
 To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
 Without the power to scare away
 The cold consumers of their clay!
 It is as if the desert-bird,*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
 To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
 Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
 Should rend her rash devoted breast,
 And find them flown her empty nest.
 The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,

* The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.—B.

The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
 Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
 A sky without a cloud or sun?
 Less hideous far the tempest's roar
 Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
 Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
 A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
 'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
 Unseen to droop by dull decay;
 Better to sink beneath the shock,
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

* * * *

“Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age;
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
 Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
 Such as thy penitents unfold,
 Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
 Within thy pure and pitying breast.
 My days, though few, have pass'd below
 In much of joy, but more of woe;
 Yet still in hours of love or strife,
 I've 'scaped the weariness of life:
 Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
 I loathed the languor of repose.
 Now nothing left to love or hate,
 No more with hope or pride elate,
 I'd rather be the thing that crawls
 Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
 Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
 Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
 Yet lurks a wish within my breast
 For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
 Soon shall thy fate thy wish fulfil;
 And I shall sleep without the dream
 Of what I was, and would be still,
 Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
 My memory now is but the tomb
 Of joys long dead: my hope, their doom:
 Though better to have died with those
 Than bear a life of lingering woes.
 My spirit shrunk not to sustain
 The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
 Nor sought the self-accorded grave
 Of ancient fool and modern knave:
 Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
 And in the field it had been sweet,
 Had danger woo'd me on to move
 The siave of glory, not of love.

I've braved it—not for honour's boast ;
 I smile at laurels won or lost ;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay :
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize ;
 The maid I love, the man I hate,
 And will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require,
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire ;
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave
 Then let Life go to him who gave :
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I now ?

* * * *

"I loved her, Friar, nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use—
 I proved it more in deed than word ;
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose ;
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd ;
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 For 'midst my sins such act record ;
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed !
 The very name of Nazarene
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
 Ungrateful fool ! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
 I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey ;
 And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how ;
 But look—'tis written on my brow !
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time :
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause ;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one.
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow :
 But true to me, I laid him low :

Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
 And I, alas! too late to save!
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

“His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear*
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell!
 He died too in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made:
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind;
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.

* This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. “We are in peril,” he answered. “What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.”—“True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.”—“The shot! not a tophaike has been fired this morning.”—“I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.”—“Psha!”—“As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.”—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a “Palao-castro” man? “No,” said he, “but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;” and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-hearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leone (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in “villanous company,” and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life; and I daresay is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: “Well, Affendi,” quoth he, “may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.”—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, “in the meantime he will join the Klephtes” (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.—B.

Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * *

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like a lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of lady-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,—
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of him who form'd the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!

She was my life's unerring light :
That quench'd what beam shall break my night ?
Oh ! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill !
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope ;
In phrensy then their fate accuse :
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe ?
Alas ! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow ;
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear :
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear !
'Tis true that like that bird of prey,
With havoc have I mark'd my way :
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn :
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.
And let the fool still prone to range,
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys ;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than yon solitary swan ;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betrayed.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila ! each thought was only thine !
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me :
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth !
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherish'd madness of my heart !
“ And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life :
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charm'd before

The blackness of my bosom wore.
 The rest thou dost already know,
 And all my sins, and half my woe.
 But talk no more of penitence ;
 Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence .
 And if thy holy tale were true,
 The deed that's done, canst *thou* undo ?
 Think me not thankless—but this grief
 Looks not to priesthood for relief.*
 My soul's estate in secret guess :
 But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
 When thou canst bid my Leila live,
 Then will I sue thee to forgive ;
 Then plead my cause in that high place
 Where purchased masses proffer grace.
 Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest-cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !
 “ In earlier days, and calmer hours,
 When heart with heart delights to blend,
 Where bloom my native valley's bowers
 I had—Ah ! have I now ?—a friend !
 To him this pledge I charge thee send,
 Memorial of a youthful vow ;
 I would remind him of my end :
 Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
 Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
 Yet dear to him my blighted name.
 'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
 And I have smiled—I then could smile—
 When Prudence would his voice assume,
 And warn—I reck'd not what—the while :
 But now remembrance whispers o'er
 Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
 Say—that his bodings came to pass,
 And he will start to hear their truth,
 And wish his words had not been sooth :
 Tell him, unheeding as I was,
 Through many a busy bitter scene
 Of all our golden youth had been,
 In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
 To bless his memory ere I died ;
 But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
 If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
 I do not ask him not to blame,
 Too gentle he to wound my name ;
 And what have I to do with fame ?
 I do not ask him not to mourn,
 Such cold request might sound like scorn ;
 And what than friendship's manly tear

* The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.—B

May better grace a brother's bier?
 But bear this ring, his own of old,
 And tell him—what thou dost behold!
 The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
 The wreck by passion left behind,
 A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
 Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * *

"Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
 No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
 Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
 I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
 But could not, for my burning brow
 Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
 I wish'd but for a single tear,
 As something welcome, new, and dear;
 I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
 Despair is stronger than my will.
 Waste not thine orison, despair
 Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
 I would not, if I might, be blest;
 I want no paradise, but rest.
 'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
 I saw her; yes, she lived again;
 And shining in her white symar,*
 As through yon pale gray cloud the star
 Which now I gaze on, as on her,
 Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
 Dimly I view its trembling spark;
 To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
 And I, before its rays appear,
 That lifeless thing the living fear.
 I wander, father! for my soul
 Is fleeting towards the final goal.
 I saw her, friar! and I rose
 Forgetful of our former woes;
 And rushing from my couch, I dart
 And clasp her to my desperate heart;
 I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
 No breathing form within my grasp,
 No heart that beats reply to mine,
 Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
 And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
 As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
 Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
 I care not; so my arms enfold
 The all they ever wish'd to hold.
 Alas! around a shadow prest,
 They shrink upon my lonely breast;
 Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
 And beckons with beseeching hands!
 With braided hair and bright-black eye—
 I knew 'twas false—she could not die!

* "Symar," a shroud.—B.

But he is dead ! within the dell
 I saw him buried where he fell ;
 He comes not, for he cannot break
 From earth ; why then art thou awake ?
 They told me wild waves roll'd above
 The face I view, the form I love ;
 They told me—'twas a hideous tale !
 I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail :
 If true, and from thine ocean-cave
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave ;
 Oh ! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
 This brow that then will burn no more ;
 Or place them on my hopeless heart :
 But, shape or shade, whate'er thou art,
 In mercy ne'er again depart !
 Or farther with thee bear my soul
 Than winds can waft or waters roll !

* * * *

" Such is my name, and such my tale.
 Confessor ! to thy secret ear
 I breath the sorrows I bewail,
 And thank thee for the generous tear
 This glazing eye could never shed.
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,
 And, save the cross above my head,
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,
 By prying stranger to be read,
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."*

He pass'd—nor of his name and race
 Hath left a token or a trace,
 Save what the father must not say
 Who shrived him on his dying day :
 This broken tale was all we knew
 Of her he lov'd, or him he slew.

* The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night ! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden "a wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers, who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."—B.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS;

A TURKISH TALE.

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—BURNS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl* in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?†
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sat in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd."—The train disappear'd—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."

* "Gûl," the rose.—B.

† "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."—Young's *Revenge*.—B.

With Giaffir is none but his only son,
 And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
 "Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
 Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
 (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
 My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
 Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
 Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
 Yet not to her repeat my thought;
 By me alone be duty taught!

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
 No more must slave to despot say—
 Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
 But here young Selim silence brake,
 First lowly rendering reverence meet;
 And downcast look'd, and gently spake,
 Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
 For son of Moslem must expire,
 Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father, for fear that thou shouldst chide
 My sister, or her sable guide,
 Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
 Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—
 So lovelily the morning shone,
 That—let the old and weary sleep—
 I could not; and to view alone
 The fairest scenes of land and deep,
 With none to listen and reply
 To thoughts with which my heart beat high
 Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
 In sooth I love not solitude;
 I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
 And, as thou knowest that for me
 Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
 Before the guardian slaves awoke
 We to the cypress groves had flown,
 And made earth, main, and heaven our own.
 There linger'd we, beguiled too long
 With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;*
 Till I, who heard the deep tambour†
 Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
 To thee, and to my duty true,
 Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
 But there Zuleika wanders yet—
 Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget
 That none can pierce that secret bower
 But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
 "From unbelieving mother bred,

* Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.—B.

† Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.—B.

Vain were a father's hope to see
 Aught that beseems a man in thee.
 Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
 Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 And watch unfolding roses blow.
 Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
 Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 Would lend thee something of his fire!
 Thou, who would'st see this battlement
 By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
 Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
 Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 Against the curs of Nazareth!
 Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 Assume the distaff—not the brand.
 But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
 And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
 "Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!
 Those gibes had cost another dear.
 Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
 And glances ev'n of more than ire
 Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started; for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done;
 He saw rebellion there begun:
 "Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
 I mark thee—and I know thee too;
 But there be deeds thou dar'st not do;
 But if thy beard had manlier length,
 And if thy hand had skill and strength,
 I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
 Albeit against my own perchance."
 As sneeringly these accents fell,
 On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
 That eye returned him glance for glance,
 And proudly to his sire's was raised,
 Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
 "Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
 Will one day work me more annoy:
 I never loved him from his birth,
 And—but his arm is little worth,

And scarcely in the chase could cope
 With timid fawn or antelope,
 Far less would venture into strife
 Where man contends for fame and life—
 I would not trust that look or tone :
 No—nor the blood so near my own.
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before.
 He is an Arab* to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight--
 But hark !—I hear Zuleika's voice ;
 Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear :
 She is the offspring of my choice ;
 Oh ! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear--
 My Peri ! ever welcome here !
 Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,
 To lips just cool'd in time to save—
 Such to my longing sight art thou :
 Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling ;
 Dazzling, as that, oh ! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven ;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love ;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above ;
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.
 Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness ?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone ;
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the Music† breathing from her face,

* The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.—B.

† This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful ; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L'ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy ? With the colouring of Nature than of Art ? After all, this is rather to

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh ! that eye was in itself a Soul !

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast ;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt :
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel ;
Affection chain'd her to that heart ;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

“ Zuleika ! child of gentleness .
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell :
Another ! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of blood ;
But yet the line of Carasman*
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou :
His years need scarce a thought employ
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower :
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger† what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will ;
All that thy sex hath need to know :
’Twas mine to teach obedience still—
The way to love thy lord may show.”

be felt than described ; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea ; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied !—B.

* Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey ; he governs Magnesia : those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots : they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.—B.

† When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient : if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bow-strung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate ; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery after a desperate resistance.—B.

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head ;
 And if her eye was fill'd with tears
 That stifled feeling dare not shed,
 And changed her cheek from pale to red,
 And red to pale, as through her ears
 Those winged words like arrows sped,
 What could such be but maiden fears ?
 So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
 Love half regrets to kiss it dry ;
 So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
 Even Pity scarce can wish it less !
 Whate'er it was the sire forgot ;
 Or if remember'd, mark'd it not ;
 Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,*
 Resigned his gem-adorn'd chibouque,†
 And mounting featly for the mead,
 With Maugrabee‡ and Mamaluke,
 His way amid his Delis took,§
 To witness many an active deed
 With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
 The Kislär only and his Moors
 Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
 His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
 That swiftly glides and gently swells
 Between the winding Dardanelles ;
 But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
 Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band
 Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
 Careering cleave the folded felt||
 With sabre stroke right sharply dealt ;
 Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
 Nor heard their Ollahs¶ wild and loud—
 He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke ;
 One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke :
 Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
 Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.

* Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.—B.

† "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.—B.

‡ "Maugrabee," Moorish mercenaries.—B.

§ "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.—B.

|| A twisted fold of felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke ; sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.—B.

¶ "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Lellies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah ; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloes, form an amusing contrast.—B.

To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
 But little from his aspect learn'd;
 Equal her grief, yet not the same;
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
 But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?
 "How strange he thus should turn away!
 Not thus we e'er before have met;
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
 The Persian Atar-gul's* perfume,
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er
 The pictur'd roof† and marble floor:
 The drops, that through his glittering vest
 The playful girl's appeal address'd,
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
 As if that breast were marble too.
 "What, sullen yet? it must not be—
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
 She saw in curious order set
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
 "He lov'd them once; may touch them yet,
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."
 The childish thought was hardly breathed
 Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
 The next fond moment saw her seat
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares
 A message from the Bulbul‡ bears;
 It says to-night he will prolong
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
 And though his note is somewhat sad,
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest,

* "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.—B.

† The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective below, arms, scimitars, &c., are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.—B.

‡ It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallet," &c., if Mr Fox was mistaken.—B

Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn :
Too well I know he loves thee not ;
But is Zuleika's love forgot ?
Ah ! deem I right ? the Pacha's plan—
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine .
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand !
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart ?
Ah ! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my guide
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee :
Even Azrael,* from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust !”

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt
He raised the maid from where she knelt ;
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt ;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
As the stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows ;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
And all, before repress'd, betray'd :
“ Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign ;
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done ;
That vow hath saved more heads than one :
But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness ;

* “Azrael,” the angel of death.—B.

I would not wrong the slenderest hair
 That clusters round thy forehead fair,
 For all the treasures buried far
 Within the caves of Istakar.*
 This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
 Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
 And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!
 Now I have motive to be brave;
 The son of his neglected slave,—
 Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,—
 May show, though little apt to vaunt.
 A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
 His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
 Perchance I am, at least shall be;
 But let our plighted secret vow
 Be only known to us as now.
 I know the wretch who dares demand
 From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
 More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
 Holds not a Musselim's† control:
 Was he not bred in Egripo?‡
 A viler race let Israel show;
 But let that pass—to none be told
 Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
 To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
 I've partisans for peril's day:
 Think not I am what I appear;
 I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
 My Selim, thou art sadly changed;
 This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
 But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
 My love thou surely knew'st before,
 It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
 To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
 And hate the night I know not why,
 Save that we meet not but by day;
 With thee to live with thee to die,
 I dare nor to my hope deny:
 Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
 Like this—and this—no more than this;
 For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:
 What fever in thy veins is flushing?
 My own have nearly caught the same,
 At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
 To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,

* The treasures of the Pre-adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot, article *Istakar*, (*Persepolis*).—B.

† "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.—B.

‡ "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.—B.

And lighten half thy poverty ;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that I could not live to try ;
 To these alone my thoughts aspire :
 More can I do ? or thou require ?
 But, Selim, thou must answer why
 We need so much of mystery ?
 The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
 But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well ;
 Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
 Beyond my weaker sense extends.
 I meant that Giaffir should have heard
 The very vow I plighted thee ;
 His wrath would not revoke my word :
 But surely he would leave me free.
 Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
 To be what I have ever been ?
 What other hath Zuleika seen
 From simple childhood's earliest hour ?
 What other can she seek to see
 Than thee companion of her bower,
 The partner of her infancy ?
 These cherish'd thoughts, with life begun,
 Say, why must I no more avow ?
 What change is wrought to make me shun
 The truth ; my pride, and thine till now ?
 To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
 Our law, our creed, our God denies ;
 Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
 At such, our Prophet's will, repine ;
 No ! happier made by that decree !
 He left me all in leaving thee.
 Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
 To wed with one I ne'er beheld :
 This wherefore should I not reveal ?
 Why wilt thou urge me to conceal ?
 I know the Pacha's haughty mood
 To thee hath never boded good ;
 And he so often storms at nought,
 Allah ! forbid that e're he ought !
 And why I know not, but within
 My heart concealment weighs like sin.
 If then such secrecy be crime,
 And such it feels while lurking here ;
 Oh, Selim ! tell me yet in time,
 Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
 Ah ! yonder see the Tchocadar,*
 My father leaves the mimic war ;
 I tremble now to meet his eye—
 Say, Selim, can'st thou tell me why ?"

XIV.

" Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
 Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet :

* "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.—B.

And now with him I fain must prate
 Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
 There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
 Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
 For which the Giaour may give him thanks !
 Our Sultan hath a shorter way
 Such costly triumph to repay.
 But, mark me, when the twilight drum
 Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,
 Unto thy cell will Selim come :
 Then softly from the Haram creep
 Where we may wander by the deep :
 Our garden-battlements are steep ;
 Nor these will rash intruder climb
 To list our words, or stint our time ;
 And if he doth, I want not steel
 Which some have felt, and more may feel.
 Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
 Than thou hast heard or thought before :
 Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me !
 Thou know'st I hold a Haram key.”
 “ Fear thee, my Selim ! ne'er till now
 Did word like this——”
 “ Delay not thou ;
 I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
 Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
 To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
 My tale, my purpose, and my fear :
 I am not, love ! what I appear.”

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
 As on that night of stormy water
 When LOVE, who sent, forgot to save
 The young, the beautiful, the brave,
 The lonely hope of Sesto's daughter.
 Oh ! when alone along the sky
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home
 And clouds aloft and tides below,
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hail'd above ;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song,
 “ Ye waves divide not lovers long ! ”——
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And Night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
 These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
 Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont"* still dashes,
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon, which shone on his high theme:
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still.
 Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:
 That mighty heap of gather'd ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,†
 By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
 Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
 Without—can only strangers breathe
 The name of him that *was* beneath:
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
 But thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
 The swain, and chase the boatman's fear:

* The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "*ἄπειρος*:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.—B.

† Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterward imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of *Æsietes* and *Antiochus* the first is in the centre of the plain.—B.

Till then no beacon on the cliff
 May shape the course of struggling skiff;
 The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
 All, one by one, have died away:
 The only lamp of this lone hour
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
 And o'er her silken Ottoman
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran;*
 Near these with emerald rays beset,
 (How could she thus that gem forget?
 Her mother's sainted amulet,†
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smooth this life, and win the next;
 And by her comboloio‡ lies
 A Koran of illumined dyes;
 And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines her now neglected lute;
 And round her lamp of fretted gold
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
 The richest work of Iram's§ loom,
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
 To guard from winds of heaven the breast
 As heaven itself to Selim dear,
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,
 And starting oft as through the glade
 The gust its hollow moanings made,
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,
 More free her timid bosom beat,
 The maid pursued her silent guide:
 And though her terror urged retreat,
 How could she quit her Selim's side
 How teach her tender lips to chide?

* When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.—B.

† The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.—B.

‡ "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "blues" might not be the worse for bleaching.—B.

Persia.

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conn'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot;
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt!
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turn'd to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore.
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,

All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Gallongée.*

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see the Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offer'd—take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee;
Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.
If not thy sister—would'st thou save
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine.
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran† verse display'd

* "Gallongee," a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Captain Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni, in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.—B.

† The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add; he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "*piu feroce*." I *Y* i not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.—B.

Upon its steel direct my blade,
 In danger's hour to guard us both,
 As I preserve that awful oath !
 The name in which thy heart hath prided
 Must change ; but, my Zuleika, know,
 That tie is widen'd, not divided,
 Although thy sire's my deadliest foe.
 My father was to Giaffir all
 That Selim late was deem'd to thee ;
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,
 But spared, at least, my infancy ;
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit
 That yet a like return may meet.
 He rear'd me, not with tender help,
 But like the nephew of a Cain ;*
 He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
 That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
 My father's blood in every vein
 Is boiling ; but for thy dear sake
 No present vengeance will I take ;
 Though here I must no more remain.
 But first, belov'd Zuleika ! hear
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

" How first their strife to rancour grew,
 If love or envy made them foes,
 It matters little if I knew ;
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,
 And Paswan's† rebel hordes attest
 How little love they bore such guest.
 His death is all I need relate,
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate ;
 And how my birth disclosed to me,
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

" When Paswan, after years of strife,
 At last for power, but first for life,
 In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
 Our Pachas rallied round the state ;
 Nor last nor least in high command,
 Each brother led a separate band ;
 They gave their horse-tails‡ to the wind,

* It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew ; indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife ; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.—B.

† Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin ; who for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.—B.

‡ " Horse-tail," the standard of a Pacha.—B.

And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post assigned ;
 To one, alas ! assign'd in vain !
 What need of words ? the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul,
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup :
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore ;
 He drank one draught* nor needed more !
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

“ The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
 In part suppress'd though ne'er subdued,
 Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd :—
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan
 Can wealth procure for worse than man—
 Abdallah's honours were obtain'd
 By him a brother's murder stain'd ;
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
 Would'st question whence ? Survey the waste,
 And ask the squalid peasant how
 His gains repay his broiling brow !—
 Why me the stern usurper spared,
 Why thus with me his palace shared,
 I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
 And little fear from infant's force ;
 Besides, adoption as a son
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
 Preserved me thus ;—but not in peace :
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

“ Within thy father's house are foes ;
 Not all who break his bread are true
 To these should I my birth disclose,
 His days, his very hours were few :
 They only want a heart to lead,
 A hand to point them to the deed.
 But Haroun only knows, or knew
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh ;
 He in Abdallah's palace grew,
 And held that post in his Serai

* Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper after dressing.—B.

Which holds he here—he saw him die :
But what could single slavery do ?
Avenge his lord ? alas ! too late ;
Or save his son from such a fate ?
He chose the last, and when elate
With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
He led me helpless to his gate,
And not in vain it seems essay'd
To save the life for which he pray'd.
The knowledge of my birth secured
From all and each, but most from me ;
Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
Removed he too from Roumelie
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals :
Such still to guilt just Alla sends—
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

XVII.

“ All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;
But harsher still my tale must be :
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
I saw thee start this garb to see,
Yet is it one I oft have worn,
And long must wear : this Galiengée,
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
Is leader of those pirate hordes,
Whose laws and lives are on their swords ;
To hear whose desolating tale
Would make thy waning cheek more pale :
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
The hands that wield are not remote ;
This cup too for the rugged knaves
Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine :
Our prophet might forgive the slaves ;
They're only infidels in wine.

“ What could I be ? Proscribed at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam ;
And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courser and the spear—
Though oft—Oh, Mahomet ! how oft !—
In full Divan the despot scoff'd,
As if *my* weak unwilling hand
Refused the bridle or the brand :
He ever went to war alone,
And pent me here untried--unknown ;

To Haroun's care with women left,
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft.
 While thou—whose softness long endear'd,
 Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaitedst there the field's event.
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
 His captive, though with dread resigning,
 My thraldom for a season broke,
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
 My almost drunkenness of heart,
 When first this liberated eye
 Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,
 As if my spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew!
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was free!
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;
 I long'd to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all;*
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I'm pledg'd to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them have found—may find a place:
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command;
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,

* The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.—B.

The last of Lambro's* patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Rayahs† from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
 I have a love for freedom too.
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch‡ roam,
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!§
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
 Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
 Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
 Blooming as Aden¶ in its earliest hour.
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
 The Haram's languid ears of listless ease
 Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
 Unnumber'd perils,—but one only love!
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
 Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
 To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,

* Lambro Canzama, Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.—B.

† "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."—B.

‡ The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.—B.

§ The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.—B.

¶ "Jannat al of Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman's paradise.—B.

Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide:
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
 Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
 Power sways but by division—her resource
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!
 Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
 When cities cage us in a social home:
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame—
 Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
 But life is hazard at the best; and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear:
 Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest,
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck:
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
 The war of elements no fears impart
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art.
There lie the only rocks our course can check:
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close:
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXL

“His head and faith from doubt and death
 Return'd in time my guard to save;
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
 From isle to isle I roved the while:
 And since, though parted from my band,
 Too seldom now I leave the land,
 No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
 Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:
 I form the plan, decree the spoil,
 'Tis fit I oft'ner share the toil.



Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red:
Nor these alone — for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.

Bride of Abydos p. 167

But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:
And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
With me, this hour away—away!
But yet, though thou are plighted mine,
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appall'd by truths imparted now,
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flash'd on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?"

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last;
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash;
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:
No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye!
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:"

Yet stay within—here linger safe,
 At thee his rage will only chafe.
 Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
 Some erring blade or ball should glance.
 Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
 If in this strife I seek thy sire!
 No—though by him that poison pour'd:
 No—though again he call me coward!
 But tamely shall I meet their steel?
 No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand;
 Already at his feet hath sunk
 The foremost of the prying band,
 A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
 Another falls—but round him close
 A swarming circle of his foes;
 From right to left his path he cleft,
 And almost met the meeting wave:
 His boat appears—not five oars' length—
 His comrades strain with desperate strength--
 Oh! are they yet in time to save?
 His feet the foremost breakers lave;
 His band are plunging in the bay,
 Their sabres glitter through the spray;
 Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
 They struggle—now they touch the land!
 They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
 His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
 Or scarcely grazed its force to feel.
 Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
 To where the strand and billows met:
 There as his last step left the land,
 And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
 Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
 For her his eyes but sought in vain?
 That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
 Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain
 Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
 How late will Lover's hope remain!
 His back was to the dashing spray;
 Behind, but close, his comrades lay.
 When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—
 "So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
 Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
 Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
 Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
 'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!
 The father slowly rued the hate,
 The son hath found a quicker fate:
 Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
 The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—

If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levell'd with the wave*—
What reck's it, though that corpse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm!
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,†
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale;
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh‡ warn his distant ear?

* Galt mentions, "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream to and fro with the trembling of the water, which gave to its arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour."

† A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.—B.

‡ The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.—B.

Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill:
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill;
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
 Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave
 Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first.
 Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
 And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
 The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
 Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread;
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
 She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy daughter's dead!
 Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
 The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
 What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
 Hark to the hurried question of Despair:
 "Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"*

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms,
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
 Like early unrequited Love,
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 Ev'n in that deadly grove—
 A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
 It looks as planted by Despair—
 So white—so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high;

* "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader; it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.—B.

And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again !
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears ;
 For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
 And buds unshelter'd by a bower ;
 Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
 Nor woos the summer beam :
 To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen—but not remote :
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings,
 His long entrancing note !
 It were the Bulbul ; but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain !
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well !
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody.
 And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame,)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable* the sound
 Into Zuleika's name.†
 'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word :
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone ;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone !
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore ;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell ;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave :

* " And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."—MILTON.—B.

† For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's *Reminiscences*), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind ; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see Orford's *Letters*.—B.

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
And hence extended by the billow
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

THE CORSAIR

A TALE.

"—I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."

TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ

MY DEAR MOORE

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it had commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my inten-

tion to tempt no further the award of "Gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the most adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self," the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in deceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,

His obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

THE CORSAIR.*

CANTO THE FIRST.

"———nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,———"—DANTE.

I.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight.
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose;
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

* The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the *Ægean Isles* are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the wind as I have often found it.—B.

While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
 And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply
 In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
 When those who win at length divide the prey,
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
 'How had the brave who fell exulted *now* !' "

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's Isle,*
 Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while :
 Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
 And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song !
 In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
 They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand ;
 Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
 And careless eye the blood that dims its shine,
 Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
 While others straggling muse along the shore ;
 For the wild bird the busy springes set,
 Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net ;
 Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
 With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise ;
 Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
 And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil :
 No matter where—their chief's allotment this ;
 Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
 But who that CHIEF ? his name on every shore
 Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more.
 With these he mingles not but to command ;
 Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
 Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
 But they forgive his silence for success.
 Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
 That goblet passes him untasted still—
 And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
 Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too !
 Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
 And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
 His short repast in humbleness supply
 With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
 But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
 His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
 "Steer to that shore !"—they sail. "Do this !"—'tis done ;
 "Now form and follow me !"—the spoil is won.
 Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
 And all obey and few inquire his will ;
 To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
 Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

*Salt thinks the Pirates Isle is the island off Cape Colonna.

III.

"A sail.—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope.
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze! she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word.
"Oh! are they safe we ask not of success—
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars—the billows chafe—
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;
Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so brief;
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:
Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."
Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,
What lonely straggler locks along the wave?

In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
 Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
 "'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone;
 On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose known.
 The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
 His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
 We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood.
 When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
 He spake not—but a sign express'd assent.
 These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
 He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
 "These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the spy,
 Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh.
 Whate'er his tidings, we can well report
 Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their prating short.
 Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to each
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
 To gather how that eye the tidings took;
 But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
 He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
 Where is Gonsalvo?"

"In the anchor'd bark.

"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
 Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
 Myself this enterprise to-night will share."
 "To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Ay! at set of sun:

The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
 My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are gone.
 Sling on thy bugle—see that, free from rust,
 My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
 Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,
 And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
 This let the armourer with speed dispose;
 Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes;
 Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
 To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;
 And who dare question aught that he decides?
 That man of loneliness and mystery,
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow hue:
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?

What should it be, that thus their faith can bind ?
 The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
 Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
 That moulds another's weakness to its will ;
 Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
 Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
 The many still must labour for the one !
 'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils
 Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils.
 Oh ! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
 How light the balance of his humbler pains !

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
 Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire :
 Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
 No giant frame sets forth his common height ;
 Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men ;
 They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
 Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
 The sable curls in wild profusion veil ;
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
 Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
 Still seems there something he would not have seen :
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
 As if within that murkiness of mind
 Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;
 Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
 Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
 There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
 The full encounter of his searching eye :
 He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
 At once the observer's purpose to espy,
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
 There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell !*

* That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing "The Corsair:"—

"Eccelin, prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son regard féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes parts cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes parts. * * * Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
 Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought.
 Loves shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
 Betray no further than the bitter smile;
 The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
 Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
 Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
 He who would see, must be himself unseen.
 Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:
 Then—with each feature working from the heart,
 With feelings loosed to strengthen—not depart:
 That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;
 Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
 Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot!
 Mark—how that lone and blighted bosom sears
 The scathing thought of execrated years!
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
 To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—
 His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
 Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
 Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,
 In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
 Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
 And not the traitors who betray'd him still;
 Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men
 Had left him joy, and means to give again.
 Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her force,
 He hated man too much to feel remorse,
 And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
 To pay the injuries of some on all.
 He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd
 The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
 And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
 He knew himself detested, but he knew
 The hearts that loath'd him, crouch'd and dreaded too.
 Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
 From all affection and from all contempt:

son d^eportement superbe—et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis.
 —*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gizericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," &c. &c.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.—B.

His name could sadden, and his acts surprise ;
But they that fear'd him dared not to despise :
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake :
The first may turn—but not avenge the blow ;
The last expires—but leaves no living foe ;
Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings !

XII.

None are all evil—quickenings round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart ;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child ;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love.
Yes, it was Love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged ;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by ;
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—Oh more than all !—untired by time ;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could fender sullen were she ne'er to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent ;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart ;
Which naught removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love !
He was a villain—aye—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one .

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
“ Strange tidings !—many a peril have I past,
Nor know I why this next appears the last !
Yet so my heart forbodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate ;
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze !)
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
Now to Medora—Oh ! my sinking heart,
Long may her own be lighter than thou art !

Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave.
 Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
 This common courage which with brutes we share,
 That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
 Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
 To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
 Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
 No medium now—we perish or succeed!
 So let it be—it irks not me to die;
 But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
 My lot hath long had little of my care,
 But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
 Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
 Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
 Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—
 She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
 He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill
 There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
 He heard those accents never heard too oft;
 Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
 And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

1.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
 Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
 Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
 Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
 Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

"Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
 Without one thought whose relics there recline:
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

"My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear:
 Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
 Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
 The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
 And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:

"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad"—

"In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray
 Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
 My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute!"

Oh ! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,
And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge :
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas ! it passed !
Another came— — 'twas thine at last !
Would that those days were over ! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to roam :
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here ;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will !”

“ Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed ;
Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feelings which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind :
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last ;
But—Oh, Medora ! nerve thy gentler heart,
This hour again—but not for long—we part.”

“ This hour we part !—my heart foreboded this :
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away !
Yon bark hath hardly anchor'd in the bay ;
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew :
My love ! thou mock'st my weakness ; and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel ;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare :
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !
See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I guess'd

At such as seem'd the fairest ; thrice the hill
 My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ;
 Yes ! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !
 The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers ;
 Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears :
 Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.
 But come, the board is spread ; our silver lamp
 Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's damp :
 Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
 And join with me the dance, or wake the song ;
 Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.*
 Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
 To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ;
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
 When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's Isle,
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while :
 And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
 Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main :
 And he deceived me—for—he came again !
 “ Again—again—and oft again—my love !
 If there be life below, and hope above,
 He will return—but now, the moments bring
 The time of parting with redoubled wing :
 The why—the where—what boots it now to tell ?
 Since all must end in that wild word—farewell !
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes ;
 And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
 For sudden siege and long defence prepared :
 Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay ;
 And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
 Security shall make repose more sweet.
 List !—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
 One kiss—one more—another—Oh ! Adieu ! ”
 She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
 Which downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
 In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms ;
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
 So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt !
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun !
 It told 'twas sunset—and he curst that sun.
 Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
 Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd

* Orlando Furioso, Canto x.—B

And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more ;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone ?

XV.

“ And is he gone ? ”—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude !
“ 'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood !
And now ”—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd ;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell ;
But still her lips refused to send—“ Farewell ! ”
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair.
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase :
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—Oh, how far !—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flow'd—and phrensied seem'd to swim,
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dew'd
With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.
“ He's gone ! ”—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven ;
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main ;
The white sail set—she dared not look again ;
But turn'd with sick'ning soul within the gate—
“ It is no dream—and I am desolate ! ”

XVI.

From crag to crag descending—swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head,
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hail'd him first when homeward from the deep.
And she—the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink :
Yet once almost he stopp'd—and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave ;
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind :
Again he hurries on—and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar ;
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge,

And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
 He marvell'd how his heart could seem so soft.
 Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
 He feels of all his former self possest ;
 He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
 The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
 There checks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
 The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
 Than there his wonted statelier step renew ;
 Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view :
 For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
 By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud ;
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
 That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen
 The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ;
 All these he wielded to command assent :
 But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
 That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
 And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word.
 When echo'd to the heart as from his own
 His deep yet tender melody of tone :
 But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
 He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued ;
 The evil passions of his youth had made
 Him value less who loved—than what obey'd.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
 Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"
 "They are—nay more—embark'd : the latest boat
 Waits but my chief——"

"My sword and my capote."

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
 His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung :
 "Call Pedro here !" He comes—and Conrad bends,
 With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends ;
 "Receive these tablets and peruse with care,
 Words of high trust and truth are graven there ;
 Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
 Arrives, let him alike these orders mark :
 In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
 On our return—till then all peace be thine !"
 This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
 Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
 Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
 Around the waves' phosphoric* brightness broke ;
 They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
 Shrieks the shrill whistle—ply the busy hands—
 He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
 How gallant all her crew—and deigns to praise.
 His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
 Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn ?

* By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.
 --B.

Alas ! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o'er the parting hour ;
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow ?
Ah ! never loved he half so much as now !
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
Again he mans himself and turns away ;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan—his means—and ends :
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art ;
They to the midnight watch protract debate ;
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late ?
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew ;
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle,
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile .
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail—and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie !
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep ;
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of blood !

CANTO THE SECOND.

“Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?”—DANTE.

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha makes a feast to-night :
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home :
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast ;
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won !
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek ;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave—
To bear the sabre's edge before a slave :

Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
 Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
 And do not deign to smite because they may!
 Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
 To keep in practice for the coming foe.
 Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
 And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
 For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
 And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear,

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
 Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
 Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
 Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
 Though to the rest the sober berry's juice,*
 The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
 The long chibouque's† dissolving cloud supply,
 While dance the Almas‡ to wild minstrelsy.
 The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
 But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark,
 And revellers may more securely sleep
 On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;
 Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
 And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
 And yet the numbers crowded in his host
 Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate,
 Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
 Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
 Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
 "A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
 Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest."§
 He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
 And led the holy man in silence nigh.
 His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
 His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
 Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
 Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he wore,
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
 Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;
 Submissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
 He calmly met the curious eyes that scann'd;
 And question of his coming fain would seek,
 Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

* Coffee.

† "Chibouque," pipe.

‡ Dancing girls.

§ It has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history:—"Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero."—See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.—B.

IV.

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"

"From the outlaw's den,

A fugitive"—

"Thy capture where and when?"

"From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,
The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains,
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight;
I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;
And felt—that all which freedom's bosom cheers,
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape,
They little deem of aught in peril's shape;
Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the chance
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance;
The careless guard that did not see me fly,
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.
Pacha!—my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release."

"Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full—I love not mystery."

"Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor show'd high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.

"Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
The feast was usher'd in—but sumptuous fare
He shunn'd as if some poison mingled there.

For one so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.

"What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose
This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

"Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's* laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise! seize on Zatanai!*
He saw their terror—check'd the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obey'd,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;

* The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.—B

* Zatanai, 'Satan.—B.

He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
 His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew ;
 'Tis answer'd—" Well ye speed, my gallant crew
 Why did I doubt their quickness of career ?
 And deem design had left me single here ?"
 Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
 Sheds fast atonement for its first delay ;
 Completes his fury what their fear begun,
 And makes the many basely quail to one.
 The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
 And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head :
 Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with rage, surprise,
 Retreats before him, though he still defies.
 No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
 So much Confusion magnifies his foe !
 His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
 He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight ;*
 For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,
 And burst within—and it were death to wait ;
 Where wild amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
 The sword aside—in vain the blood o'erflows !
 The corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
 Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
 Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
 Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
 They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
 A gluttoned tiger mangling in his lair !
 But short their greeting—shorter his reply—
 "'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—
 Much hath been done—but more remains to do—
 Their galleys blaze—why not their city too ?"

V.

Quick at the word—they seized him each a torch,
 And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
 A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,
 But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
 Of women struck, and like a deadly knell.
 Knock'd at that heart unmov'd by battle's yell.
 " Oh ! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives
 One female form—remember—we have wives.
 On them such outrage Vengeance will repay ;
 Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay :
 But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey.
 Oh ! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
 If at my word the helpless cease to live :
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
 He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor ;
 His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
 But still from room to room his way he broke.

* A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's
 Memoirs, page 24. " The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh ; he plucked up
 his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."—B.

They search—they find—they save : with lusty arms
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms ;
 Calm their loud fears ; sustain their sinking frames
 With all the care defenceless beauty claims :
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
 And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
 But who is she ? whom Conrad's arms convey
 From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—
 Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed ?
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd !

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,*
 Few words to re-assure the trembling fair ;
 For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war
 The foe before retiring, fast and far,
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
 First slower fled—then rallied—then withstood.
 This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
 Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew.
 And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
 The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
 Alla il Alla ! Vengeance swells the cry—
 Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die !
 And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
 The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—
 When wrath returns to renovated strife,
 And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
 Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
 His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd :
 " One effort—one—to break the circling host !"
 They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost !
 Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,
 Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
 Ah ! now they fight in firmest file no more,
 Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er ;
 But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
 His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
 Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death !

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
 And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
 Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
 Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
 By Conrad's mandates safely were bestow'd,
 And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd :
 And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
 Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,
 Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
 That smooth'd his accents ; soften'd in his eye :
 'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew'd,
 Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood.

* Gulnare, a female name ; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate — B

The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave ;
The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.
"The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain
Yet much I long to view that chief again ;
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
The life—my loving lord remember'd not !"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gather'd breathing from the happier dead ;
Far from his band, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he wrought ;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die !
Can this be he ? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law !
'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest ;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
Which would have kiss'd the hand that then could kill
Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul he scarcely ask'd to heaven ?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striven and struck for death ?
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
He deeply, darkly felt ! but evil pride
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw—so calmly gazed around :
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear ;
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear ;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of pain :
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,

And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne,
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling hate denies
The victim's prayer—for if he drinks—he dies.
This was his doom:—the Leech, the guard, were gone
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries "I warn'd thee!" when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues,
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remember'd not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,
Not cankering less because the more conceal'd—
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each has some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,
He half-way meets him should he menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.

His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort
Contain'd at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same :—
Alone he sate—in solitude had scann'd
His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd :
One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
“ Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet ?”
Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised,
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed :
But soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd relief,
And smiled in self-derision of his grief,
“ And now come torture when it will—or may,
More need of rest to nerve me for the day !”
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.
'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
For Conrad's plans matur'd, at once were done :
And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
Disguised—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—condemn'd—
A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep !

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah ! happy if in death !
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends ?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends :
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace ?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face !
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair,
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
Through guards and dunest night how came it there ?
Ah ! rather ask what will not woman dare ?
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare !
She could not sleep and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before—
And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey,
Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose ;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs and watch no more :
Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe.
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight,
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold* echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

XIV.

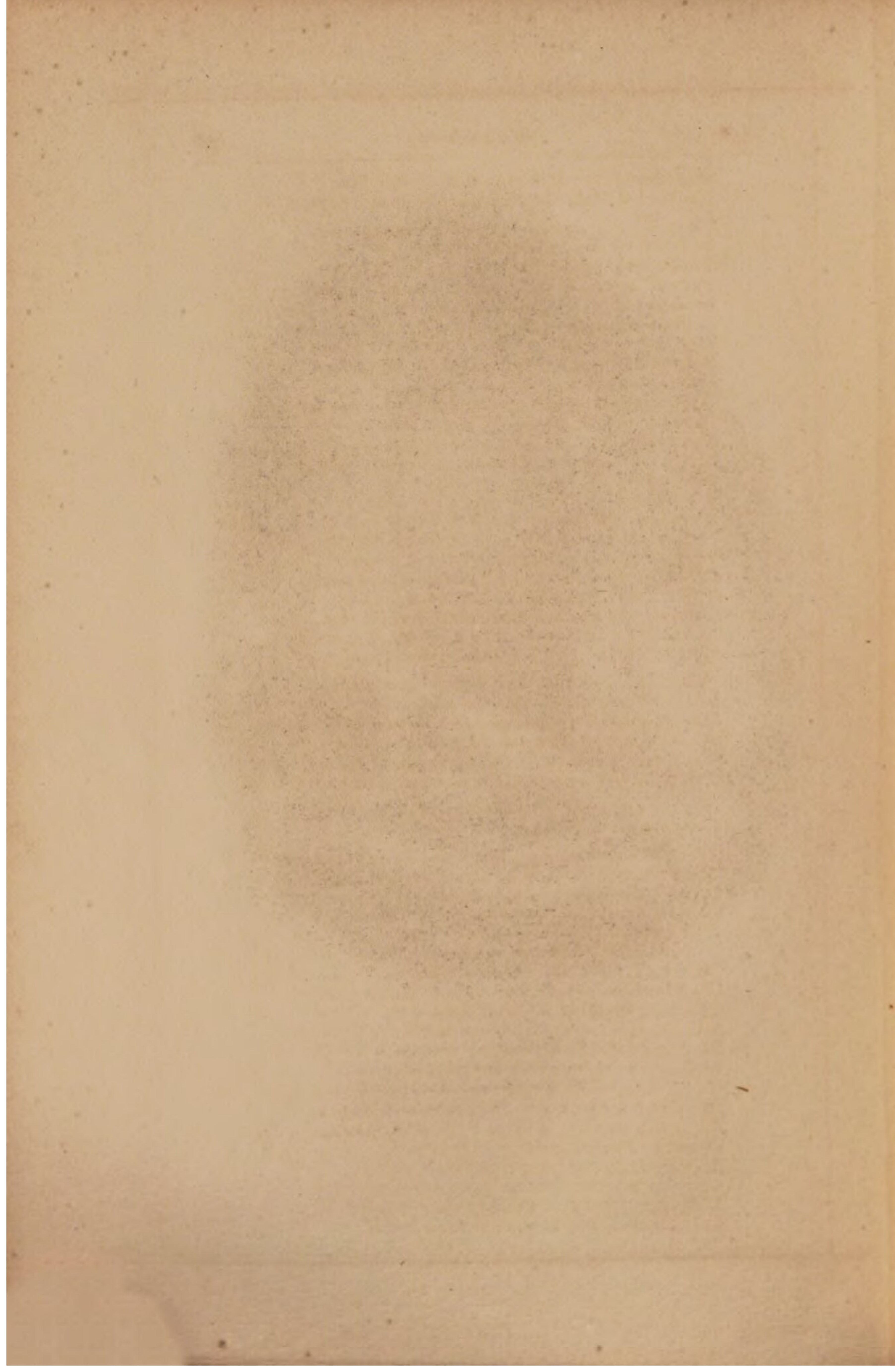
"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour,
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
But this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
But all I can, I will: at least, delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.

* In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Ann Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size—R.



He moved his hand — the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

The Corsair p. 196.



More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fallen too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope,
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs,
My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God!
The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
And Man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a brand;
My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare!
Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair."

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me
Is this—'tis nothing—nothing ere can be:
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom
This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the free.
I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel:

But still—he goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
 And oft when present—absent from my thought.
 Or when reflection comes—and come it must—
 I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
 I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
 'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
 Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
 Or seek another and give mine release,
 But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
 Yes—if unwonted fondness now I feign,
 Remember—captive! 'tis to break thy chain;
 Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
 To give thee back to all endear'd below,
 Who share such love as I can never know.
 Farewell—morn breaks—and I must now away:
 'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
 And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,
 And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
 And was she here? and is he now alone?
 What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
 That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
 Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
 That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
 To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
 Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
 Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
 What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
 The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
 Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven;
 By this—how many lose not earth—but heaven!
 Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
 And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe.

XVI.

'Tis morn—and o'er his alter'd features play
 The beams—without the hope of yesterday.
 What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing,
 O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
 By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;
 While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
 Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd limb,
 Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!—

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Come vedi—ancor non m' abbandona."—DANTE.

I.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,*
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light !
 O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
 O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
 When—Athens ! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
 How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
 That closed their murder'd sage's† latest day !
 Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
 The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
 But sad his light to agonising eyes,
 And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes :
 Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
 The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
 But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
 The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
 The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
 Who lived and died, as none can live or die !

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign.‡
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
 With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret ;
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
 Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty tide,

* The opening lines, as far as section II., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem "The Curse of Minerva," p. 338 but they were written on the spot, in the spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can.—B.

† Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—B.

‡ The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country: the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.—B.

The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,*
 And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
 All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye—
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
 Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
 Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
 So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
 Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
 Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
 Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
 Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
 Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
 His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—
 Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
 Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
 Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
 With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
 The wind was fair though light; and storms were none.
 Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
 His only tidings that they had not met!
 Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
 Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day had pass'd
 In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;
 Sadly she sate—on high—Impatience bore
 At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
 And there she wander'd, heedless of the spray
 That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
 She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
 Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart;
 Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
 His very sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
 Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
 Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
 Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
 In silence, darkling, each appeared to wait
 His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:

* The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes.—Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.—B

Something they would have said ; but seemed to fear
 To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
 She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
 Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
 Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
 That deem'd not till they found their energy.
 While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flutter'd—wept—
 All lost—that softness died not—but it slept ;
 And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
 " With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread."
 'Tis more than nature's ; like the burning might
 Delirium gathers from the fever's height.
 " Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell
 What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
 Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies
 The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies."
 " Lady ! we know not—scarce with life we fled ;
 But here is one denies that he is dead :
 He saw him bound ; and bleeding—but alive."
 She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—
 So throb'd each vein—each thought—till then withstood ;
 Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued.
 She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
 Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave ;
 But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
 They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies :
 Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
 Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew ;
 Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
 That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve,
 Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
 The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange,
 With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge ;
 All, save repose or flight : still lingering there
 Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair ;
 Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd and led,
 Will save him living or appease him dead.
 Woe to his foes ! there yet survive a few,
 Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate
 Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his captive's fate ;
 His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
 Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell ;
 Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind ;
 While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
 Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
 His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,*
 But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

* The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary the beads are in number ninety-nine.
 B.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate
Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey;
But once cut off—the remnant of his band
Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem!
It had not now redeem'd a single hour;
But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

"Nay, Seyd!—I seek not to restrain thy rage,
Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;
My thoughts were only to secure for thee
His riches—thus released, he were not free:
Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
His capture could but wait thy first command."

"His capture *could*!—and shall I then resign
One day to him—the wretch already mine?
Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,
No doubt—regardless if the prize were fair,
My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speak
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and—nay—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu :
Ah ! little reck'd that chief of womanhood—
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued ;
And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare !
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
His doubts appear'd to wrong—nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence compassion grew—
She was a slave—from such may captives claim
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name ;
Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
Again his rage repell'd—until arose
That strife of thought, the source of woman's woes !

VI.

Meanwhile—long anxious—weary—still—the same
Roll'd day and night—his soul could never tame—
This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than dead,
When every step that echo'd by the gate
Might entering lead where axe and stake await ;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear ;
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die ;
'Twas worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent bore
That conflict, deadlier far than all before :
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail ;
But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood ;
To gaze on thine own heart ; and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate, and tell
To other ears that death became thee well ;
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny ;
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear ;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim ;
The life thou leav'st below, denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love ;
And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain :
And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill ?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still !

VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare—
The second—third—and still she came not there ;

But what her words avouch'd, her charms had done,
 Or else he had not seen another sun.
 The fourth day roll'd along, and with the night
 Came storm and darkness in their mingling might:
 Oh! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
 That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
 And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
 Roused by the roar of his own element!
 Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
 And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
 And now its dashing echo'd on his ear
 A long-known voice—alas! too vainly near!
 Long sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
 Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
 And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
 To him more genial than the midnight star:
 Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,
 And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.
 He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made:
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
 The storm roll'd onward, and disdained to strike;
 Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
 As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door
 A light step came—it paused—it moved once more.
 Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
 'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she!
 Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
 And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
 Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
 More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
 On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
 Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must die
 Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
 The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim
 What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same.
 Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
 And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
 Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed
 Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
 Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
 Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blind
 To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
 And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
 With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
 Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved:
 It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'd—loved,
 Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
 Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain;

Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam!
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head.
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread:
If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me!"

"Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head.
Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring: he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,
If but to show how grateful is a slave.
But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife,)
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the worst.
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—

Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou wouldst not start,
 Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;
 'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
 It points within the port a Mainote prow:
 But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
 There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd!”

“Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
 My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:
 Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
 From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
 And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
 To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
 Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
 Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
 Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—
 Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
 Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast:
 Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!”

“Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
 And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
 I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
 If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
 My life—my love—my hatred—all below
 Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
 Without it flight were idle—how evade
 His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
 My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
 One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
 But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
 I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
 The guards are gain'd—one moment all were o'er—
 Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
 If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
 Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud.”

IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
 But his glance follow'd far with eager eye;
 And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
 His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound
 Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
 He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.
 'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
 That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
 He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
 Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
 Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
 Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
 He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
 Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
 Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
 From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
 Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
 Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
 With hasty step a figure outward past,

Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis She at last!
No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
“Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!”
Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their inmost force—
So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

“'Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
All words would now be vain—away—away!
Our bark is tossing—'tis already day.
The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand.”

XII.

She clapp'd her hands—and through the gallery pour,
Equipp'd for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.
No words are utter'd—at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review!

Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape
 Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
 Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the time,
 Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
 As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
 He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;
 He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
 His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
 He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
 He turn'd and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
 Their freezing aspect and averted air,
 And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
 Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
 She knelt beside him and his hand she press'd,
 "Thou may'st forgive though Allah's self detest;
 But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
 Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me *now*!
 I am not what I seem—this fearful night
 My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite!
 If I had never loved—though less my guilt,
 Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt."

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
 Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made;
 But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,
 They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.
 Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
 The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
 Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
 A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
 Their little bark her men of watch descry,
 And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;
 She bears her down majestically near,
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond her bow
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
 "'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—
 I am not all deserted on the main!"
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
 "'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
 Command nor duty could their transport check!
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side:
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
 Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
 And feels he yet can conquer and command!

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;
They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they known
A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above—beneath her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less?—
Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:
But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
And he was free!—and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave,
Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he gave,
Who now seem'd changed and humbled:—faint and meek
But varying oft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasped that hand—it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
“Gulnare!”—but she replied not—“dear Gulnare!”
She raised her eye—her only answer there—
At once she sought, and sunk in his embrace:
If he had driven her from that resting-place,
His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling
As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile:

The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
 Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
 Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
 And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
 He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
 Amid so many, her's alone is dark.
 'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
 Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
 With the first boat descends he for the shore,
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
 Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
 To bear him like an arrow to that height!
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
 He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
 Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
 Broke from within; and all was night around.
 He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
 Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;
 He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
 Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
 The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—
 But not the form he panted to embrace.
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
 And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;
 He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
 He would not wait for that reviving ray—
 As soon could he have linger'd there for day;
 But glimmering through the dusky corridore,
 Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor;
 His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
 All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

XX.

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
 He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
 In life itself she was so still and fair,
 That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
 And the cold flowers* her colder hand contain'd
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained

* In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.—B.

As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep :
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh ! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light ;
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose—but only for a while ;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind ;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here ?

XXI.

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd now
By the first glance on that still—marble brow.
It was enough—she died—what reck'd it how ?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less ;—the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar
The proud—the wayward—who have fix'd below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight ?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is inexpress'd
The indistinctness of the suffering breast ;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none ;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest
And stupor almost lull'd it into rest ;
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept :
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been :
Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart :
The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim ;
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,

On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind !
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide !

XXIII.

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong ;
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long ;
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot ; like that had harden'd too ;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,
If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved till now.
The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth :
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell ;
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground !

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare ; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
He was not there—nor seen along the shore ;
Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er :
Another morn—another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;
Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain :
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day,
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair !
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside ;
And fair the monument they gave his bride :
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

L A R A ;

A TALE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE Serfs* are glad through Lara's wide domain
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain ;
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored :
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall ;
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze ;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The chief of Lara is returned again :
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main ?
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself ;—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest !—
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime ;
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race ;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.

III.

And Lara left in youth his fatherland ;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there ;

* The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word "Serf," which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain. The country is not Spain, but the Morea.—B.

Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
 Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
 His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
 His portrait darkens in its fading frame,
 Another chief consoled his destined bride,
 The young forgot him, and the old had died ;
 " Yet doth he live ! " exclaims the impatient heir,
 And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
 A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
 The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place ;
 But one is absent from the mouldering file,
 That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
 And whence they know not, why they need not guess,
 They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
 Not that he came, but came not long before :
 No train is his beyond a single page,
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
 Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
 To those that wander as to those that stay ;
 But lack of tidings from another clime
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
 The present dubious, or the past a dream.
 He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
 Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time ;
 His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot ;
 Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
 Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame :
 His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins
 No more than pleasure from the stripling wins ;
 And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,
 Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

V.

And they indeed were changed—'tis quickly seen,
 Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been :
 That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
 And spake of passions, but of passion past :
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
 Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise ;
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took
 Their thoughts from others by a single look ;
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
 That darts in seeming playfulness around,
 And makes those feel that will not own the wound ;
 All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,
 Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
 Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
 Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
 Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive ;

And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
In those far lands where he had wander'd lone,
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown:
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;
If still more prying such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men,
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,
He mingled with the Magnates of his land;
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;
But still he only saw, and did not share,
The common pleasure or the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued,
With hope still baffled still to be renew'd;
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown
Repell'd approach, and show'd him still alone;
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
That kept at least frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that beheld him near,
In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;
And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd
They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

VIII.

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompense in joy or woe,
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler elements hath raised;
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,

And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,
From all communion he would start away ;
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around :
They heard, but whisper'd—"that must not be known—
The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead.
That still beside his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away ?
Why slept he not when others were at rest ?
Why heard no music, and received no guest ?
All was not well, they deem'd—but where the wrong ?
Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long,
And such besides were too discreetly wise,
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise.
But if they would—they could"—around the board
Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam ;
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away ;
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
The immortal lights that live along the sky :
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee ;
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
And Innocence would offer to her love.
These deck the shore ; the waves their channel make
In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there ;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night !
It was a moment only for the good :
So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,
But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate ;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate :
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts than now—
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt—unsparing—but a night like this,
A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as his.

XI.

He turn'd within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall :

There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Save vague tradition ; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles and their faults ;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age ;
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like truth, and still more truly lies.
He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view ;
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

XII.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber ; the lone light
Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
Hark ! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call !
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear ?
They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features play'd,
Was Lara stretch'd ; his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear ;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still defiance knit his gather'd brow ;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay ;
Some half-form'd threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing pride ;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook
Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fixed in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him ;—hush ! he breathes, he speaks,
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue ;
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land ;
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas ! that cannot hear !

XIV.

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
 To know the import of the words they heard;
 And by the changes of his cheek and brow,
 They were not such as Lara should avow,
 Nor he interpret—yet with less surprise
 Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
 And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,
 And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—
 If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
 A breast that needed not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye beheld,
 If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,
 Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,
 And breath'd new vigour in his shaken frame;
 And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
 And soon the same in movement and in speech
 As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,—
 Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,
 Than these were wont; and if the coming night
 Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
 He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.
 In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl
 The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;
 The waving banner, and the clapping door,
 The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
 The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
 The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;
 Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
 As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom
 Came not again, or Lara could assume
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
 His vassals more amazed nor less afraid—
 Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
 Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these
 That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.
 Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
 Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
 Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'erlabour'd heart
 That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
 Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,
 When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
 Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
 Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
 In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
 The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
 Not so in him; his breast had buried both,

Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told.
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd
Much to be loved and hated, sought and fear'd ;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot :
His silence form'd a theme for others' prate—
They guess'd—they gazed—they fain would know his fate
What had he been ? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walk'd their world, his lineage only known ?
A hater of his kind ? yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay ;
But own'd that smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer ;
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye :
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem ;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest ;
In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all :
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd ;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped ;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret ;
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth ;
With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent ;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life ;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame ;
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm ;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will ;

Too high for common selfishness, he could
 At times resign his own for others' good,
 But not in pity, not because he ought,
 But in some strange perversity of thought
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
 To do what few or none would do beside ;
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
 Mismatch his spirit equally to crime ;
 So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
 And long'd by good or ill to separate
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state,
 His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne
 Far from the world, in regions of her own ;
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow,
 Ah ! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glow'd,
 But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd !
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
 And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
 Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
 His madness was not of the head, but heart ;
 And rarely wander'd in his speech, or drew
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen,
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart :
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor augh !
 That words can image to express the thought ;
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,
 And once beheld, would ask of him again :
 And those to whom he spake remember'd well,
 And on the words, however light, would dwell :
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind ;
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
 If greeted once ; however brief the date
 That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound ;
 His presence haunted still ; and from the breast
 He forced an all unwilling interest :
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget !

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
 And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
 Appear—a highborn and a welcome guest
 To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.
 The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
 Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball ;

And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain :
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well according bands :
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And Youth forget such hour was pass'd on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth !

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
His brow belied him if his soul was sad ;
And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering fair,
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there :
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his—
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this :
At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone ;
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
Who still till now had gazed on him unseen :
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze ;
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
As if distrusting that the stranger threw ;
Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and stern,
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

" 'Tis he ! " the stranger cried, and those that heard
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.
" 'Tis he ! "—" 'Tis who ? " they question far and near,
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear ;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look :
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor raised
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed ;
And drawing nigh, exclaimed with haughty sneer,
" 'Tis he !—how came he thence ?—what doth he here ? "

XXIII.

It were to much for Lara to pass by
Such questions, so repeated fierce and high ;
With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—
" My name is Lara !—when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd-for courtesy of such a knight.
'Tis Lara !—further wouldst thou mark or ask ?
I shun no question, and I wear no mask."
" Thou shunn'st no question ! Ponder—is there none
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun ?

And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
 At least thy memory was not given in vain.
 Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
 Eternity forbids thee to forget."
 With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
 They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
 He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,
 And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;
 But the stern stranger motion'd him to stay.
 "A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here
 To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
 But as thou wast and art—nay frown not, lord,
 If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
 But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
 Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
 Art thou not he? whose deeds ——"

"Whate'er I be,
 Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,
 I list no further; those with whom they weigh
 May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
 The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
 Which thus begins so courteously and well.
 Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,
 To him my thanks and thoughts shall be express'd."
 And here their wondering host hath interposed—
 "Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
 This is no time nor fitting place to mar
 The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
 If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
 Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
 To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
 Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
 I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
 Though, like Count Lara, now return'd alone
 From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
 And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
 I augur right of courage and of worth,
 He will not that untainted line belie,
 Nor aught that knighthood may accord, deny."

"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
 "And here our several worth and truth be tried:
 I gage my life, my falchion to attest
 My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"
 What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
 His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
 The words on many, and the eyes of all
 That there were gather'd, seem'd on him to fall;
 But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
 In far forgetfulness away—away—
 Alas! that heedlessness of all around
 Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!" further word
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke;
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;
Yet there was something fix'd in that low tone,
Which show'd resolve, determined, though unknown.
He seiz'd his cloak—his head he slightly bow'd,
And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;
And, as he pass'd him, smiling met the frown
With which that chieftain's brow would bear him down
It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;
But that of one in his own heart secure
Of all that he would do or could endure.
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?
Alas! too like in confidence are each,
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;
From deeds, and deeds alone may he discern
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn

XXV.

And Lara call'd his page, and went his way—
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:
His only follower from those climes afar,
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
In duty patient, and sedate though young;
Silent as him he served, his faith appears
Above his station, and beyond his years.
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
In such from him he rarely heard command;
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home.
Those accents, as his native mountains dear,
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,
Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all:
For him earth now disclosed no other guide;
What marvel then he rarely left his side?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he grew,
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fever'd there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd caught
From high, and lighten'd with electric thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe
Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;

Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share :
 And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page ;
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance ,
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wander'd lone,
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none ;
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book ;
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook ;
 He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart ;
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara ; but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone ;
 In mute attention ; and his care, which guess'd
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue express'd.
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid ;
 His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands ;
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
 Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword ;
 To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore ;
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
 No sympathy with that familiar crew :
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
 Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
 So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek.
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays ;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame :
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guess'd.
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore ;
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
 Start to the sound, as but remember'd then ;
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake.
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had look'd down upon the festive hall,
 And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd of all;
 And when the crowd around and near him told
 Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
 Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore
 Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
 The colour of young Kaled went and came,
 The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
 And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
 The sickening iciness of that cold dew,
 That rises as the busy bosom sinks
 With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
 Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare,
 And execute ere thought be half aware:
 Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
 To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.
 He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast
 That sidelong smile upon the knight he past;
 When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
 As if on something recognised right well;
 His memory read in such a meaning more
 Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
 Forward he sprung—a moment, both were gone,
 And all within that hall seem'd left alone;
 Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,
 All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,
 That when his long dark shadow through the porch
 No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,
 Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem
 To bound as doubting from too black a dream,
 Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,
 Because the worse is ever nearest truth.
 And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,
 With thoughtful visage and imperious air;
 But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired
 He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
 The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
 Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
 And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
 There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
 O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
 What better name may slumber's bed become?
 Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
 Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
 Alike in naked helplessness recline;
 Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
 Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,

And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"
Aze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's call;
'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim
The life or death of Lara's future fame;
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
And whatso'er the tale, it must be told.
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast.
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
If yet he be on earth expect him here;
The roof that held him in the valley stands
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
And urged him to prepare against to-day;
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."
He ceased—and Lara answer'd, "I am here
To lend at thy demand a listening ear"

To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
Whose words already might my heart have wrung,
But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
I know him not—but me it seems he knew
In lands where—but I must not trifle too :
Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge ;
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb ;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke ;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed ;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV.

Short was the conflict ; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash.
He bled, and fell ; but not with deadly wound,
Stretch'd by a dex'trous sleight along the ground.
"Demand thy life !" He answered not : and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again.
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue ;
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
Than when his foe's was levell'd at his brow ;
Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart ;
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those,
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose ;
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent ;
Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
That left a foe, how'er o'erthrown, with life ;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech
The others met within a neighbouring hall,
And he, incensed, and heedless of them all,
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
In haughty silence slowly strode away ;

He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took
Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light.
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went
To leave no other trace of his intent.
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought
Except the absence of the chief it sought.
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squire distress'd:
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonised hands that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
Some such had been, if here a life was left,
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd fame;
Then sudden silent when his form appear'd,
Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd,
Again its wonted wandering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are heal'd,
But not his pride; and hate no more conceal'd:
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,
And from his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
His presence? who had made him disappear,
If not the man on whom his menaced charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignorantly loud,
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
For it was not the blind capricious rage
A word can kindle and a word assuage!

But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd ;
Such as long power and overgorged success
Concentrates into all that's merciless :
These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,
And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law ;
Long war without and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends,
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,
In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands ;
But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
And now, diverted by his milder sway,
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown ;
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
And each long restless night, and silent mood,
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude :
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate ;
From thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew.
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye ;
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.
And they who watch'd, might mark that day by day
Some new retainers gather'd to his sway ;
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,
He play'd the courteous lord and bounteous host :
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head ;
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,
The million judged but of him as they found
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.

By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,
And scarce the serf could murmur o'er his lot ;
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor ;
Youth present cheer and promised recompence
Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence :
To hate he offer'd, with the coming change,
The deep reversion of delay'd revenge ;
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch,
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name.
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought :
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves !
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right :
Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill ;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed !

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had gain'd
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd ;
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,
The serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both :
They waited but a leader, and they found
One to their cause inseparably bound ;
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again,
In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst :
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun
Inquiry into deeds at distance done ;
By mingling with his own the cause of all,
E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd to urge
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
And is again ; he only changed the scene.
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
But not less fitted for the desperate game :
He deem'd himself mark'd out for others' hate,
And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd ?

He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
But man and destiny beset him there :
Inured to hunters, he was found at bay ;
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene ;
But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood
A leader not unequal to the feud ;
In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life ?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield ?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall ?
In this the struggle was the same with all ;
Save that distemper'd passions lent their force
In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-slain :
In either cause, one rage alone possess'd
The empire of the alternate victor's breast ;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.
It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reap'd the famished land ;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
The first success to Lara's numbers clung :
But that vain victory hath ruin'd all ;
They form no longer to their leader's call :
In blind confusion on the foe they press,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate :
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew ;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame ;
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,
And shown their rashness to that erring brood :
The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambushade,
The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,
The long privation of the hoped supply,
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
And palls the patience of his baffled heart,
Of these they had not deem'd : the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may ;
But more preferr'd the fury of the strife.

And present death, to hourly suffering life:
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away
 His numbers melting fast from their array;
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:
 Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd
 To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
 And thence they may escape from native war;
 And bear within them to the neighbouring state
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:
 Hard is the task their fatherland to quit,
 But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
 Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight:
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;
 Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?
 Alas, they blaze too widely for the flight:
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by their border-stream their march oppose,
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 "The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
 How many shall but hear the voice of death!

XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
 A something of indifference more than then
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men
 He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,
 And still too faithful to betray one fear;
 Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint express'd
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:

It trembled not in such an hour as this ;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaim'd, " We will not part .
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee !"

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward driven,
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven :
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel ;
Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes ;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

XV.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.
None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain ;
But those that waver turn to smite again,
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow :
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own ;
Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
And shook—Why sudden droops that plumed crest ?
The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast !
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
The word of triumph faded from his tongue ;
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung !
But yet the sword instinctively retains,
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins ;
These Kaled snatches : dizzy with the blow,
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage ;
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again ;
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain !

XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head ;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth ;
And near, yet quivering with what life remain'd,
The heel that urged him and the hand that rein'd
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die ;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave ;

With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
 Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:
 They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
 Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—
 It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;
 It was an agony—but now forgot!

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
 Where but for him that strife had never been,
 A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
 'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
 His follower once, and now his only guide,
 Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
 And with his scarf would stanch the tides that rush,
 With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
 And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
 In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:
 He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
 And merely adds another throb to pain.
 He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
 And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
 Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
 Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
 Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
 Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the field,
 Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;
 They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
 And he regards them with a calm disdain,
 That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
 And that escape to death from living hate:
 And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
 Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
 And questions of his state; he answers not,
 Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
 And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word
 They understood not, if distinctly heard;
 His dying tones are in that other tongue,
 To which some strange remembrance wildly clung
 They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
 To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
 And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
 While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:
 They seem'd even then—that twain—unto the last
 To half forget the present in the past;
 To share between themselves some separate fate,
 Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.

Their words though faint were many—from the tone
 Their import those who heard could judge alone;

From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's death
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath.
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke ;
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely near :
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast ;
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East :
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene,
That raised his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its loss ;
For when one near display'd the absolving cross,
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon ! if 'twere with disdain
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,
Nor seem'd to know his life but *then* began,
That life of Immortality, secure
To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew ;
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore ;
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
“It beats!”—Away, thou dreamer ! he is gone—
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay ;
And those around have roused him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance ;
And when, in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain ;

He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
 The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
 But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
 Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
 Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
 The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
 That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
 The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;
 In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was womanhood or Fame?

XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
 But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
 Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
 Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck the mound;
 And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
 Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
 Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
 And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;
 She told nor whence, nor why she left behind
 Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
 Why did she love him? curious fool!—be still—
 Is human love the growth of human will?
 To her he might be gentleness; the stern
 Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
 And when they love, your smilers guess not how
 Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
 They were not common links, that form'd the chain
 That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
 But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
 And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
 Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
 They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar,
 Which were not planted there in recent war;
 Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life,
 It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;
 But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
 These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
 And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
 Return'd no more—that night appear'd his last.

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
 When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
 A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain.

He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood—before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore.
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd to watch,
And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd :
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone ;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark with this might mean ;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glitter'd starlike on the vest ;
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk :
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd : the horseman gazed
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised ;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead ;
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread ;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul !
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll ;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone !
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been ;
Grief had so tam'd a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud ;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire :
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,

And woos to listen to her fond complaints :
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee ;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall ;
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
Herself would question, and for him reply ;
Then rising, start and beckon him to fly
From some imagined spectre in pursuit ;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last—she lies by him she loved :
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

HEBREW MELODIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published with the Music, arranged by Mr Braham and Mr Nathan.

January 1815.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own ;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

It told the triumphs of our King,
 It wafted glory to our God ;
 It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;
 Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode !
 Since then, though heard on earth no more,
 Devotion and her daughter Love,
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar
 To sounds that seem as from above,
 In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

If that high world, which lies beyond
 Our own, surviving Love endears ;
 If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
 The eye the same, except in tears—
 How welcome those untrodden spheres !
 How sweet this very hour to die !
 To soar from earth and find all fears,
 Lost in thy light—Eternity !
 It must be so : 'tis not for self
 That we so tremble on the brink ;
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.
 Oh ! in that future let us think
 To hold each heart the heart that shares ;
 With them the immortal waters drink,
 And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
 Exulting yet may bound,
 And drink from all the living rills
 That gush on holy ground ;
 Its airy step and glorious eye
 May glance in tameless transport by :—
 A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
 Hath Judah witness'd there ;
 And o'er her scenes of lost delight
 Inhabitants more fair.
 The cedars wave on Lebanon,
 But Judah's statelier maids are gone !
 More blest each palm that shades those plains
 Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
 For, taking root, it there remains
 In solitary grace :
 It cannot quit its place of birth,
 It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream.
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell.
And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country.—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God! thy thunders sleep!
There—where thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!
Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, O God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire:
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, Oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH. snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

MY soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been my sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doom'd to know the word—
And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew :
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceased to shine ;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.
 As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
 Their own pure joy impart ;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
 That lightens o'er the heart.

— — —
 THY DAYS ARE DONE.

THY days are done, thy fame begun ;
 Thy country's strains record
 The triumph of her chosen Son,
 The slaughters of his sword !
 The deeds he did, the fields he won,
 The freedom he restored !
 Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 Thou shalt not taste of death !
 The generous blood that flow'd from thee
 Disdain'd to sink beneath :
 Within our veins its currents be,
 Thy spirit on our breath !
 Thy name our charging hosts along,
 Shall be the battle-word !
 Thy fall, the theme of choral song
 From virgin voices pour'd !
 To weep would do thy glory wrong ;
 Thou shalt not be deplored.

— — —
 SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs ! should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath !
 Thou who are bearing my buckler and bow,
 Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
 Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet !
 Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
 Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
 Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
 Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

SAUL.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 "Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"
 Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud,
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
 From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame,
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
 And the falchion by thy side
 To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER"

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
 And health and youth possess'd me.
 My goblets blush'd from every vine,
 And lovely forms caress'd me;
 I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
 And felt my soul grow tender;
 All earth can give, or mortal prize,
 Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
 Remembrance can discover,
 Which all that life or earth displays
 Would lure me to live over.

There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd ;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming ;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh ! who hath power of charming ?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor Music's voice can lure it ;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall :
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back ;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing.
Forgetting what it was to die.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival,
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine--
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone:
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!”

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT
TO BE.

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race:
If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.
I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Maraimne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.
And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.
She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming:

And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
 This bosom's desolation dooming;
 And I have earn'd those tortures well,
 Which unconsumed are still consuming!

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF
 JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
 I beheld thee, O Sion! when render'd to Rome:
 'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
 Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
 And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
 I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
 And the fast-fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
 Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
 While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
 Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
 But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
 Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
 And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the Pagan shall never profane
 The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
 And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
 Our worship, O Father, is only for thee.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN
 AND WEPT.

We sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
 Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song; but, oh never
 That triumph the stranger shall know!
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
 O Salem! its sound should be free;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee:
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal:
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

“Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light?”

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS

FRIEND.

January 22. 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,* thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, provveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii., p. 151.

* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810-11; and in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poro, &c., and the coast of the Continent.—B

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

In the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh ! but we went merrily !
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still ;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed ;
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,
Or the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow :
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds ;—
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither ;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.
But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills*
 That look along Epirus' valleys,
 Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills ;
 And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home ;
 But never more, Oh ! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.
But those hardy days flew cheerily,
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.

* The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnaouts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the the bands common in that country in times of trouble.—B. 1815.

'Tis that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,
To follow me so far away.
Stranger—will thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow ?

I.

Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands,
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below :
Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears ;
And downward to the Isthmian plain,
From shore to shore of either main,
The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines ;
And the dusk Spahi's bands* advance
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance ;
And far and wide as eye can reach
The turban'd cohorts throng the beach ;
And there the Arab's camel kneels,
And there his steed the Tartar wheels,
The Turcoman hath left his herd,†
The sabre round his loins to gird ;
And there the volleying thunders pour,
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death ;
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,

* Turkish Cavalry.

† The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal : they dwell in tents

Which crumbles with the ponderous ball ;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
With fires that answer fast and well
The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
Of those who wish and work its fall,
With deeper skill in war's black art,
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
As any chief that ever stood
Triumphant in the fields of blood ;
From post to post, and deed to deed,
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
And make the foremost Moslem quail ;
Or where the battery guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Alighting cheerily to inspire
The soldier slackening in his fire ;
The first and freshest of the host
Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,
To guide the follower o'er the field,
To point the tube, the lance to wield,
Or whirl around the bickering blade ;—
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade !

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle sires—he drew his birth ;
But late an exile from her shore,
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear ; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth pass'd
With Greece to Venice' rule at last ;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"the Free ;"
And in the palace of St Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced :
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,
That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high.
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi*—he whose closing scene
 Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,
 When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
 The last and mightiest of the slain,
 He sank, regretting not to die,
 But cursed the Christian's victory—
 Coumourgi—can his glory cease,
 That latest conqueror of Greece,
 Till Christian hands to Greece restore
 The freedom Venice gave of yore?
 A hundred years have roll'd away
 Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway,
 And now he led the Mussulman,
 And gave the guidance of the van
 To Alp, who well repaid the trust
 By cities levell'd with the dust;
 And proved, by many a deed of death,
 How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak ; and fast, and hot
 Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,
 With unabating fury sent
 From battery to battlement ;
 And thunder-like the pealing din
 Rose from each heated culverin :
 And here and there some crackling dome
 Was fired before the exploding bomb :
 And as the fabric sank beneath
 The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
 In red and wreathing columns flash'd
 The flame as loud the ruin crash'd,
 Or into countless meteors driven,
 Its earth-stars melted into heaven ;
 Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
 Impervious to the hidden sun,
 With volumed smoke that slowly grew
 To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,
 Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
 The Moslem warriors sternly teach
 His skill to pierce the promised breach :
 Within these walls a maid was pent
 His hope would win, without consent
 Of that inexorable sire,

* Ali Coumourgi, the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said, "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."—B.

Whose heart refused him in its ire,
 When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
 Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
 In happier mood, and earlier time,
 While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,
 Gayest in gondola or hall,
 He glitter'd through the Carnival;
 And tuned the softest serenade
 That e'er on Adria's waters play'd
 At midnight to Italian maid.

VIII.

And many deem'd her heart was won :
 For sought by numbers, given to none,
 Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
 Still by the church's bonds unchain'd :
 And when the Adriatic bore
 Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
 Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
 And pensive wax'd the maid and pale ;
 More constant at confessional,
 More rare at masque and festival ;
 Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
 Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to prize :
 With listless look she seems to gaze ;
 With humbler care her form arrays ;
 Her voice less lively in the song ;
 Her step, though light, less fleet among
 The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance
 Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the state to guard the land,
 (Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,
 While Sobieski* tamed his pride
 By Buda's wall and Danube's side,
 The chiefs of Venice wrung away
 From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
 Minotti held in Corinth's towers
 The Doge's delegated powers.
 While yet the pitying eye of Peace
 Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece :
 And ere that faithful truce was broke
 Which freed her from the unchristian yoke.
 With him his gentle daughter came ;
 Nor there, since Menelaus' dame†
 Forsook her lord and land, to prove
 What woes await on lawless love,
 Had fairer form adorn'd the shore
 Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn ;
 And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,

John Sobieski, king of Poland.

Helena, whose elopement led to the siege and destruction of Troy.

O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
 The foremost of the fierce assault.
 The bands are rank'd ; the chosen van
 Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
 The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"
 Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
 And win their way with falchion's force,
 Or pave the path with many a corse,
 O'er which the following brave may rise,
 Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

XI.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright ;
 Who ever gazed upon them shining
 And turn'd to earth without repining,
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray ?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves ;
 The banners droop'd along their staves,
 And, as they fell around them furling,
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;
 And that deep silence was unbroke,
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
 And echo answer'd from the hill,
 And the wide hum of that wild host
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
 As rose the Muezzin's* voice in air
 In midnight call to wonted prayer ;
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
 Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
 And take a long unmeasured tone,
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
 It seem'd to those within the wall
 A cry prophetic of their fall :
 It struck even the besieger's ear
 With something ominous and drear,
 An undefined and sudden thrill,
 Which makes the heart a moment still,
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
 Of that strange sense its silence framed ;
 Such as a sudden passing-bell
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

* Announcing the hour of prayer from the minaret.

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore ;
 The sound was hush'd, the prayer was o'er ;
 The watch was set, the night-round made,
 All mandates issued and obey'd :
 'Tis but another anxious night,
 His pains the morrow may requite
 With all revenge and love can pay,
 In guerdon for their long delay.
 Few hours remain, and he hath need
 Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
 Of slaughter : but within his soul
 The thoughts like troubled waters roll.
 He stood alone among the host ;
 Not his the loud fanatic boast
 To plant the crescent o'er the cross,
 Or risk a life with little loss,
 Secure in paradise to be
 By Houris loved immortally :
 Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
 The stern exaltedness of zeal,
 Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
 When battling on the parent soil.
 He stood alone—a renegade
 Against the country he betray'd ;
 He stood alone amidst his band,
 Without a trusted heart or hand :
 They follow'd him, for he was brave,
 And great the spoil he got and gave ;
 They crouch'd to him, for he had skill
 To warp and wield the vulgar will :
 But still his Christian origin
 With them was little less than sin.
 They envied even the faithless fame
 He earn'd beneath a Moslem name ;
 Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
 In youth a bitter Nazarene.
 They did not know how pride can stoop,
 When baffled feelings withering droop ;
 They did not know how hate can burn
 In hearts once changed from soft to stern ;
 Nor all the false and fatal zeal
 The convert of revenge can feel.
 He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
 By ever daring to be first :
 So lions o'er the jackal sway :
 The jackal points, he fells the prey,
 Then on the vulgar yelling press,
 To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse
 The quick successive throbs convulse ;
 In vain from side to side he throws
 His form, in courtship of repose ;

Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart.
The turban on his hot brow press'd,
The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,
Though oft and long beneath its weight
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
Without or couch or canopy,
Except a rougher field and sky
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was spread.
He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for day,
But walk'd him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strew'd the strand.
What pillow'd them? and why should he
More wakeful than the humblest be,
Since more their peril, worse their toil?
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
While he alone, where thousands pass'd
A night of sleep, perchance their last,
In sickly vigil wander'd on,
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less form'd to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,
And linger'd on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.
Oh! still her step at moments falters
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token:
But vain her voice till better days
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,

Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wander'd,
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the sword,
A traitor in a turban'd horde;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had those his fancy number'd,
The chiefs whose dust around him slumber'd;
Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs!
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
And woo'd the freshness Night diffused.
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,*
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway.
The rock unworn its base doth bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago:

* The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.—B.

A smooth short space of yellow sand
 Between it and the greener land.
 He wander'd on, along the beach,
 Till within the range of a carbine's reach
 Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him not,
 Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
 Did traitors lurk in the Christian's hold?
 Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts wax'd cold?
 I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no ball,
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
 That flank'd the seaward gate of the town;
 Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
 The sullen words of the sentinel,
 As his measured step on the stone below
 Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
 Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
 They were too busy to bark at him!
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,*
 As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
 When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
 So well had they broken a lingering fast
 With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd on the sand,
 The foremost of these were the best of his band:
 Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,†
 All the rest was shaven and bare.
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
 The hair was tangled round his jaw.
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
 Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
 But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
 But he better could brook to behold the dying,
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
 Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
 There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;

* This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the walls of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's Travels. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.—B.

† This tuft or long lock, is left, from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.—B.

For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
 But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay.

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
 Fashioned by long forgotten hands;
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
 Out upon Time! it will leave no more
 Of the things to come than the things before!
 Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
 But enough of the past for the future to grieve
 O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
 What we have seen, our sons shall see;
 Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
 Fragments of stone rear'd by creatures of clay!

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
 And pass'd his hand athwart his face;
 Like one in dreary musing mood,
 Declining was his attitude;
 His head was drooping on his breast,
 Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd:
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
 Oft his beating fingers went,
 Hurriedly, as you may see
 Your own run over the ivory key,
 Ere the measured tone is taken
 By the chords you would awaken.
 There he sate all heavily,
 As he heard the night-wind sigh.
 Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
 Sent that soft and tender moan?*

He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
 But it was unrippled as glass may be;
 He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade,
 How was that gentle sound convey'd?
 He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
 And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;
 What did that sudden sound bespeak?

* I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr Coleridge, whose poem has been composed about fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.—B. 1815.

He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

XX.

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
“God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?”
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deem'd no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!
The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

“I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be bless'd.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
’Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy father's creed:
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part.”
“And where should our bridal couch be spread?
In the midst of the dying and the dead?”

For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn :
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be join'd, and our sorrow forgot.
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quell'd the pride
Of Venice ; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase ;
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
And shot a chillness to his heart,
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold ;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,
So deeply changed from what he knew :
Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream ,
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

" If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,

That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
 And mercy's gate may receive thee within:
 But pause one moment more, and take
 The curse of Him thou didst forsake:
 And look once more to heaven, and see
 Its love for ever shut from thee.
 There is a light cloud by the moon*—
 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
 If, by the time its vapoury sail
 Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
 Thy heart within thee is not changed,
 Then God and man are both avenged;
 Dark will thy doom be, darker still
 Thine immortality of ill."

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high
 The sign she spake of in the sky;
 But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,
 By deep interminable pride.
 This first false passion of his breast
 Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd
 By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
 Her sons, devoted to the grave!
 No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
 And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly,
 Without an accent of reply;
 He watch'd it passing; it is flown:
 Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
 And thus he spoke—"Whate'er my fate,
 I am no changeling—'tis too late:
 The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
 Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
 What Venice made me, I must be,
 Her foe in all, save love to thee:
 But thou art safe: Oh, fly with me!"
 He turn'd, but she is gone!
 Nothing is there but the column stone.
 Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
 He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
 As if that morn were a jocund one.
 Lightly and brightly breaks away
 The Morning from her mantle gray,
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.
 Hark to the trump and the drum,

* I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it: but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.—B.

And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
 And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
 And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
 The horsetails* are pluck'd from the ground, and the
 sword

From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
 Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
 Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
 Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
 That the fugitive may fly in vain,
 When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
 Aged or young, in the Christian's shape;
 While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
 Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
 The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
 The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
 The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before:
 Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
 Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
 So is the blade of his scimitar;
 The khan and the pachas are all at their post
 The vizier himself at the head of the host.
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
 God and the prophets—Alla Hu!
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
 "There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
 And your hands on your sabres, and how should you fail
 He who first downs with the red cross may crave
 His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
 Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier;
 The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
 And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire:—
 Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

XXII.

As the wolves that headlong go
 On the stately buffalo,
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
 The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die:
 Thus against the wall they went,
 Thus the first were backward bent;
 Many a bosom sheathed in brass,
 Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
 Shiver'd by the shot, that tore
 The ground whereon they moved no more:

* The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.—B.

Even as they fell, in files they lay,
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain;
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
 From the cliffs invading dash
 Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
 Till white and thundering down they go,
 Like the avalanche's snow
 On the Alpine vales below;
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
 Corinth's sons were downward borne
 By the long and oft renew'd
 Charge of the Moslem multitude.
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
 Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
 Nothing there, save death, was mute;
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
 For quarter, or for victory,
 Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
 Which makes the distant cities wonder
 How the sounding battles goes,
 If with them, or for their foes;
 If they must mourn, or may rejoice
 In that annihilating voice,
 Which pierces the deep hills through and through
 With an echo dread and new:
 You might have heard it, on that day,
 O'er Salamis and Megara;
 (We have heard the hearers say,)
 Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;
 But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
 And all but the after carnage done.
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come
 From within the plunder'd dome:
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
 But here and there, where 'vantage ground
 Against the foe may still be found,
 Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
 Make a pause, and turn again—
 With banded backs against the wall,
 Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
 But his veteran arm was full of might:
 So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
 The dead before him, on that day,
 In a semicircle lay;

Still he combated unwounded,
 Though retreating, unsurrounded.
 Many a scar of former fight
 Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright ;
 But of every wound his body bore,
 Each and all had been ta'en before :
 Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
 Few of our youth could cope with him ;
 And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
 Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver grey.
 From right to left his sabre swept :
 Many an Othman mother wept
 Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd
 His weapon first in Moslem gore,
 Ere his years could count a score.
 Of all he might have been the sire
 Who fell that day beneath his ire ;
 For, sonless left long years ago,
 His wrath made many a childless foe ;
 And since the day, when in the strait*
 His only boy had met his fate,
 His parent's iron hand did doom
 More than a human hecatomb.
 If shades by carnage be appeased,
 Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
 Than his, Minotti's son, who died
 Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
 Buried he lay, where thousands before
 For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore ;
 What of them is left, to tell
 Where they lie, and how they fell ?
 Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves ;
 But they live in the verse that immortally saves.

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout ! a band
 Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand :
 Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
 Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
 Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on ;
 Thus in the fight is he ever known :
 Others a gaudier garb may show,
 To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe ;
 Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
 But none on a steel more ruddily gilt ;
 Many a loftier turban may wear,—
 Alp is but known by the white arm bare ;
 Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there !
 There is not a standard on that shore
 So well advanced the ranks before ;
 There is not a banner in the Moslem war
 Will lure the Delhis half so far ;
 It glances like a falling star !
 Where'er that mighty arm is seen,

* In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.—

The bravest be, or late have been ;
 There the craven cries for quarter
 Vainly to the vengeful Tartar ;
 Or the hero, silent lying,
 Scorns to yield a groan in dying
 Mustering his last feeble blow
 'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,
 Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
 Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
 And Alp's career a moment check'd.
 "Yield thee, Minotti ; quarter take,
 For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

"Never, renegado, never !
 Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."

"Francesca !—Oh, my promised bride !
 Must she too perish by thy pride ?"

"She is safe."—"Where ? where ?"—"In heaven ;
 From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
 Far from thee, and undefiled."
 Grimly then Minotti smiled,
 As he saw Alp staggering bow
 Before his words, as with a blow.

"Oh God ! when died she ?"—"Yesternight—
 Nor weep I for her spirit's flight :
 None of my pure race shall be
 Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
 Come on !"—That challenge is in vain—
 Alp's already with the slain !
 While Minotti's words were wreaking
 More revenge in bitter speaking
 Than his falchion's point had found,
 Had the time allow'd to wound,
 From within the neighbouring porch
 Of a long defended church,
 Where the last and desperate few
 Would the failing fight renew,
 The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the ground ;
 Ere an eye could view the wound
 That crash'd through the brain of the infidel,
 Round he spun, and down he fell ;
 A flash like fire within his eyes
 Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
 And then eternal darkness sunk
 Through all the palpitating trunk ;
 Nought of life left, save a quivering
 Where his limbs were slightly shivering :
 They turn'd him on his back ; his breast
 And brow were stain'd with gore and dust,
 And through his lips his life-blood oozed,
 From its deep veins lately loosed ;

But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob ;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath
Heralded his way to death :
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unaneled he pass'd away,
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—
To the last—a Renegade.

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes ;
These in joy, in fury those :
Then again in conflict mixing,
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command ;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
Whence issued late the fated ball
That half avenged the city's fall,
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell :
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track ;
And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane ;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time ! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat ;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not ;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly ;
They perforce must do or die.
They die ; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose ;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaughter'd still
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renew'd attacks :
And now the Othmans gain the gate ;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot ;

From every shatter'd window pour
 The volleys of the sulphurous shower ;
 But the portal wavering grows and weak—
 The iron yields, the hinges creak—
 It bends—it falls—and all is o'er ;
 Lost Corinth may resist no more !

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
 Minotti stood o'er the altar stone :
 Madonna's face upon him shone,
 Painted in heavenly hues above,
 With eyes of light and looks of love ;
 And placed upon that holy shrine
 To fix our thoughts on things divine,
 When pictured there, we kneeling see,
 Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
 Smiling sweetly on each prayer
 To heaven, as if to waft it there.
 Still she smiled ; even now she smiles,
 Though slaughter streams along her aisles :
 Minotti lifted his aged eye,
 And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
 Then seized a torch which blazed thereby ;
 And still he stood, while, with steel and flame,
 Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
 Contain'd the dead of ages gone ;
 Their names were on the graven floor,
 But now illegible with gore ;
 The carved crests, and curious hues
 The varied marble's veins diffuse,
 Were smear'd, and slippery—stain'd, and strewn
 With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown :
 There were dead above, and the dead below
 Lay cold in many a coffin'd row ;
 You might see them piled in sable state,
 By a pale light through a gloomy grate ;
 But War had enter'd their dark caves,
 And stored along the vaulted graves
 Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
 In masses by the fleshless dead :

Here, throughout the siege, had been
 The Christians' chiefest magazine ;
 To these a late form'd train now led,
 Minotti's last and stern resource
 Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
 To strive, and those must strive in vain :
 For lack of further lives, to slake
 The thirst of vengeance now awake,
 With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
 And lop the already lifeless head,

And fell the statues from their niche,
 And spoil the shrines of offerings rich.
 And from each other's rude hands wrest
 The silver vessels saints had bless'd.
 To the high altar on they go ;
 Oh, but it made a glorious show !
 On its table still behold
 The cup of consecrated gold ;
 Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
 Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes :
 That morn it held the holy wine,
 Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
 Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,
 To shrive their souls ere they join'd in the fray.
 Still a few drops within it lay ;
 And round the sacred table glow
 Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row
 From the purest metal cast ;
 A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
 To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
 When old Minotti's hand
 Touch'd with the torch the train—
 'Tis fired !
 Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
 The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
 All that of living or dead remain,
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
 In one wild roar expired !
 The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—
 The waves a moment backward bent—
 The hills that shake, although unrent,
 As if an earthquake pass'd—
 The thousand shapeless things all driven
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
 By that tremendous blast—
 Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er
 On that too long afflicted shore :
 Up to the sky like rockets go
 All that mingled there below :
 Many a tall and goodly man,
 Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,
 When he fell to earth again
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain :
 Down the ashes shower like rain ;
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
 With a thousand circling wrinkles ;
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
 Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay ;
 Christian or Moslem, which be they ?
 Let their mothers see and say !
 When in cradled rest they lay,
 And each nursing mother smiled

On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deem'd she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;
That one moment left not trace
More of human form or face
Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:
And down came blazing rafters, strewn
Around, and many a falling stone,
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blacken'd there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead;
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still;
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek
Thus was Corinth lost and won!

ADVERTISEMENT.

PARISINA.

TO

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRER HIS TALENTS AND VALUED HIS
FRIENDSHIP

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent."—GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.

PARISINA.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard.
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.*

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves;
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.

* The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear; the greater part of which was composed prior to "Lara."—B.

And heedless as the dead are they
 Of aught around, above, beneath
 And if all else had pass'd away,
 They only for each other breathe
 Their very sighs are full of joy
 So deep, that did it not decay,
 That happy madness would destroy
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway :
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
 In that tumultuous tender dream ?
 Who that have felt that passion's power,
 Or paused, or feared in such an hour ?
 Or thought how brief such moments last ?
 But yet—they are already past !
 Alas ! we must awake before
 We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
 The spot of guilty gladness past ;
 And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
 As if that parting were the last.
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
 The lip that there would cling for ever,
 While gleams on Parisina's face
 The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
 As if each calmly conscious star
 Beheld her frailty from afar—
 The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
 Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
 But it must come, and they must part
 In fearful heaviness of heart,
 With all the deep and shuddering chill
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
 To covet there another's bride ;
 But she must lay her conscious head
 A husband's trusting heart beside.
 But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
 And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
 And mutters she in her unrest
 A name she dare not breathe by day,
 And clasps her lord unto the breast
 Which pants for one away :
 And he to that embrace awakes,
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes
 That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
 For such as he was wont to bless ;
 And could in very fondness weep
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI.

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,
 And listened to each broken word :

He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard?
 And well he may—a deeper doom
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,
 And stand the eternal throne before.
 And well he may—his earthly peace
 Upon that sound is doom'd to cease.
 That sleeping whisper of a name
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.
 And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
 And dashes on the pointed rock
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—
 So came upon his soul the shock.
 And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—his—
 In sooth he had not deem'd of this!—
 'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
 He loved—his own all-evil son—
 The offspring of his wayward youth,
 When he betray'd Bianca's truth,
 The maid whose folly could confide
 In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
 But sheathed it ere the point was bare—
 Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
 He could not slay a thing so fair—
 At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
 Nay more:—he did not wake her then,
 But gazed upon her with a glance
 Which, had she roused her from her trance,
 Had frozen her sense to sleep again—
 And o'er his brow the burning lamp
 Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and damp.
 She spake no more—but still she slumber'd—
 While, in his thought, her days are number'd.

VIII.

And with the morn he sought, and found,
 In many a tale from those around,
 The proof of all he fear'd to know,
 Their present guilt, his future woe;
 The long-conniving damsels seek
 To save themselves, and would transfer
 The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her:
 Concealment is no more—they speak
 All circumstance which may compel
 Full credence to the tale they tell:
 And Azo's tortured heart and ear
 Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brook'd delay:
 Within the chamber of his state,

The chief of Este's ancient sway
 Upon his throne of judgment sate ;
 His nobles and his guards are there,—
 Before him is the sinful pair ;
 Both young,—and *one* how passing fair !
 With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,
 Oh, ——— ! that thus a son should stand
 Before a father's face !
 Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
 And hear the sentence of his ire,
 The tale of his disgrace !
 And yet he seems not overcome,
 Although, as yet his voice be dumb.

X.

And still, and pale, and silently
 Did Parisina wait her doom ;
 How changed since last her speaking eye
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
 Where high-born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its queen :
 Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
 And made her quarrel all their own.
 Now,—what is she ? and what are they ?
 Can she command, or these obey ?
 All silent and unheeding now,
 With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
 And folded arms, and freezing air,
 And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
 Her knights and dames, her court—is there :
 And he, the chosen one, whose lance
 Had yet been couch'd before her glance,
 Who—were his arm a moment free—
 Had died or gain'd her liberty ;
 The minion of his father's bride,—
 He, too, is fetter'd by her side ;
 Nor sees her swoln and full eyes swim
 Less for her own despair than him :
 Those lids—o'er which the violet vein
 Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
 Shining through the smoothest white
 That e'er did softest kiss invite—
 Now seem'd with hot and livid glow
 To press, not shade, the orbs below ;
 Which glance so heavily, and fill,
 As tear on tear grows gathering still.

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
 But for the eyes that on him gazed :

His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
 Stern and erect his brow was raised.
 Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,
 He would not shrink before the crowd
 But yet he dared not look on her:
 Remembrance of the hours that were—
 His guilt—his love—his present state—
 His father's wrath—all good men's hate—
 His earthly, his eternal fate—
 And hers,—Oh, hers! he dared not throw
 One look upon that deathlike brow!
 Else had his rising heart betray'd
 Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
 I gloried in a wife and son;
 That dream this morning pass'd away;
 Ere day declines, I shall have none.
 My life must linger on alone;
 Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
 Who would not do as I have done:
 Those ties are broken—not by me;
 Let that too pass:—the doom's prepared!
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
 And then—thy crime's reward!
 Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,
 Before its evening stars are met—
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
 But here, upon the earth beneath,
 There is no spot where thou and I
 Together, for an hour could breathe:
 Farewell! I will not see thee die—
 But thou, frail thing! shalt view his head—
 Away! I cannot speak the rest:
 Go! woman of the wanton breast;
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed:
 Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,
 And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
 For on his brow the swelling vein
 Throbb'd as if back upon his brain
 The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again;
 And therefore bow'd he for a space,
 And pass'd his shaking hand along
 His eye, to veil it from the throng;
 While Hugo raised his chained hands,
 And for a brief delay demands
 His father's ear: the silent sire
 Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
 For thou hast seen me by thy side

All redly through the battle ride,
 And that not once a useless brand
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand,
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
 Than e'er can stain the axe of mine :

Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
 A gift for which I thank thee not ;
 Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
 Her slighted love and ruin'd name,
 Her offspring's heritage of shame ;
 But she is in the grave, where he,
 Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.
 Her broken heart—my sever'd head—
 Shall witness for thee from the dead
 How trusty and how tender were
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.
 'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—
 But wrong for wrong :—this, deem'd thy bride,
 The other victim of thy pride,
 Thou know'st for me was destined long.
 Thou saw'st, and covetedst her charms—
 And with thy very crime—my birth,
 Thou tauntest me—as little worth ;
 A match ignoble for her arms,
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim
 The lawful heirship of thy name,
 Nor sit on Este's lineal throne :

Yet, were a few short summers mine,
 My name should more than Este's shine
 With honours all my own.
 I had a sword—and have a breast
 That should have won as haught* a crest
 As ever waved along the line
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
 Not always knightly spurs are worn
 The brightest by the better borne ;
 And mine have lanced my courser's flank
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
 When charging to the cheering cry
 Of " Este and of Victory !"
 I will not plead the cause of crime,
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time
 A few brief hours or days that must
 At length roll o'er my reckless dust ;—
 Such maddening moments as my past,
 They could not, and they did not, last.
 Albeit my birth and name be base,
 And thy nobility of race
 Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—
 Yet in my lineaments they trace
 Some features of my father's face,
 And in my spirit—all of thee.
 From thee—this tamelessness of heart—

* Haught—haughty.—"Away, haught man, thou art insulting me." SHAKESPEARE.—B.

From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
 From thee in all their vigour came
 My arm of strength—my soul of flame—
 Thou didst not give me life alone,
 But all that made me more thine own.
 See what thy guilty love hath done!
 Repaid thee with too like a son!
 I am no bastard in my soul,
 For that, like thine, abhorr'd contro.
 And for my breath, that hasty boon
 Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,
 I valued it no more than thou,
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,
 And we, all side by side, have striven,
 And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
 The past is nothing—and at last
 The future can but be the past;
 Yet would I that I then had died;
 For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
 And made thy own my destined bride,
 I feel thou art my father still;
 And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
 'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
 Begot in sin, to die in shame,
 My life begun and ends the same:
 As err'd the sire, so err'd the son,
 And thou must punish both in one.
 My crime seems worst to human view,
 But God must judge between us too!"

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
 On which the circling fetters sounded;
 And not an ear but felt as wounded,
 Of all the chiefs that there were rank'd,
 When those dull chains in meeting clank'd:
 Till Parisina's fatal charms
 Again attracted every eye—
 Would she thus hear him doom'd to die?
 She stood, I said, all pale and still,
 The living cause of Hugo's ill:
 Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
 Not once had turn'd to either side—
 Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
 Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
 But round their orbs of deepest blue
 The circling white dilated grew—
 And there with glassy gaze she stood
 As ice were in her curdled blood;
 But every now and then a tear
 So large and slowly gather'd slid
 From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
 It was a thing to see, not hear!
 And those who saw, it did surprise,
 Such drops could fall from human eyes.

To speak she thought—the imperfect note
 Was choked within her swelling throat,
 Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
 Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
 It ceased—again she thought to speak,
 Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
 And to the earth she fell like stone
 Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
 More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
 A monument of Azo's wife,—
 Than her, that living guilty thing,
 Whose every passion was a sting,
 Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
 That guilt's detection and despair.
 But yet she lived—and all too soon
 Recover'd from that death-like swoon—
 But scarce to reason—every sense
 Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense ;
 And each frail fibre of her brain
 (As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,
 The erring arrow launch aside)
 Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
 The past a blank, the future black,
 With glimpses of a dreary track,
 Like lightning on the desert path,
 When midnight storms are mustering wrath
 She fear'd—she felt that something ill
 Lay on her soul, so deep and chill—
 That there was sin and shame she knew .
 That some one was to die—but who ?
 She had forgotten :—did she breathe ?
 Could this be still the earth beneath,
 The sky above, and men around ;
 Or were they fiends who now so frown'd
 On one, before whose eyes each eye
 Till then had smiled in sympathy ?
 All was confused and undefined
 To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind ;
 A chaos of wild hopes and fears :
 And now in laughter, now in tears,
 But madly still in each extreme,
 She strove with that convulsive dream ;
 For so it seem'd on her to break :
 Oh ! vainly must she strive to wake !

XV.

The Convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the gray square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro.
 Heavily to the heart they go !
 Hark ! the hymn is singing—
 The song for the dead below,
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !
 For a departing being's soul
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll :

He is near his mortal goal ;
Kneeling at the friar's knee ;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
And the headman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew :
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father !

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray ;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen—
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curl'd half down his neck so bare ;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter——
Oh ! that parting hour was bitter !
Even the stern stood chill'd with awe :
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover !
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,
His bright brown locks must now be clipp'd ;
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half renew'd,
When headman's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind.

As if they dared not look on death.
 "No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
 These hands are chain'd—but let me die
 At least with an unshackled eye—
 "Strike:"—and as the word he said,
 Upon the block he bow'd his head;
 These the last accents Hugo spoke:
 "Strike:"—and flashing fell the stroke—
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,
 In the dust, which each deep vein
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
 He died, as erring man should die,
 Without display, without parade;
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
 As not disdaining priestly aid,
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.
 And while before the prior kneeling,
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;
 His wrathful sire—his paramour—
 What were they in such an hour?
 No more reproach—no more despair;
 No thought but heaven—no word but prayer—
 Save the few which from him broke,
 When, bared to meet the headman's stroke,
 He claim'd to die with eyes unbound,
 His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
 Each gazer's bosom held his breath:
 But yet, afar, from man to man,
 A cold electric shiver ran,
 As down the deadly blow descended
 On him whose life and love thus ended;
 And, with a hushing sound compress'd,
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,
 Beyond the blow that to the block
 Pierced through with force and sullen shock,
 Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill—so passing wild?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child,
 Done to death by sudden blow,
 To the sky these accents go,
 Like a soul's in endless woe.
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
 And every eye is turn'd thereon
 But sound and sight alike are gone!
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair;

And those who heard it, as it past,
In mercy wish'd it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen ; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen :
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
Was banish'd from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear ;
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son :
No tomb—no memory had they ;
Theirs was unconsecrated clay ;
At least the knight's who died that day.
But Parisina's fate lies hid :
Like dust beneath the coffin lid :
Whether in convent she abode,
And won to heaven her dreary road,
By blighted and remorseful years
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears ;
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
For that dark love she dared to feel ;
Or if, upon the moment smote,
She died by tortures less remote ;
Like him she saw upon the block,
With heart that shared the headman's shock,
In quicken'd brokenness that came,
In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame,
None knew—and none can ever know :
But whatso'er its end below,
Her life began and closed in woe .

XX.

And Azo found another bride,
And goodly sons grew by his side :
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who wither'd in the grave :
Or if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.
But never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbended ;
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought ;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there ;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.
He was past all mirth or woe :
Nothing more remain'd below
But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet
That would not yield—nor could forget,
Which, when it least appear'd to melt,

Intently thought—intensely felt :
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.
Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted
By thoughts which Nature hath implanted ;
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we banish ;
When, struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears unshed
But flow back to the fountainhead,
And resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,
And cherish'd most where least reveal'd.
With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft ;
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain ;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share,
With all the consciousness that he
Had only pass'd a just decree ;
That they had wrought their doom of ill ;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopp'd with care, a strength may give
By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free :
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON;

A FABLE.

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,*
As men's have grown from sudden fears •
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare ;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death ;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;

* Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect : to such, and not to fear, this change in hers was to be attributed.—B.

And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place ;
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of persecution's rage ;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd :
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each, alone ;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight ;
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart ;
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be :

It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved :
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest ;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind ;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy :—but not in chains to pine.
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine :
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's* walls :

* The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Bonveret and St Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent: below it, washing its walls, the Lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet French measure: within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his Héloïse, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.—B. T

A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthrals:
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captive's tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den;
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:

The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, —— ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot.

I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track,
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done.

But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile ;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud in a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear.
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was :—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down;
 And then there was a little isle,*
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

* Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.—A

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

THE DREAM.

I.

OUR life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence ! Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recal a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings* in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem

* Lord Byron here refers to himself and Miss Chaworth.

Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
 And both were young, and one was beautiful :
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him ; he had look'd
 Upon it till it could not pass away ;
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers :
 She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words : she was his sight,
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects :—he had ceased
 To live within himself ; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all : upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :
 Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was
 Even as a brother—but no more ; 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him ;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why ?
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another ; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
 Within an antique Oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake ;—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon
 He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of ; then he lean'd
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
 With a convulsion—then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,
 The Lady of his love re-enter'd there ;

She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
 He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
 And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
 Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
 And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
 With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
 Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
 And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
 There was a mass of many images
 Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
 A part of all ; and in the last he lay
 Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
 Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
 Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
 Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
 Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
 Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
 Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
 While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
 And they were canopied by the blue sky,
 So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 The Lady of his love was wed with One
 Who did not love her better :—in her home,
 A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
 She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
 Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold !
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
 What could her grief be ?—she had all she loved,
 And he who had so loved her was not there
 To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
 Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
 What could her grief be ?—she had loved him not,
 Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,

Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was return'd—I saw him stand
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accusom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunsine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place, and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love;—Oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,*

* Mithridates of Pontus.—B.

He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men.
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

July, 1812.

MANFRED;
A DRAMATIC POEM.

**"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.
ABBOT OF ST MAURICE.
MANUEL.
HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS.
ARIMANES.
NEMESIS.
THE DESTINIES.
SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the
Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Mountains.*

MANFRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone*.—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.*

Man. THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch :
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not : in my heart
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
To look within ; and yet I live, and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing men.
But grief should be the instructor of the wise ;
Sorrow is knowledge : they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself—
But they avail not : I have done men good,
And I have met with good even among men—
But this avail'd not : I have had my foes,
And none have baffled, many fallen before me—
But this avail'd not :—Good, or evil, life,
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
Since that all nameless hour. I have no dread,
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
Or lurking love of something on the earth.—
Now to my task.—

Mysterious Agency !

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe !
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light—
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,

And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you——Rise! appear! (A pause.)
They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you—by this sign,
Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
Who is undying,—Rise! appear!——Appear! (A pause.)
If it be so.—Spirits of earth and air,
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
Which had its birth-place in a star condemn'd,
The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,
A wandering hell in the eternal space;
By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will.—Appear!

*(A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery; it is stationary,
and a voice is heard singing.)*

FIRST SPIRIT.

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,
From my mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds
With the azure and vermillion,
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;
Though thy quest may be forbidden,
On a star-beam I have ridden;
To thine adjuration bow'd,
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The Glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his cavern'd base—
And what with me wouldst *Thou*?

Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT.

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells;

Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells ;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold !

FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher ;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth.
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth ;
I have quitted my birth-place.
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide !

FIFTH SPIRIT.

I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm ;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm ;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast :
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
'Twill sink ere night be past.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light ?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.

The star which rules thy destiny
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me :
It was a world as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round sun in air,
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star.
The hour arrived—and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flames,
A pathless comet, and a curse,
The menace of the universe ;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky !
And thou ! beneath its influence born—
Thou worm ! whom I obey and scorn—
Forced by a power (which is not thine,
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak spirits round thee bend

And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

The SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

Man. Forgetfulness—

First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and why?

Man. Of that which is within me; read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators, each and all,
These shall be thine.

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion—
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget;
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer'd?

Man. Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here
Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far-darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though coop'd in clay!
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answer'd; our reply
Is even in thine own words.

Man. Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit. Say;
What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us, ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days—

Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days?
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service;
Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds
As music on the waters; and I see

The steady aspect of a clear large star ;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

Spirit. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle :
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice ; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come !

Seventh Spirit. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*)
Behold !

Man. Oh God ! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— (*The figure vanishes.*)

My heart is crush'd !

(*MANFRED falls senseless*)

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass ;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answer'd owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.
Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep ;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone ;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud ;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye.
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been ;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
In the wind there is a voice

Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky ;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.
From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill ;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,
For there it coil'd as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.
By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee ! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell !
And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial ,
Nor to slumber nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny ;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear ;
Lo ! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee ,
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither !

SCENE II.

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—
MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.*

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me ;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother Earth !
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye
And, thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
 Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
 I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
 There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live;
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister, (*An eagle passes.*)
 Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
 (*The Shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*)
 The natural music of the mountain reed—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
 Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

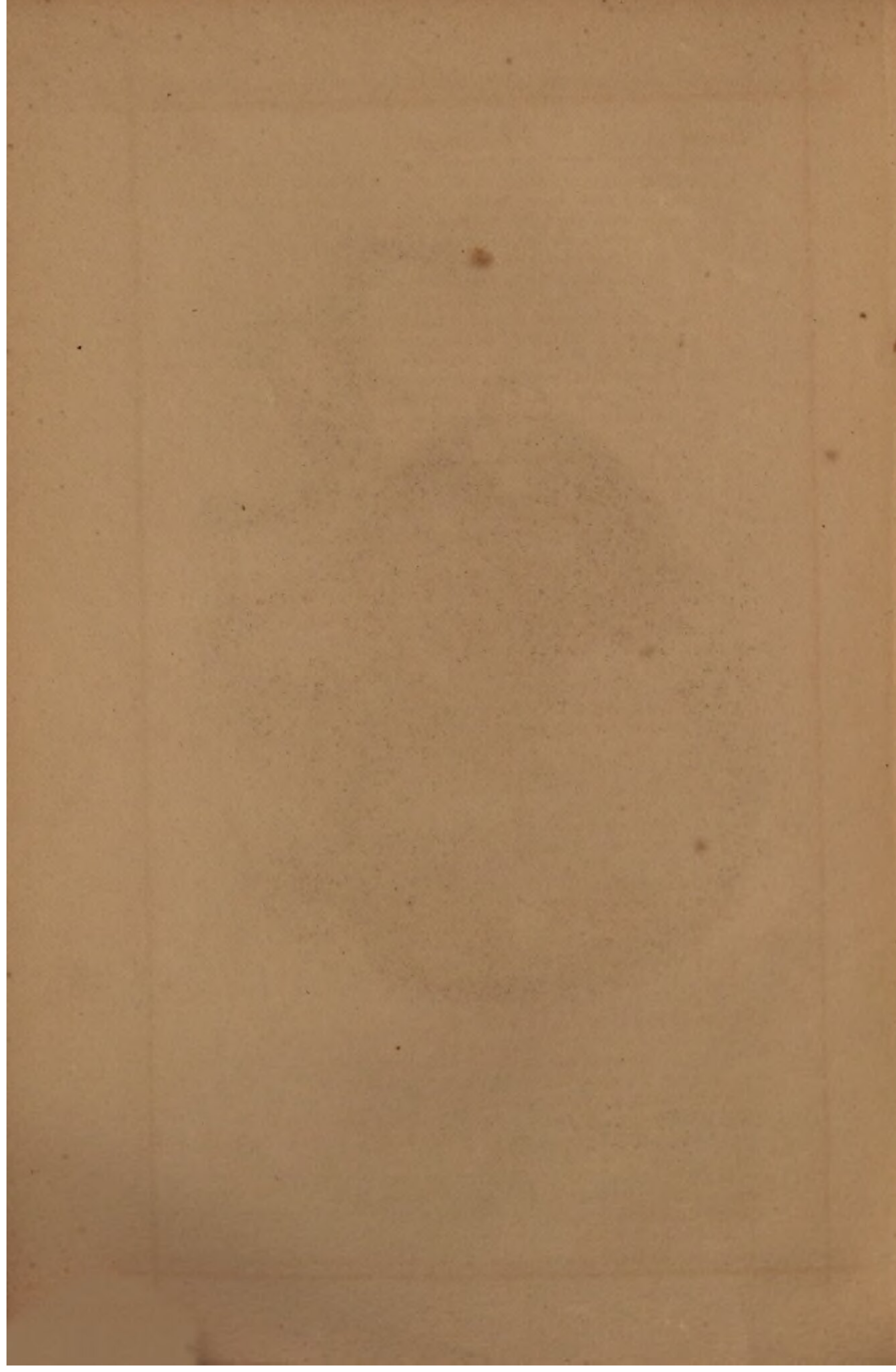
Chamois Hunter.

Even so

This way the Chamois leapt: her nimble feet
 Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce
 Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
 Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd
 A height which none even of our mountaineers,
 Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
 Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
 Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this distance—



Manfred Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!
Ch. Hunt. Hold, madman!—though aweary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—p. 309



I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be thus—
Gray-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (not hearing him). Such would have been for me a fitting
tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall be—
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

(*As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS
HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden grasp.*)

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though weary of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood—
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon.—Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour—
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
And something like a pathway, which the torrent
Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

(As they descend the rocks with difficulty the scene closes.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

C. Hun. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth :
Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least ;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

Man. It imports not : I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee lord? I only know their portals ;
My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals ; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine ;
'Tis of an ancient vintage ; many a day
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly.

Man. Away, away ! there's blood upon the brim !
Will it then never—never sink in the earth ?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean ? thy senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 'tis blood—my blood ! the pure warm stream
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed : but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

Man. Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven!
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

Man. I would I were—for then the things I see
Would be but a distemper'd dream.

C. Hun. What is it
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorch'd already!

C. Hun. And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun. And with this—
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.

Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

Man. Oh! no, no, no!
My injuries came down on those who loved me—
On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd
An enemy, save in my just defence—
But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun. Heaven give thee rest!
And penitence restore thee to thyself;
My prayer shall be for thee.

Man. I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart—
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
I know my path—the mountain peril's past:—
And once again, I charge thee, follow not! (*Exit MANFRED.*)

SCENE II.

*A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.**

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays† still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(*MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand
and flings it in the air, muttering the abjuration. After a
pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of
the sunbow of the torrent.*)

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow.

* The Staubach at Lauterbrunnen.

† This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents; it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it; this effect lasts till noon.—B.

Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further
The face of the earth hath madden'd me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards,
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who——but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the Wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their development; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning on the scatter'd leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—

Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
 I felt myself degraded back to them,
 And was all clay again. And then I dived,
 In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
 Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
 From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
 Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
 The nights of years in sciences untaught,
 Save in the old time; and with time and toil,
 And terrible ordeal, and such penance
 As in itself hath power upon the air,
 And spirits that do compass air and earth,
 Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
 Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
 Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
 He who from out their fountain-dwellings raised
 Eros and Anteros,* at Gadara,
 As I do thee;—and with my knowledge grew
 The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy
 Of this most bright intelligence, until,—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words,
 Boasting these idle attributes, because
 As I approach the core of my heart's grief—
 But to my task. I have not named to thee
 Father or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
 With whom I wore the chain of human ties;
 If I had such, they seem'd not such to me—
 Yet there was one—

Witch.

Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments—her eyes,
 Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
 Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
 But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty:
 She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
 The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
 To comprehend the universe: nor these
 Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
 Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
 And tenderness—but that I had for her;
 Humility—and that I never had.
 Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
 I loved her, and destroy'd her!

Witch.

With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart—
 It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
 Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed—
 I saw—and could not stanch it.

Witch.

And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
 The order which thine own would rise above,
 Mingling with us and ours, thou dost forego
 The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back

* The philosopher Jamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life by Eunapius. It is well told.—B.

To recreant mortality—Away!

Man. Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour—
But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the Furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
I have affronted death—but in the war
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
And fatal things pass'd harmless—the cold hand
Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
Back by a single hair, which would not break.
In fantasy, imagination, all
The affluence of my soul—which one day was
A Croesus in creation—I plunged deep,
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back
Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
And that I have to learn—my sciences,
My long pursued and superhuman art,
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—
And live—and live for ever.

Witch. It may be
That I can aid thee.

Man. To do this thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so—in any shape—in any hour—
With any torture—so it be the last.

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the spirits
Whose presence I command, and be the slave
Of those who served me—Never!

Witch. Is this all?
Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man. I have said it.

Witch. Enough!—I may retire then—say!

Man.

Retire!

(*The WITCH disappears.*)

Man. (alone). We are the fools of time and terror: Days
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
 As from a stream in winter, though the chill
 Be but a moment's. I have one resource
 Still in my science—I can call the dead,
 And ask them what it is we dread to be:
 The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
 And that is nothing—if they answer not—
 The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
 Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
 From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
 An answer and his destiny—he slew
 That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
 And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in aid
 The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
 The Arcadian Evocators to compel
 The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,
 Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
 In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.*
 If I had never lived, that which I love
 Had still been living; had I never loved,
 That which I love would still be beautiful—
 Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
 What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
 A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
 Within few hours I shall not call in vain—
 Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:
 Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
 On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
 And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
 But I can act even what I most abhor,
 And champion human fears.—The night approaches. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
 And here on snows, where never human foot
 Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
 And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
 Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image:
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
 The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
 Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
 Here do I wait my sisters, on our way

* The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Plataea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedæmonians) and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the sophist in his description of Greece.—B.

To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night
Is our great festival—'tis strange they come not.

A Voice without, singing.

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He's Tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

FIRST DESTINY, answering.

The city lies sleeping;
The morn, to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping:
Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelope a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation—
This work of a night—
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

First Des. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

Second Des.

At some great work

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Third Des. Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

Nem. I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds! (*Exeunt*)

SCENE IV.

*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire,
surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the SPIRITS.

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!
Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
The sceptre of the elements, which tear
Themselves to chaos at his high command!
He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea;
He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path
The comets herald through the crackling skies;
And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
To him War offers daily sacrifice;
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,
With all its infinite of agonies—
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
His power increaseth—both my sisters did
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow
The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await
His nod!

Nem. Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,
And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,
And most things wholly so; still to increase
Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
And we are vigilant—Thy late commands
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit. What is here !
A mortal !—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
Bow down and worship !

Second Spirit. I do know the man—
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill !

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship, slave !—What, know'st
thou not

Thine and our Sovereign ?—Tremble, and obey !

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth ! or dread the worst.

Man. I know it ;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit. 'Twill be taught thee.

Man. 'Tis taught already ;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes ; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit. Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
What the whole earth accords, beholding not
The terror of his Glory ?—Crouch ! I say.

Man. Bid him bow down to that which is above him,
The overruling Infinite—the Maker
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,
And we will kneel together.

The Spirits. Crush the worm !
'Tear him in pieces !—

First Des. Hence ! Avaunt !—he's mine.
Prince of the Powers invisible ! This man
Is of no common order, as his port
And presence here denote ; his sufferings
Have been of an immortal nature, like
Our own ; his knowledge, and his powers and will,
As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such
As clay hath seldom borne ; his aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him what we know—
That knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
This is not all—the passions, attributes
Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor being.
Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,
Have pierced his heart ; and in their consequence
Made him a thing, which I, who pity not,
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,
And thine, it may be—be it so, or not,
No other Spirit in this region hath
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then ?

First Des.

Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye: but there are
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What would'st thou?

Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

Ari. Yea.

Nem. Whom would'st thou
Uncharnel?

Man. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,
Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

(The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands in the midst.)

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!

Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answered.

Nem. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gaz'd o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills.
Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred!

(*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*)

Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality.

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question

Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well! (*Exit MANFRED.*)
(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say,
Are all things so disposed of in the tower
As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready:
Here is the key and casket.

Man. It is well:
Thou may'st retire. (*Exit HERMAN.*)

Man. (alone). There is a calm upon me—
Inexplicable stillness! which till now
Did not belong to what I knew of life.
If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
And seated in my soul. It will not last,
But it is well to have known it, though but once:
It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
And I within my tablets would note down
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St Maurice craves
To greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls.
Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count!—
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire.—What would my reverend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;
Our near, though not acquainted neighbourhood,
May also be my herald. Rumours strange,
And of unholy nature, are abroad,
And busy with thy name; a noble name
For centuries: may he who bears it now
Transmit it unimpair'd!

Man. Proceed,—I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the things
Which are forbidden to the search of man;
That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
The many evil and unheavenly spirits
Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the sacred peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy—
I would not pry into thy secret soul;
But if these things be sooth, there still is time
For penitence and pity: reconcile thee
With the true church, and through the church to Heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd
Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment,
But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
The choice of such remains—and for the last,
Our institutions and our strong belief
Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
I leave to heaven,—“Vengeance is mine alone!”
So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
His servant echoes back the awful word.

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these.
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;

For this will pass away, and be succeeded
 By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
 With calm assurance to that blessed place,
 Which all who seek may win, whatever be
 Their earthly errors, so they be atoned :
 And the commencement of atonement is
 The sense of its necessity.—Say on—
 And all our church can teach thee shall be taught ;
 And all we can absolve thee shall be pardon'd.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor was near his last,
 The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
 To shun the torments of a public death
 From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
 With show of royal pity, would have stanch'd
 The gushing throat with his officious robe ;
 The dying Roman thrust him back, and said—
 Some empire still in his expiring glance—
 "It is too late—is this fidelity?"

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman—
 "It is too late!"

Abbot. It never can be so,
 To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
 And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope?
 'Tis strange—even those who do despair above,
 Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth,
 To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions
 And noble aspirations in my youth,
 To make my own the mind of other men,
 The enlightener of nations; and to rise
 I knew not whither—it might be to fall;
 But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
 Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
 Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
 (Which casts up misty columns that become
 Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)
 Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
 My thoughts mistook themselves.

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down; for he
 Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—
 And watch all time—and pry into all place—
 And be a living lie—who would become
 A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
 The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with
 A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.
 The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other men?

Man. Because my nature was averse from life;
 And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
 But find a desolation:—like the wind,
 The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom,
 Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
 The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast,

And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
But being met is deadly ; such hath been
The course of my existence ; but there came
Things in my path which are no more.

Abbot.

Alas !

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
From me and from my calling ; yet so young,
I still would——

Man.

Look on me ! there is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death ;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts ;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me ! for even of all these things
Have I partaken ; and of all these things,
One were enough ; then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

Abbot. Yet hear me still——

Man.

Old man ! I do respect

'Thine order, and revere thine years ; I deem
'Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain :
'Think me not churlish ; I would spare thyself,
Far more than me, in shunning at this time
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

(*Exit MANFRED.*)

Abb. This should have been a noble creature : he

Hath all the energy which would have made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,

Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,

It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—

And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,

Mix'd, and contending without end or order,

All dormant or destructive : he will perish,

And yet he must not ; I will try once more,

For such are worth redemption ; and my duty

Is to dare all things for a righteous end.

I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

(*Exit ABBOT.*)

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset :
He sinks behind the mountain.

Man.

Doth he so ?

I will look on him.

(MANFRED advances to the Window of the Hall.)

Glorious Orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons*
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
I follow. (Exit MANFRED.)

SCENE III.

The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

Her. 'Tis strange enough; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times: but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter: I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

Manuel. 'Twere dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

* "And it came to pass, that the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," &c.—"There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."—*Genesis*, vi. 2, 4.—B.

Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt within the castle—
How many years is't?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits;
Count Sigismund was proud,—but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

Her. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The Lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Where is your master?

Her. Yonder, in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'Tis impossible;
He is most private, and must not be thus
Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
This eve already.

Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father, stop—
I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?

Manuel. But step this way,
And I will tell you further.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED *alone.*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

"Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recal it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. My good lord!
I crave a second grace for this approach;
But yet let not my humble zeal offend
By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
Recoils on me; its good in the effect
May light upon your head—could I say *heart*—
Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
Recal a noble spirit which hath wander'd;
But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not;
My days are number'd, and my deeds recorded:
Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

Man. Not I;
I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost mean?

Man. Look there!
What dost thou see?

Abbot. Nothing.

Man. Look there, I say,
And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou see'st.

Abbot. That which should shake me,—but I fear it not—
I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear *him* not.

Man. Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but
His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.
I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot. And I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this fiend:—
What doth he here?

Man. Why—ay—what doth he here?—
I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like these
Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:
Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?
Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow
The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
Glares forth the immortality of hell—
Avaunt!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?

Spirit.

Come!

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? answer!—speak!

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

Spirit. Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!

Man.

I have commanded

Things of an essence greater far than thine,
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but not
To render up my soul to such as thee:

Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone.

Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!

(*Other Spirits rise up.*)

Abbot. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say,—
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name——

Spirit.

Old man

We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order;

Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,

It were in vain: this man is forfeited.

Once more I summon him—Away! Away!

Man. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit.

Reluctant mortal

Is this the Magian who would so pervade
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal?—Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

Man.

Thou false fiend, thou liest!

My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,
But by superior science—penance daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—
Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

Spirit.

But thy many crimes

Have made thee——

Man.

What are they to such as thee?

Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:

What I have done is done ; I bear within
A torture which could nothing gain from thine :
The mind which is immortal makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts—
Is its own origin of ill and end—
And its own place and time—its innate sense,
When stripp'd of this mortality, derives
No colour from the fleeting things without ;
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me ;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends !
The hand of death is on me—but not yours !

(The Demons disappear.)

Abbot. Alas ! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle—Give thy prayers to Heaven—
Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus.

Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not ;
But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well—
Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—Alas ! how fares it with thee ?

Man. Old man ! 'tis not so difficult to die.

(MANFRED expires.)

Abbot He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither ? I dread to think—but he is gone.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

(AT Ferrara, in the Library are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso Gierusalemme and of Guarini's Pastor Fido, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house, or the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the Hospital of St Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed, and depopulated: the castle still exists entire: and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.—B.)

I.

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle-spirit of a child of song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness,* prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,

* Tasso was confined in the Hospital of St Anna, by order of the Duke of Ferrara under the pretence that he was a madman—the real cause being that Tasso was passionately in love with the Princess Leonora d'Este, the Duke's sister.

And made me wings wherewith to overfly
 The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
 And freed the holy sepulchre from thrall;
 And revell'd among men and things divine,
 And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
 In honour of the sacred war for Him,
 The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
 For He hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
 That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
 I have employ'd my penance to record
 How Salem's shrine was won and how adored*

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
 My long-sustaining friend of many years!
 If I do blot thy final page with tears,
 Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
 But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
 Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
 And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet sight,
 Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
 And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
 With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
 Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
 For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
 I know not that—but in the innate force
 Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
 I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
 Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—and why?
 Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
 I was indeed delirious in my heart
 To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
 But still my frenzy was not of the mind;
 I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
 Not less because I suffer it unbent.
 That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
 Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
 But let them go, or torture as they will,
 My heart can multiply thine image still;
 Successful love may sate itself away,
 The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
 To have all feeling save the one decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
 But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
 Of minds and bodies in captivity.
 And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
 And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
 There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
 Some who do still goad on the o'er-labour'd mind,
 And dim the little light that's left behind

* Tasso's "Gierusalemme Liberata."

With needless torture, as their tyrant will
 Is wound up to the lust of doing ill :
 With these and with their victims am I class'd,
 'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd
 'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close :
 So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet ;
 I had forgotten half I would forget,
 But it revives—Oh ! would it were my lot
 To be forgetful as I am forgot !—
 Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
 In this vast lazar-house of many woes ?
 Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
 Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind ;
 Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
 And each is tortured in his separate hell—
 For we are crowded in our solitudes—
 Many, but each divided by the wall,
 Which echoes madness in her babbling moods ;—
 While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
 None ! save that one, the veriest wretch of all,
 Who was not made to be the mate of these,
 Nor bound between distraction and disease.
 Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here ?
 Who have debased me in the minds of men,
 Debarring me the usage of my own,
 Blighting my life in best of its career,
 Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear ?
 Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
 And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan ?
 The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
 Which undermines our stoical success ?
 No !—still too proud to be vindictive—I
 Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
 Yes, sister of my sovereign ! for thy sake
 I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
 It hath no business where *thou* art a guest ;
 Thy brother hates—but I can not detest ;
 Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
 But all unquench'd is still my better part,
 Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
 As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,
 Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
 Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart !
 And thus at the collision of thy name
 The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
 And for a moment all things as they were
 Flit by me ;—they are gone—I am the same.
 And yet my love without ambition grew ;

I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
 A princess was no love-mate for a bard ;
 I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
 Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;
 And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas !
 Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
 And yet I did not venture to repine.
 Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
 Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around
 Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground ;
 Not for thou wert a princess, but that love
 Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd
 Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
 Oh ! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above !
 And in that sweet severity there was
 A something which all softness did surpass—
 I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
 My star stood still before thee :—if it were
 Presumptuous thus to love without design,
 That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;
 But thou art dearest still, and I should be
 Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
 The very love which lock'd me to my chain
 Hath lighten'd half its weight ; and for the rest,
 Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
 And look to thee with undivided breast,
 And foil the ingenuity of pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
 My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
 And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;
 Of objects all inanimate I made
 Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
 And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
 Where I did lay me down within the shade
 Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
 Though I was chid for wandering ; and the wise
 Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
 Of such materials wretched men were made,
 And such a truant boy would end in woe,
 And that the only lesson was a blow ;—
 And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
 But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
 Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
 The visions which arise without a sleep.
 And with my years my soul began to pant
 With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;
 And the whole heart exhaled into one want,
 But undefined and wandering, till the day
 I found the thing I sought—and that was *thee* ;
 And then I lost my being all to be
 Absorb'd in thine—the world was past away—
 Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
 To spend I know not what of life, remote
 From all communion with existence, save
 The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
 Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
 My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,
 But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
 Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
 Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
 The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
 Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
 What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye
 And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—
 I will not raise my own in such reproof,
 Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
 But with a sense of its decay:—I see
 Unwonted lights along my prison shipe,
 And a strange demon, who is vexing me
 With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
 The feeling of the healthful and the free;
 But much to One, who long hath suffer'd so,
 Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
 And all that may be borne, or can debase.
 I thought mine enemies had been but man,
 But spirits may be leagued with them—all earth
 Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
 Of such defence the powers of evil can,
 It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
 Against the outworn creature they assail.
 Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
 Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
 Because I loved what not to love, and see,
 Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—
 My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
 My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
 In mockery through them;—If I bear and bore
 The much I have recounted, and the more
 Which hath no words,—'tis that I would not die
 And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
 Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
 Stamp madness deep into my memory,
 And woo compassion to a blighted name,
 Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
 No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
 A future temple of my present cell,
 Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
 While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
 The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,

And crumbling piecemeal view thy heartless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora!—thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still;—and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But thou—when all that birth and beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One-half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart,—
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE CURSE OF MINERVA.

——— “Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.”
Æneid, lib. xii

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light ;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows ;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's† latest day ;
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes ;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

* This satire was written in censure of the Earl of Elgin for having despoiled the Parthenon of Athens of its most remarkable ancient monuments. Lord Byron afterwards suppressed the poem, and inserted the first 54 lines in the beginning of the third canto of the Corsair, where it will also be found.

† Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.—B

But, lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain
 The queen of night asserts her silent reign ;*
 No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
 Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
 With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play
 There the white column greets her grateful ray,
 And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
 Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret :
 The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
 Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide,
 The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
 The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,†
 And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
 Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm ;
 All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye ;
 And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
 Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war ;
 Again his waves in milder tints unfold
 Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
 Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
 That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,‡
 I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
 Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
 Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore ;
 Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
 Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
 The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
 And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece !

Hours rolled along, and Dian's orb on high
 Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky ;
 And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
 O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god :
 But chiefly, Pallas ! thine ; when Hecate's glare,
 Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
 O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
 Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
 Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
 The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
 When, lo ! a giant form before me strode,
 And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode !

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self ; but, ah ! how changed
 Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged !
 Not such as erst, by her divine command,
 Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand :

* The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country ; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.—B.

† The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house ; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty and Ilissus has no stream at all.—B

‡ The Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva.

Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
 Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
 Her helm was dented, and the broken lance
 Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;
 The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
 Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;
 And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
 Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
 Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
 And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!—'twas thus she spake—" that blush of shame
 Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;
 First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
 Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:
 Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
 Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
 Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
 I saw successive tyrannies expire.
 'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
 Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
 Survey this vacant, violated fane;
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain.
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd,*
That Adrain rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.
 What more I owe let gratitude attest—
 Know Alaric and Elgin did the rest.
 That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
 The insulted wall sustains his hated name;
 For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
 Below, his name—above, behold his deeds!
 Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
 The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
 Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
 But basely stole what less barbarians won.
 So when the lion quits his fell repast,
 Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
 Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
 The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
 Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
 See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
 Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
 Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
 Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
 When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame."†

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
 To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
 "Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
 A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.

* This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Parthenon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble architecture.—B.

† His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.—B.

Frown not on England ; England owns him not :
 Athena, no ! thy plunderer was a Scot.
 Ask'st thou the difference ? From fair Phyle's towers
 Survey Bœotia ;—Caledonia's ours.
 And well I know within that bastard land*
 Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command ;
 A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
 To stern sterility, can stint the mind ;
 Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
 Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth ;
 Each genial influence nurtured to resist ;
 A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
 Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
 Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
 Till, burst at length, each watery head o'erflows,
 Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
 Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
 Despatch her scheming children far and wide :
 Some east, some west ; some everywhere but north,
 In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
 And thus—accursed be the day and year !—
 She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
 Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
 As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth ;
 So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
 Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
 Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
 And shine like children of a happier strand ;
 As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
 Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

" Mortal ! " the blue-eyed maid resumed, " once more
 Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
 Though fallen, alas ! this vengeance yet is mine,
 To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
 Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest ;
 Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

" First on the head of him who did this deed
 My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed :
 Without one spark of intellectual fire,
 Be all the sons as senseless as the sire :
 If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
 Believe him bastard of a brighter race :
 Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
 And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate ;
 Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
 Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell :
 To sell, and make—may shame record the day !—
 The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.
 Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West
 Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,

* " Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.—R.

With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
 And own himself an infant of fourscore.*
 Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St Giles'
 That art and nature may compare their styles;
 While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
 And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'† there.
 Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
 To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
 While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
 On giant statues casts the curious eye;
 The room with transient glance appears to skim,
 Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
 Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;
 Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!
 Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,
 And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
 When shall a modern maid have swains like these.
 Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
 And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
 Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
 In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
 Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.
 Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
 May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
 Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
 Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.
 And Eratostratus‡ and Elgin shine
 In many a branding page and burning line;
 Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
 Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
 Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn;
 Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
 But fits thy country for her coming fate;
 Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
 To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
 Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
 Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.
 Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
 Or break the compact which herself had made;
 Far from such councils, from the faithless field
 She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:
 A fatal gift, that, turn'd your friends to stone,
 And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
 Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
 Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
 And glares the Nemesis of native dead;

* Mr West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we shall hear of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection), declares himself "a mere tyro" in art.—B.

† Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House: he asked if it was not "a stone shop?"—He was right; it is a shop.—B.

‡ He set fire to the temple of Diana, in Ephesus, to immortalize his name.

Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

“Look on your Spain!—she clasps the hands she hates,
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh, glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long Olympiads of defeat?

“Look last at home—ye love not to look there;
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.
'Blest paper credit;*’ who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:
Then raves for * * ; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

“Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that's left behind.†
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.
Then in the senate of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.

* “Blest paper credit last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!”
POPE.—

† The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.—B.

Vain is each voice where tones could once command ;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land :
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

" 'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain ;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign :
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands,
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles ;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come ;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought :
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun :
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name ;
The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town ?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames ?
Nay, frown not, Albion ! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine :
Now should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife."

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE:

A ROMAUNT.

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les, fatigues.—LE COSMOPOLITE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr Scott (Sir Walter).

With the different poems which have been published on

Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." [Beattie's Letters.] Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "*l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique*," flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii., p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "*Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse*," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar."* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages, and true knights "*sans peur*," though not

* The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement.—B.

"sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less: but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements), are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

TO IANTHE.

NOT in those climes where I have late been straying,
 Though beauty long hath there been matchless deemed;
 Not in those visions to the heart displaying
 Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
 Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
 Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
 To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
 To such as see thee not my words were weak;
 To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
 Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
 As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
 Love's image upon earth without his wing,
 And guileless beyond hope's imagining!
 And surely she who now so fondly rears
 Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
 Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
 Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri* of the West—'tis well for me
 My years already doubly number thine;
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
 Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
 Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
 Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
 To those whose admiration shall succeed,
 But mix'd with pangs to love's even loveliest hours decreed

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
 Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
 Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
 That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
 Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
 This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
 To one so young my strain I would commend,
 But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
 And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
 On Harold's page, Ianthé's here enshrined
 Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last;
 My days once number'd, should this homage past
 Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
 Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
 Such is the most my memory may desire;
 Though more than hope can claim, could friendshipless
 require?

* Peri, the Persian name for Fairy.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle their dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight;
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day;
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time,
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly,
Nor deem'd before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.
But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
He felt the fulness of satiety :
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

V.

For he through sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she ; to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto ought so chaste ;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow-bacchanals would flee ;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee :
Apart he talk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall ;
It was a vast and venerable pile ;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !
Where Superstition once had made her den,
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;
And monks might deem their time was come again,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurk'd below :
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

IX.

And none did love him—though to hall and bower
He gather'd revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea! none did love him—not his lemans dear—
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central
line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good Night,

" ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My Native Land—Good Night !

" A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
My dog howls at the gate.

" Come hither, hither, my little page !
Why dost thou weep and wail ?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale ?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye .
Our ship is swift and strong :
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.

' Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind :
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind ;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

' My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain ;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'—
" Enough, enough, my little lad !
Such tears become thine eye ;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

" Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale ?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale ?"—
' Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

' My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,

And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?"—
 "Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

'And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My Native Land—Good Night!"

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
 And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay.
 Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
 New shores discried make every bosom gay;
 And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
 And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay:
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

XV.

———It is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
 But man would mar them with an impious hand:
 And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command,
 With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foeman purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold !
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
 Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford :
 A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves the sword
 To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee ;
 For hut and palace show like filthily :
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt ;
 No personage of high or mean degree
 Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed ; un
 hurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves ! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
 Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ?
 Lo ! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah, me ! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates !

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at " Our Lady's house of woe ;"
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell :
 Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo !
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath
For whereso'er the shrieking victim hath
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glen with thousand such as rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy paradise, as not aware.
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! *
Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the urchin points, and laughs with all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.

* The convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders. He has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessor.
—B.

Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's plume,
 And Policy regain'd what arms had lost :
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !
 Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquer'd host,
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintra ! at thy name ;
 And folks in office at the mention fret,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
 How will posterity the deed proclaim !
 Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
 To view these champions cheated of their fame,
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
 Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming year

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
 Did take his way in solitary guise :
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies :
 Though here awhile he learn'd to moralize,
 For Meditation fix'd at times on him ;
 And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
 His early youth mispent in maddest whim ;
 But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul :
 Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;
 And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
 Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen ;*
 And church and court did mingle their array,
 And mass and revel were alternate seen ;
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I ween !
 But here the Babylonian whore hath built†
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
 That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
 And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

* The Queen of Portugal, who removed with the royal family to the Brazils.

† The extent of Mafra is prodigious ; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration ; we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.—B.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms di
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul.

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguishes the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foeman flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.*

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and knight in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident.—B.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain ! renown'd, romantic land !
 Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
 When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band*
 That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore
 Where are those bloody banners which of yore
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore ?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?
 Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
 See how the mighty shrink into a song !
 Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great ?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong ?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !
 Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries ;
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies :
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar !
 In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !"
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore ?

XXXVIII.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ?—the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

XXXIX.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

* "Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.—B.

XL.

By heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air !
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey !
All join the chase, but few the triumph share ;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools !
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay ! *
Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief !
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed !
Peace to the perish'd ! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong !
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions ! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame ;
Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

* Collins.—B.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued :
 Yet is she free — the spoiler's wish'd-for prey !
 Soon, soon, shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
 Inevitable hour ! ' Gainst fate to strive
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
 Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;
 Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds :
 Nor here War's clarion, but love's rebeck sounds !
 Here Folly still his votaries inthrals ;
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds :
 Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
 Still to the last kind vice clings to the tott'ring walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :
 Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer ?
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
 As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way ?
 No ! as he speeds, he chaunts " Vivā el Rey ! " *
 And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy,
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crown'd
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
 Wide-scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded ground ;
 And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darken'd vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest :

* " Vivā el Rey Fernando ! " Long live King Ferdinand ! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them ; some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards ; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.—B.

Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,
Here the bold peasant storm'd the dragon's nest;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet:*
Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true!
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poinards, wrap'd beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid,† the ever-blazing match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose nod
Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth, ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay:
Soon will his legions sweep through these their way;
The West must own the Scourger of the world.
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurl'd,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurld.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate valour acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and manhood's heart of steel?

The red cockade, with "Ferdinando VII." in the centre.—B.

†All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.—B.

LIV.

Is it for this, the Spanish maid, aroused,
 Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
 And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
 Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
 And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
 Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
 Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
 Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
 Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?*

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
 Her mind is nob'ler sure, her charms perchance as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impress'd
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:†

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville she walked dally on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.—B.

† "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."—AUL. GEL.—B.

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :
 Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek.
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch !
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan, and weak

LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;
 Match me, ye harams of the land ! where now*
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow ;
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus !† whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty !
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing ?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her
 wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of Thee ! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore :
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee !

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
 Which others rave of, though they know it not ?
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

* This stanza was written in Turkey.—B.

† These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus now called Liakura, Dec. 1809.—B.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here ;
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain ;
 Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear ;
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a tear.
 Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear ;
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount ! when Greece was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire :
 Ah ! that to these were given such peaceful shades
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast
 Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;
 But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
 Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
 Ah, vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze ?
 A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time !
 The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
 The pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime ;
 And Venus, constant to her native sea,
 To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee ;
 And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white ;
 Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
 Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
 A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled morn
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;
What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?
Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :
Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more ;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artizan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air :
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl ;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair ;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamiz row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly ;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?*
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea !
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint-adorers count the rosary :
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I wean the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be ;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare :
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

LXXII.

The lists are op'd, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round,
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space, for lated wight is found :
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound.
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

* This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question ; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.—B.

LXXIII.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;
 Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed.
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
 Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bound with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed; away,
 Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
 Now is thy time, to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well-timed croupe* the nimble coursers veer;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
 Dart follows dart: lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his
 woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
 Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

* The *croupe* is a particular leap taught in the manege.—B.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
 And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :
 Slowly he falls, amid triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
 The decorated car appears—on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
 Nurtur'd in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
 What private feuds the troubled village stain !
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet the foe,
 Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream
 must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,
 His wither'd sentinel, Duenna sage !
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could encage,
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd age.
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage,)
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
 While on the gay dance shone night's lover-loving queen ?

LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,
 Or dream'd he loved, since Rapture is a dream ;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :
 How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs*
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

* ————— "Medio de fonte leporum,
 Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat."—Luc.—B

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the wise ;
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful eyes :
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :
 Pleasure's pall'd victim ! life-abhorring gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate :
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song
 But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?
 Nought that he saw his sadness could abate :
 Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
 And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
 Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
 To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;
 Alas ! I cannot smile again :
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what sacred woe
 I bear, corroding joy and youth ?
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know
 A pang, ev'n thou must fail to sooth ?

It is not love, it is not hate,
 Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
 That bids me loathe my present state,
 And fly from all I prized the most.

It is that weariness which springs
 From all I meet, or hear, or see :
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings ;
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore ;
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.
 What is that worst? Nay do not ask—
 In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
 When all were changing thou alone wert true,
 First to be free and last to be subdued.
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud:*
 Here all were noble, save Nobility;
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
 They fight for freedom who were never free;
 A kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"†

LXXXVII.

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life:
 From flashing scimitar to sacred knife,
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed.

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corse remain;
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz in May 1809.—B.

† "War to the knife," Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.—B.

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas ! the dreadful work is done ;
 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees :
 It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
 Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
 Fall'n nations gaze on Spain ; if freed, she frees
 More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd :
 Strange retribution ! now Columbia's ease
 Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,
 While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
 Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
 Not Albuera, lavish of the dead,
 Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
 When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight ?
 When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil ?
 How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
 Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
 And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil !

XCI.

And thou, my friend !—since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain :
 But thus unlauel'd to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most !
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here !
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage :
 Ye who of him may further seek to know,
 Shall find some tidings in a future page,
 If he that rhymeth now may scribble mee.
 Is this too much ? stern Critic ! say not so :
 Patience ! and ye shall hear what he beheld
 In other lands, where he was doom'd to go :
 Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
 Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,*
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.—E.

V.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around ;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps :
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell ?
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son ! *
 "All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
 Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
 There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right !

IX.

There, thou !—whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain—
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
 When busy memory flashes on my brain ?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast.
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest,
 For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest !

* Socrates.

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base ;
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne : *
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labour'd to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ,
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign ;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free ;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant brine. †

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared :
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, ‡
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land :
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forebore, and tyrants left to stand.

* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive : originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.—B.

† The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.—B.

‡ I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines :—"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure, with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, "I was present." The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.—B.

XIV.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas ! that appall'd
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way ? *
 Where Peleus' son ? whom Hell in vain enthrall'd,
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day
 Bursting to light in terrible array !
 What ! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
 To scare a second robber from his prey ?
 Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
 Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved ;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
 By British hands, which it had best behoved
 To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd

XVI.

But where is Harold ? shall I then forget
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave ?
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret ;
 No loved one now in feign'd lament could rave ;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes :
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave ;
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
 The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ;
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
 The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
 The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within .
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,†
 The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high :

* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis ; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.—B.

† The netting to prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action
 —B.

Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame : but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tend their strength to nerve.

XX.

Blow ! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale !
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray ;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah ! grievance sore, and listless, dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze !
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these !

XXI.

The moon is up ; by Heaven a lovely eve !
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand ;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe :
Such be our fate when we return to land !
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love ;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits* survey the steepy shore ,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze !
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end.
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.

* Gibraltar.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
 Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!
 Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year
 None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath been
 Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;
 Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
 And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,*
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence† found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
dames.

* Gozo is said to have been the island of Calypso.—B.

† Mrs Spencer Smith.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were aared,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path.
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have mark'd her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
 And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
 Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise
 Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
 On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
 The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
 And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen;
 Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren spot*
 Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave;
 And onward view'd the mount, not yet forgot,
 The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
 That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
 Could she not live who life eternal gave?
 If life eternal may await the lyre,
 That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
 Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar; †
 A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:
 Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd war,
 Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar; ‡
 Mark then unmoved, for he would not delight
 (Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
 In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
 But loathed the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at martial wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
 Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe:
 And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
 He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow:
 And as the stately vessel glided slow
 Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
 He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
 And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
 More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills.
 Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
 Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
 Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
 Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,

* Ithaca.—B.

† Santa Maura.

‡ Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.—B.

Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
 Here reams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
 Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
 And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view ;
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants were few ;
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear ;
 Churchman and votary alike despised,
 Foul Superstition ! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss !
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross ?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing !
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king *
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring :
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose ! †
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering ;
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woe !
 GOD ! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose ?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales ;
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
 Are rarely seen ; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not ; loved Parnassus fails,
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

* It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.—B.

† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.—B.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, *
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onwards did his further journey take
 To greet Albania's chief, † whose dread command
 Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold. ‡

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! § from thy shady brow,
 Thou small, but favour'd spot of holy ground!
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
 Here dwells the caloyer, || nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
 Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
 The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve, away.

* According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.
 —B.

† The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.—B.

‡ Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.—B.

§ The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina or Yanina, the capital of the Pashalick. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.—B.

|| The Greek monks are so called.—B.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre, *
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
 Nodding above ; behold black Acheron ! †
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
 Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for r. na.

LII.

No city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
 Veil'd by the screen of hills : here men are few,
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot ;
 But, peering down each precipice, the goat
 Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
 The little shepherd in his white capote ‡
 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?
 What valley echoed the response of Jove ?
 What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
 Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the
 stroke !

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail ;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy die :
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit, §
 And Laos wide and fierce came rolling by ; ||

* The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.—B.

† Now called Kalamas.—B.

‡ Albanese cloak.—B.

§ Anciently Mount Tomarus.—B.

|| The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it ; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster ; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant ; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.—B

The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,*
Whose walls o'erlook the stream ; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the lengthening glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait ;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort ;
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide-extending court below ;
Above, strange groups adorn'd the corridore ;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed away :
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see :
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon ;
The Delphi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak,
Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous : some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round ;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are found ;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground ;
Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to prate ;
Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
" There is no god but God !—to prayer—lo ! God is great .

* Tepalen, or Tepaleen, the residence of Ali Pacha, Vizier of Joannina.

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
Through the long day its penance did maintain :
But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
Revel and feast assumed the rule again :
Now all was bustle, and the menial train
Prepared and spread the plenteous board within ;
The vacant gallery now seem'd made in vain,
But from the chambers came the mingling din,
As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion hares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
ALI reclin'd, a man of war and woes :
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
I'll suits the passions which belong to youth :
Love conquers age—so Hafiz* hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian,† and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth :
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys

Hafiz the Persian poet.

† Anacreon, a native of Teos, in Ionia.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower,
Thronging to war in splendour and success;
And after view'd them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress;
That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof*—
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof!

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk:
At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome hand,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp,
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp,
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare; though homely, all they had:
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp—
To rest the weary and to sooth the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labours tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
 And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
 How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
 Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
 As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
 Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene :—
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest ;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling fast, *
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast ;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
 The native revels of the troop began ;
 Each Palikar † his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
 And view'd, but not displeased, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent glee ;
 And, as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles stream'd,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd :—

TAMBOURGI ! Tambourgi ! ‡ thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote ! §

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
 To the wolfe and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And decends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
 Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
 What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.—B.

† Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικαρι, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic : it means, properly, "a lad."—B.

‡ Drummer.—B.

§ These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.—B.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
 For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :
 But those scarfs blood-red shall be redder, before
 The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
 And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
 Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
 And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
 My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
 Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
 And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
 Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
 Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
 And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previso fell,*
 The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquerors' yell ;
 The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
 The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
 He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :
 Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
 A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
 Let the yellow-hair'd† Giaours‡ view his horse-tail§ with
 dread ;
 When his Delhis|| come dashing in blood o'er the banks,
 How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

Selictar !** unsheathe then our chief's scimitar :
 Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

LXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
 Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
 And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
 Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

* It was taken by storm from the French.—B.

† Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.—B.

‡ Infidel.—B.

§ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.—B.

§ The insignia of a Pasha.—B.

** Sword-bearer.—B.

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow*
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmann'd

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsman! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
 Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;†
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
 The prophet's‡ tomb of all its pious spoil,
 May wind their path of blood along the West;
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;

* Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.—B.

† When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.—B.

‡ Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.—B.

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high, consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still:
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk their no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half betray'd?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
 Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most;
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
 An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
 Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,*
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
 Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;†
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along thy wave;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.—B.

† Of Mount Pentellicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.—B.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
 The Battlefield, where Persia's victim horde
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word ;*
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conquerer's career.

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth ;

* Siste, Viator—heroa calcas !” was the epitaph on the famous Count Mercle—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon ? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel : few or no relics, as vases, &c., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds ! Alas !—“ Expende—quot libras in duce summo—invenies !”—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more ? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.—B.

But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste :
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
Revere the remnants nations once revered :
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays.
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days :
To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise ;
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me ;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being ? thou hast ceased to be !
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come !
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !

XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death ! thou hast ;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend :
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek ?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak ;

Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles from the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,

And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
 Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent HAROLD reappears at last;
 He of the breast would fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but n'er heal:

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood ; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain .
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;
And he, as one, might midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation ; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it ? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb ?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man ; with whom he held
Little in common ; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd ;
Proud though in desolation ; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam ;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,

Were unto him companionship ; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tomb
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite :
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home :
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom ;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo !
How in an hour the power which gave annals
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too !

In "pride of place"* here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodias† drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;‡
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

* "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight
 See *Macbeth*, &c.

"An eagle towering in his pride of place," &c.—*B.*

† See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's *Anthology*, by Mr (Lord Chief Justice) Denman,—

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," &c.—*B.*

‡ On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.
 —*E.*

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come; they
 come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's* fame rings in each clansman's ears:

XXVII.

And Ardennes† waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,

* Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."—B.

† The wood of Solgnies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's "Orlando," and immortal in Shakspeare's "As you like it." It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.—B.

Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine ;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant
Howard !

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

XXXI.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a gastly gap did make
In his on kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn :
The tree will wither long before it fall ;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;

The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
 The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
 As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples* on the Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name three-
 score?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
 They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
 "Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
 And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sank the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

* The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes were said to be fair without, and within ashes. "Vide Tacitus, *Histor. lib. v. 7.*"—B.

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field ;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield :
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;—
When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow ;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock ;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne
Their admiration thy best weapon shone ;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)

Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.*

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XXIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow,
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,

* The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.—B.

Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passion; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws* conquerors should have?
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be

* "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.—B.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have passed away,
 And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
 Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
 But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
 Yet not insensibly to all which here
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song
 In glens which might have made even exile dear:
 Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
 And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
 Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
 Joy was not always absent from his face,
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
 On such as smile upon us; the heart must
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
 Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
 But thus it was; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
 In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties

* * *

That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels*
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lillies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI.

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,

* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions; it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river. On this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.—B.

Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain.
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor to gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been

In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument ;—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption ; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days ;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum,* hath strew'd her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the name !—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to heaven ; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.

* Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.—B.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
 The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth ;
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,*
 Imperishably pure, beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :
 There is too much of man here, to look through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of Night ;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

* This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiére in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.—B.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake ?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture : I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life :
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot ?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these ? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow ?

* The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme ; and I return
 To that which is immediate, and require
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,
 To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
 A native of the land where I respire
 The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
 Where he became a being,—whose desire
 Was to be glorious ; 'twas a foolish quest,
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau
 The apostle of affliction, he who threw
 Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
 The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
 On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be
 Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
 But his was not the love of living dame,
 Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
 But of ideal beauty, which became
 In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
 Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss*
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
 From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;
 But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat ;
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes
 Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
 For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.

* This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot, and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words ; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.—R.

But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrensied by disease or woe
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed, longest, and but heals to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more ;

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
 And purifies from self : it is a tone,

The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r !

XCII.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

XCIII.

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee ! *
How the lit lakes shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

* The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June 1810, at midnight. I have seen among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimeri several more terrible, but none more beautiful.—B.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—If I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak ;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day : we may resume
 The march of our existence : and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love !
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought ;
 Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows above
 The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly : the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains ; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black pines
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude,

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life : the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit ; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die ;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections ; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness : 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name ;*
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame :
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
 Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign no more than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
 Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents : But his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
 And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid ;
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;
 The hour must come when such things shall be made
 Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
 By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, much lie decay'd,
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
 His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,
 Until it seems prolonging without end.
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend
 To their most great and growing region, where
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air,

* Voltaire and Gibbon.—B.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still
 The fount at which the panting mind assuages
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
 Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
 We are not what we have been, and to deem
 We are not what we should be,—and to steel
 The heart against itself; and to conceal,
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
 Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.
 Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
 I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee—
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
 Had I not filed* my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
 But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing; I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;†

——“If it be thus,

* For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind.”—MACBETH.—B.

† It is said by Rochefoucault, that “there is always something in the misfortune of men's best friends not displeasing to them.”—B.

That two, or one, are almost what they seem.—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation,—and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements,—and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee,—but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers; O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me

CANTO THE FOURTH.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M. F.R.S.

&c. &c. &c.

Venice, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to as a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity

which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet, as a mark of respect for what is venerable and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined, that I had drawn a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are *now* a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto, it was my intention to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the consequent reflections.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us,—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language of customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode,—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—"Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonti, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova."

Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition,—a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours,—that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles and the despair of ages, their still unquenched “longing after immortality,”—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers’ chorus, “Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima,” it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,

“Non movero mai corda

“Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.”

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, “Verily they *will have* their reward,” and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O’er the far times, when many a subject land
Look’d to the winged Lion’s marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:

And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would, still teems

My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a
seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt

From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt ;
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo !
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass ?
 Are they *not bridled* ?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose !
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
 Her very byword sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion,"* which through fire
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea ;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia ! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight !
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust ;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust ;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger : empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthralled,
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,†
 Her voice their only ransom from afar :
 See ! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains.
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,—
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,—

* *Plant the Lion*—that is, the Lion of St Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Pianta-leone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

† The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*.

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Ratcliff, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,*
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time can not benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddy storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak gray granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

* Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost-seer, or Armenian Merchant of Venice; Othello.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,
Even by the sufferer; and in each event
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoyed,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb:

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.

XXVII.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

XXIX.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name attend.

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time ; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing ; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso ! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee ! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn :

XXXVIII.

Thou ! form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty :
He ! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire ;
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire ;

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade ! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows ; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song !
Each year brings forth its millions ; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine ? though all in one
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry : first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine ;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves ;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes ;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm.
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form,
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side ;
Mother of Arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide ;
Parent of our Religion ! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty ; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail ;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould :

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away !—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes :
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise ?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War ?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn !

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth, returned to whence it rose.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom*!

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honoured sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
Of merchant dukes? the momentary dew
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels because the weapon which it wields 2E

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reeled unheededly away !
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his ; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald :—how profound
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce-footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale :—Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track.
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
 The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more ;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name ;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
 For still they soared unutterably high :
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye ;
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
 All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
 Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our Remembrance, and from out the plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing : not in vain
 May he, who will, his recollections rake
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latian echoes ; I abhorr'd
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory ; and, though Time hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace ; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine ; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol ; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, " here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
The Ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
 The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
 Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
 Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
 What crimes it costs to be a moment free
 And famous through all ages! but beneath
 His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
 His day of double victory and death
 Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
 Had all but crown'd him, on the selfsame day
 Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
 And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
 And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
 And all we deem delightful, and consume
 Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
 Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beamed,

XCI.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what? can he avouch—or answer what he claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
 For the sure grave to level him ; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror rears
 The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow !—Renew thy rainbow, God !

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale ;
 Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
 Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much
 light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
 Within the same arena where they see
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
 Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,
 Avert'd, and known,—and daily, hourly seen—
 The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
 And the intent of tyranny avowed,
 The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
 The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
 And shook them from their slumbers on the throne
 Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled ?
 Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
 On infant Washington ? Has Earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast or Europe no such shore ?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been,
Even in the olden time Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth : it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death ; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illumine
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome——But whither would Conjecture stray ?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife ; Behold his love or pride

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine innate known,
Thou tomb ! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear :
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owl's cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native sight,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs ?—let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
 In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can; for all that learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.*

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
 Where gorgeous Tyranny had thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words! draw
 near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
 There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd
 Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
 Thou nameless column with the buried base!
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
 Titus or Trajan's? No—'tis that of Time:
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
 Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
 And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
 A spirit which with these would find a home,
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,

* The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brick-work.

But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
 Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
 From the first hour of empire in the bud
 To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
 But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
 Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
 Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
 Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
 Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
 The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
 Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,

Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled ; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass ;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies,

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports ? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

CXX.

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert ; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison ; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh Love ! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see

The naked eye, thy form, as it should be ;
 The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
 Even with its own desiring phantasy,
 And to a thought such shape and image given,
 As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearied—wrung
 —and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation :—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized ?
 In him alone. Can Nature shew so fair ?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
 Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
 And overpowers the page where it would bloom again ?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
 Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds
 Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
 Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
 Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
 The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
 Sick—sick ; unfound the boon—unslaked the thirst,
 Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
 Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
 But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
 Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
 Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
 Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
 Necessity of loving, have removed
 Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
 Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong ;
 And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
 And miscreator, makes and helps along
 Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
 Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,

This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see—
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine,
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate.

Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just,
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
 With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do?

From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain,
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
 And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
 Alas! develop'd, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

CXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 “When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 “And when Rome falls—the World.” From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time

Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts.
Dispoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such
tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray.

And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on high
Imperial mimic of Old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth
His shrunken ashes raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now,
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—

All musical in its immensities ;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their fame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine : Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlighten'd ; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan ;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench ; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright

With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear—but never more,

Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Behold her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but a meteor beam'd.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstrung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there*!
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
“Arms and the Man,” whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him*, alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?" JUVENAL, *Sat. x.*

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians and by the provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.

* * * * *

By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till———"—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p., 220.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing :
So abject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive ?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.
Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee ?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee ;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness !
Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
 'The rapture of the strife*—
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife—
 All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
 The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
 The victor overthrown!
 The Arbiter of others' fate
 A suppliant for his own!
 Is it some yet imperial hope,
 That with such change can calmly cope?
 Or dread of death alone?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,†
 Dream'd not of the rebound;
 Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how look'd he round?
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength.
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found:
 He fell—the forest prowlers' prey;
 But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman‡ when his burning heart
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home,—
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom!
 His only glory was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well;§
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—

* "*Certaminis gaudia*,"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army previous to the battle of Chalons given in Cassiodorus.—B.

† Mil.

‡ Sylla.—B.

§ Charles V., Emperor of Germany.

Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean!

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own!
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne!
 Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear.
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain:
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
 Thy scales, Mortality! are just
 To all that pass away:
 But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay:
 Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,*
 Thy still imperial bride;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?
 Still clings she to thy side?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
 'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,†
 And gaze upon the sea;
 That element may meet thy smile—
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,
 In loitering mood upon the sand,
 That Earth is now as free!

* Maria Louisa.

† The island of Elba, in the Mediterranean.

That Corinth's pedagogue* hath now
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.
 Thou Timour! in his captive's cage†
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
 But one—"The world *was* mine!"
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
 So long obey'd—so little worth!
 Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,‡
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock!
 Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very fiends arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And if a mortal, had as proudly died!
 There was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame,
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.
 But thou forsooth must be a king,
 And don the purple vest,—
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star—the string—the crest?
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?
 Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but One!

* Dionysius the Younger, of Syracuse.

† The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.—*A.*

‡ Prometheus.—*B.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON REVISITING HARROW.*

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced ;
Few were her words,—but yet, though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

Deeply she cut—but not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before ;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name ;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more
That Friendship thought it still the same.

Thus might the record now have been ;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever !

September, 1807

EPI TAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well ;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last ;
For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.

September, 1807.

* Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterward, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail Record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.—*B.*

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel:
 I only know we loved in vain—
 I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

1808.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine,

On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine,
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
 May its verdure like emeralds be:
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young Flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest:
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
 For why should we mourn for the blest?

1808

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow—
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I here thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

1808

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

Few years have past since thou and I
 Were firmest friends, at least in name,
 And childhood's gay sincerity
 Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st
 What trifles of the heart recall;
 And those who once have loved thee most
 Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,
 So frail is early friendship's reign,
 A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,
 Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine
 To mourn the loss of such a heart;
 The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
 Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
 So human feelings ebb and flow;
 And who would in a breast confide,
 Where stormy passions ever glow?

2G

It boots not that, together bred,
Our childish days were days of joy :
My spring of life has quickly fled ;
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth ;
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind
Dares all things boldly but to lie ;
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,
When Man himself is but a tool ;
When interest sways our hopes and fears.
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,
We learn at length our faults to blend ;
And those, and those alone, may claim
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :
Can we then 'scape from folly free ?
Can we reverse the general plan,
Nor be what all in turn must be ?

No ; for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been ;
Man and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.

But thou, with spirit frail and light,
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away ;
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas ! whenever folly calls
Where parasites and princes meet,
(For cherish'd first in royal halls,
The welcome vices kindly greet,)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd ;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste,
As flies along the gay parterre,
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,
To flit along from dame to dame,
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love ?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
 Will deign to own a kindred care?
 Who will debase his manly mind,
 For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng
 No more so base a thing be seen;
 No more so idly pass along:
 Be something, any thing, but—mean.

1808.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM
 A SKULL.

START not—nor deem my spirit fled:
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, unlike a living head,
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I lov'd, I quaffed like thee:
 I died: let earth my bones resign:
 Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
 The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
 Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood;
 And circle in the goblet's shape
 The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
 In aid of others' let me shine;
 And when, alas! our brains are gone,
 What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
 When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
 May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
 And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why no—since through life's little day
 Our heads such sad effects produce?
 Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
 This chance is theirs, to be of use.

Newstead Abbey, 1808.

WELL! THOU ART HAPPY.*

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Written after he had been invited to dine at the residence of Mary Chaworth
 the object of his early affection then married to Mr Musters.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot.
 But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
 Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
 I thought my jealous heart would break
 But when the unconscious infant smiled,
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,
 Its father in its face to see;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away;
 While thou art blest I'll not repine;
 But near thee I can never stay;
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look;
 But now to tremble were a crime—
 We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with no confusion there:
 One only feeling could'st thou trace;
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake:
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

November 2, 1808.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below.
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been;
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:

While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust !
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
 I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1803

TO A LADY,

(MRS MUSTERS.)

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
 A moment linger'd near the gate,
 Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
 And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes.
 He learnt to bear his load of grief ;
 Just gave a sigh to other times,
 And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady ! will it be with me,
 And I must view thy charms no more ;
 For, while I linger near to thee,
 I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
 Escaping from temptation's snare ;
 I cannot view my paradise
 Without a wish to enter there.

December 2, 1803.

REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT.

REMIND me not, remind me not,
 Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,
 When all my soul was given to thee ;
 Hours that may never be forgot,
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
 When playing with thy golden hair,
 How quick thy fluttering heart did move ?

Oh . by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
And still our glowing lips would meet,
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
And bid their lids each other seek,
Veiling the azure orbs below ;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow,

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in its phantasy,
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
Of hours which, though for ever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine.

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes ; my adored, yet most unkind !
Though thou wilt never love again,

To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine,
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

A SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life's varied
round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have lov'd!—who has not?—but what heart can declare,
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst change.
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY (MRS MUSTERS) ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again:
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;

I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home ;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place ;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth,
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe ;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me ;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part ;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow ;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
But never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most ;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view ;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu ;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep ;
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run
I love but thee, I love but one.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
 Some name arrests the passer-by ;
 Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
 May mine attract thy pensive eye !

And when by thee that name is read,
 Perchance in some succeeding year,
 Reflect on me as on the dead,
 And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809

TO FLORENCE. *

OH Lady ! when I left the shore,
 The distant shore which gave me birth,
 I hardly thought to grieve once more,
 To quit another spot on earth :

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
 Where panting Nature droops the head,
 Where only thou art seen to smile,
 I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
 Divided by the dark blue main ;
 A few brief, rolling, seasons o'er,
 Perchance I view her cliffs again :

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
 Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
 Though time restore me to my home,
 I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee :

On thee, in whom at once conspire
 All charms which heedless hearts can move,
 Whom but to see is to admire,
 And, oh ! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
 With such a word can more offend ;
 And since thy heart I cannot share,
 Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,
 Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less ?
 Nor be, what man should ever be,
 The friend of Beauty in distress ?

Ah ! who would think that form had past
 Through Danger's most destructive path,
 Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's blast,
 And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath ?

* Mrs Spencer Smith, daughter of Baron Herbert, whom Lord Byron met at Malta.

Lady ! when I shall view the walls
 Where free Byzantium once arose,
 And Stamboul's Oriental halls
 The Turkish tyrants now enclose ;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
 That glorious city still shall be,
 On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
 As spot of thy nativity :

And though I bid thee now farewell,
 When I behold that wondrous scene,
 Since where thou art I may not dwell,
 'Twill soothe to be, where thou hast been.

September, 1808

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF, NOVEMBER 14, 1809

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
 Full beams the moon on Actium's coast ;
 And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
 The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,
 The azure grave of many a Roman ;
 Where stern Ambition once forsook
 His wavering crown to follow woman.

Florence ! whom I will love as well
 As ever yet was said or sung,
 (Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
 Whilst thou art fair and I am young ;

Sweet Florence ! those were pleasant times
 When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes :
 Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
 Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
 Yet, by thy eyes and ringlets curl'd !
 I cannot lose a world for thee,
 But would not lose thee for a world.

STANZAS

COMPOSED OCTOBER 11, 1809, DURING THE NIGHT IN A THUNDERSTORM
 WHEN HIS GUIDES HAD LOST THE ROAD TO ZITZA, NEAR THE RANGE OF
 MOUNTAINS FORMERLY CALLED PINDUS, IN ALBANIA.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
 Where Pindus' mountains rise,
 And angry clouds are pouring fast
 The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?
And who 'mid thunder peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

While wand'ring through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

Not on the sea, not on the sea,
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I press'd thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
Hast trod the shores of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee
In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
 If Cadiz yet be free,
 At times, from out her latticed halls
 Look o'er the dark blue sea ;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
 Endear'd by days gone by ;
 To others give a thousand smiles,
 To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark
 The paleness of thy face,
 A half-form'd tear, a transient spark
 Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
 Some coxcomb's raillery ;
 Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
 Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
 When sever'd hearts repine,
 My spirit flies o'er mount and main,
 And mourns in search of thine.

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS
 TO ABYDOS *

May 9, 1810.

If, in the month of dark December,
 Leander, who was nightly wont
 (What maid will not the tale remember ?)
 To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont !

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
 He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
 And thus of old thy current pour'd,
 Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
 Though in the genial month of May,

* On the 3d of May 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated; entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic fort. Chevallier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.—B.

My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
 And think I've done a feat to-day.
 But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
 According to the doubtful story,
 To woo,—and———knows what beside,
 And swam for Love, as I for Glory;
 'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
 Sad mortals thus the Gods still plague you!
 He lost his labour, I my jest;
 For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
 Thus is it with life's fitful fever:
 We madly smile when we should groan;
 Delirium is our best deceiver.
 Each lucid interval of thought
 Recalls the woes of Nature's charter,
 And he that acts as wise men ought,
 But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

Zōn mou, sas agapō.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go,
*Zōn mou, sas agapō.**

By those tresses unconfined,
 Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge.
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zōn mou, sas agapō.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers † that tell
 What words can never speak so well;

* *Zōe mou sas agapō*; Romaic expression of tenderness: if I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.—B.

† In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c., convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me, and fly:" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.—B.

By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
 Think of me, sweet! when alone.
 Though I fly to Istambol,*
 Athens holds my heart and soul:
 Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζών μου, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR-SONG

“Αἰὺτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.”†

SONS of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth.
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see your rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
 Hellenes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven-hill'd ‡ city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.
 Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie!
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved ye once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!

* Constantinople.—B.

† Written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse, which is of the same measure as that of the original.—B.

‡ Constantinople. *“Ἑπτὰλόφος.”*—B.

Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free ;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.
 Sons of Greeks, &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

“ Μπινω μὲς τῶς περίβολι
 Ὁραϊότατη Χάηδή,” &c. *

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ;
 As the branch at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When Love has abandon'd the bowers ;
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ;
 But when drank to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from these horrors to save :
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
 Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me too well ?

* The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls at Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our “ Χόρευ,” in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.—B

Now sad is the garden of Roses,
 Beloved but false Haidée!
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care!
 Though now of love and thee bereft,
 To reconcile me with despair,
 Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with sorrow time can cope;
 But this I feel can ne'er be true:
 For by the death-blow of my hope
 My Memory immortal grew.

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
 An equal love may see:
 The tear that from thine eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
 In gazing when alone;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen were doubly weak:
 Oh! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silent, ache for thee.

March, 1811

TO THYRZA.*

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
 And say, what Truth might well have said,
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,
 Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

* Lord Byron never would tell, even to his intimate friends, who Thyrza was.

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain ;
The past, the future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !

Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, " We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held and holds thee in his heart ?

Oh ! who like him had watch'd thee here .
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past ! But when no more
'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me deserted towers,
E're called but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;
The smile none else might understand ;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forebore ;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
But where is thine ?—Ah ? where art thou .
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now !

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again ;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven :
 On earth thy love was such to me,
 It fain would form my hope in heaven !

October 1811

TO THYRZA.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;
 One last long sigh to love and thee,
 Then back to busy life again.
 It suits me well to mingle now
 With things that never pleased before.
 Though every joy is fled below,
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring ;
 Man was not form'd to live alone :
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
 It was not thus in days more dear,
 It never would have been, but thou
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;
 Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe !
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul.
 The heart—the heart is lonely still !

On many a lone and lovely night
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky ;
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye :
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
 When sailing o'er the *Ægean* wave,
 "Now Thyrza gazes on that moon,"—
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave ?

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
 "'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
 "That Thyrza cannot know my pains :"
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,
 Relenting Nature vainly gave
 My life, when Thyrza ceased to live !

By Thyrza's pledge in better days,
 When love and life alike were new !

How different now thou meet'st my gaze
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue
 The heart that gave itself with thee
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!
 Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt press'd!
 Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead!

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE.

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
 Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
 Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
 I dare not trust those sounds again.
 To me they speak of brighter days—
 But lull the chords, for now, alas!
 I must not think, I may not gaze,
 On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
 Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled;
 And now their softest notes repeat
 A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
 Yes, Thyrsa! yes, they breathe of thee,
 Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
 And all that once was harmony
 Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear
 The well remember'd echoes thrill;
 I hear a voice I would not hear,
 A voice that now might well be still:
 Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
 Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
 Till consciousness will vainly wake
 To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrsa! waking as in sleep,
 Thou art but now a lovely dream;
 A star that trembled o'er the deep,
 Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
 But he who through life's dreary way
 Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
 Will long lament the vanish'd ray
 That scatter'd gladness o'er his path

EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
 To weep or wish the coming blow:
 No maiden with dishevell'd hair,
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
 With no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,
 Might then exert its latest power
 In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
 Thy features still serene to see;
 Forgetful of its struggles past,
 E'en pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
 Will shrink, as shrink's the ebbing breath;
 And woman's tears, produced at will,
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
 Without regret, without a groan;
 For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
 And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
 Where all have gone, and all must go!
 To be the nothing that I was
 Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 'Tis something better not to be.

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
 As aught of mortal birth;
 And form so soft, and charms so rare
 Too soon return'd to Earth!

Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness and mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away ;
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high
As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,

To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed;
 To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee!
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught, except its living years.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
 Thine image from my breast may fade,
 The lonely hour presents again
 The semblance of thy gentle shade.
 And now that sad and silent hour
 Thus much of thee can still restore,
 And sorrow unobserved may pour
 The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
 I waste one thought I owe to thee,
 And, self condemn'd, appear to smile,
 Unfaithful to thy memory!
 Nor deem that memory less dear,
 That then I seem not to repine;
 I would not fools should overhear
 One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
 It is not drain'd to banish care;
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
 That brings a Lethe for despair.
 And could Oblivion set my soul
 From all her troubled visions free,
 U'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
 That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
 Where could my vacant bosom turn?
 And who would then remain behind
 To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
 No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
 That last dear duty to fulfil;
 Though all the world forget beside,
 'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
 Thy gentle care for him, who now
 Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
 Where none regarded him, but thou:
 And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
 A blessing never meant for me;
 Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be,
 That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
 Have years of care for thine and thee
 Alike been all employ'd in vain?
 Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
 And every fragment dearer grown,
 Since he who wears thee feels thou art
 A fitter emblem of *his own*.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little crimes;
 She makes her own face, and does not make her rhymes.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT
 ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
 To trace the birth and nursery of art:
 Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
 He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
 Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
 But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
 His name would bring more credit than his verse.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT,

LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
 The *souls* of learning and of leather.
 Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
 You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
 His works were neat, and often found
 Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.

Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
 He cannot mend the shoe he made ;
 Yet is he happy in his hole,
 With verse immortal as his sole.
 But still to business he held fast,
 And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
 Then who shall say so good a fellow
 Was only “leather and prunella?”
 For character—he did not lack it ;
 And if he did, ’twere shame to “Black-it.”

—

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.*

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
 A Sire’s disgrace, a realm’s decay ;
 Ah ! happy if each tear of thine
 Could wash a father’s fault away !

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue’s tears—
 Auspicious to these suffering isles ;
 And be each drop in future years
 Repaid thee by thy people’s smiles !

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

(From the Turkish.)

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
 The lute I added sweet in sound ;
 The heart that offer’d both was true,
 And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm’d by secret spell,
 Thy truth in absence to divine ;
 And they have done their duty well,—
 Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
 But not to bear a stranger’s touch ;
 That lute was sweet—till thou could’st think
 In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
 The chain which shiver’d in his grasp,
 Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
 Restrung the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter’d too ;
 The chain is broke the music mute.
 ’Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
 False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

* This was written in consequence of a report, that the Princess Charlotte of Wales shed tears on being told that the Whigs, after the death of Mr Percival, were unable to form a ministry

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong!
 As all can tell, who share like me,
 In turn thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
 By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
 And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
 Her name immortally with *thine*!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY,
OCTOBER, 10, 1812.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
 Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
 In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
 Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
 Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
 Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
 Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
 Saw the long column of revolving flames
 Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
 While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
 Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,
 As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
 The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
 Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
 Usurped the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
 Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
 Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
 Know the same favour which the former knew,
 A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
 Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
 On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
 And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*;
 This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
 Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well*!

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,

Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew ;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu :
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse ;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head !
Nor hoard your honours lightly for the dead !

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs* ;
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them !

Friends of the stage ! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject ;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forebore to blame ;
If e're the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute !
Oh ! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forebear to mock us with misplaced applause ;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours !

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old !
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside !

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE
AT HALES-OWEN.

WHEN Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought,"
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence;
Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

IMPROMTU.

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee:
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain:
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow,
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But could not add a night to woe ;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky ;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank ; a thing to count and curse,
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform ;
The limit of thy sloth or speed,
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed :

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE-SONG.

AH ! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew ;
Alas ! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set ;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring ;
But caught within the subtile snare
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain ;
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I dream'd thee mine ;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline ;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life ! ah, tell me why
 That pouting lip, and altered eye ?
 My bird of love ! My beauteous mate !
 And art thou changed, and canst thou hate ?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow :
 What wretch with me would barter woe ?
 My bird ! relent : one note could give
 A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
 In silent anguish I sustain ;
 And still thy heart, without partaking
 One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison ; fear not thou !
 Thou canst not murder more than now
 I've lived to curse my natal day,
 And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
 Can patience preach thee into rest ?
 Alas ! too late, I dearly know
 That joy is harbinger of woe.

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
 To those thyself so fondly sought ;
 The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
 Are doubly bitter from that thought :
 'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieveest,
 Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
 And spurns deceiver and deceit ;
 But she who not a thought disguises,
 Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
 When she can change who loved so truly,
 It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
 Is doom'd to all who love or live ;
 And if, when conscious on the morrow,
 We scarce our fancy can forgive,
 That cheated us in slumber only,
 To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
 But truest, tenderest passion warm'd ?
 Sincere, but swift in sad transition ;
 As if a dream alone had charm'd ?
 Ah ! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
 And all thy change can be but dreaming

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN
OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou may'st read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And should'st thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forbodes, my fears forsee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live—until I cease to be.

REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER.

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears,
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued;
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh,——! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free:
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul, from long seclusion, pure ;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh ! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frensy drew from eyes so dear ;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet ;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine ;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower ?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set ?
'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear,
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When Summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius which can perish dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour

Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame !
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun—but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer—to pierce—to please—or to appal.
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God !
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit ;
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring :
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—ah ! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows.

Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
 And pile the pyramid of Calumny!
 These are his portion—but if join'd to these
 Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
 If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
 And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
 To soothe Indignity—and face to face
 Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace.
 To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
 The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness:—
 If such may be the ills which men assail,
 What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?
 Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic scene
 Such things should be—if such have ever been:
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!**
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master—emulate him *here!*
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
 While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change,
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of care on Earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.

Diodati, July 17, 1816

* Fox—Pitt—Burke—B.

FARE THEE WELL.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above,
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain;

* * * * *

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*:
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er can'st know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou would'st at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?
 When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is press'd,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had bless'd!
 Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.
 All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.
 Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:
 But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.—
 Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

March 17, 1816

A SKETCH *

"Honest—honest Iago!
 If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
 Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
 Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,
 And from its wages only to be guess'd—
 Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
 Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
 With eye unmoved and forehead unabash'd,
 She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd.
 Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
 The genial confidante, and general spy—

* Supposed to be a former governess of Lady Byron. Of this poem Mr Moore says "It was generally, and, it must be owned, justly condemned, as a sort of literary assault upon an obscure female, whose situation ought to have placed her as much beneath his satire, as the undignified mode of his attack certainly raised her above it."

Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
 An only infant's earliest governess!
 She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
 That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.
 An adept next in penmanship she grows,
 As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
 What she had made the pupil of her art,
 None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,
 And panted for the truth it could not hear,
 With longing breast and undeluded ear.
 Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
 Which Flattery fool'd not—Baseness could not blind,
 Deceit infect not—near Contagion soil—
 Indulgence weaken—nor Example spoil—
 Nor master'd Science tempt her to look down
 On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
 Nor genius swell—nor Beauty render vain—
 Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
 Nor Fortune change—Pride raise—nor Passion bow
 Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
 Serenely purest of her sex that live,
 But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive,
 Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
 She deems that all could be like her below:
 Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
 For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme:—Now laid aside too long,
 The baleful burthen of this honest song—
 Though all her former functions are no more,
 She rules the circle which she served before.
 If mothers—none know why—before her quake
 If daughters dread her for the mother's sake;
 If early habits—those false links, which bind
 At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
 Have given her power too deeply to instil
 The angry essence of her deadly will;
 If like a snake she steal within your walls,
 Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
 If like a viper to the heart she wind,
 And leave the venom there she did not find;
 What marvel that this hag of hatred works
 Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
 To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
 And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
 Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
 With all the kind mendacity of hints,
 While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
 A thread of candour with a web of wiles;
 A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
 To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
 A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal,
 And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:

With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown ;
 A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.
 Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
 Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
 Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
 Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
 (For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
 Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
 Look on her features ! and behold her mind
 As in a mirror of itself defined :
 Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
 There is no trait which might not be enlarged :
 Yet true to " Nature's journeymen," who made
 This monster when their mistress left off trade—
 'This female dog-star of her little sky,
 Where all beneath her influence droop or die.

Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind !
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create :
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,—
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
 Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
 Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
 Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
 But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
 To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
 Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—
 And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.*

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
 And reason half withheld her ray—
 And hope but shed a dying spark
 Which more misled my lonely way ;

* Byron's sister, the Honourable Mrs Leigh.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart ;

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose, and set not to the last.

Oh ! blest be thine unbroken light !
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still would'st be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall ;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break ;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move ;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd in thee ;—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find ;

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine ;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me :
They may crush, but they shall not condemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recal,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all :
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 21, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

MY sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine :
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.
 The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness ;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;
 Reversed for him* our grandsire's fate of yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.
 If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox ;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.
 Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
 My whole life was a contest, since the day
 That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
 The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray ;
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay :
 But now I fain would for a time survive,
 If but to see what next can well arrive.
 Kingdoms and empires in my little day
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;
 And when I look on this, the petty spray
 Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :
 Something—I know not what—does still uphold
 A spirit of slight patience ;—not in vain,
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.
 Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
 Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
 Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,
 And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.

* Admiral the Hon. John Byron.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and brooks
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks ;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
 A fund for contemplation ;—to admire
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire :
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,
 For much I view which I could most desire,
 And, above all, a lake I can behold
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me !—but I grow
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget
 The solitude which I have vaunted so
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;
 There may be others which I less may show ;—
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake, *
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;
 And that I would not ;—for at length I see
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
 The earliest—even the only paths for me—
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be ;
 The passions which have torn me would have slept ;
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

* The Lake of Newstead Abbey.—B.

With false Ambition what had I to do ?
 Little with Love, and least of all with fame ;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make—a name
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
 But all is over—I am once the more
 To baffled millions which have gone before

And for the future, this world's future may
 From me demand but little of my care ;
 I have outlived myself by many a day ;
 Having survived so many things that were ;
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey
 Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
 I am content ; and for the past I feel
 Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
 And for the present, I would not benumb
 My feelings further.—Nor shall I conceal
 That with all this I still can look around,
 And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine ;
 We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign ;
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow decline
 We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last !

LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.

AND thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee !
 And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near ;
 Methought that joy and health alone could be
 Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here !
 And is it thus ?—it is as I foretold,
 And shall be more so ; for the mind recoils
 Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
 While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
 It is not in the storm nor in the strife
 We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
 But in the after-silence on the shore,
 When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.
Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability
Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—
Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold—
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits—the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end—
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won—
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

September, 1816

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
 And o'er the changing aspect flits,
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye ;
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink :
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well .
 Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
 And droop within their silent cell.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalene of Guido saw the morn—
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent !
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow :
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh !
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
 Soft as the last drop round heaven's airy bow.
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
 I worship more but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

IN moments to delight devoted,
 "My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
 Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
 If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;
 Or change "My life" into "my soul!"
 Which like my love exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—
 Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
 Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
 For, like the soul, my love can never die.

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent
 being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I.,
 in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life:
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
 Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
 There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
 Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
 We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,—
 We will part—we will fly to—unite it again!

Oh ! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt !
 Forgive me, adored one !—forsake, if thou wilt ;—
 But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
 And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
 This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be ;
 And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
 With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove ;
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
 Thy lip shall reply, not to them but to *mine*.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE
 CALEDONIAN MEETING.

WHO hath not glow'd above the page where fame
 Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name ;
 The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
 And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command ?
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
 And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath :
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
 And, England ! add their stubborn strength to thine.
 The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
 But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee !
 Oh ! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
 But give support—the world hath given him fame !

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
 While cheerly following where the mighty led—
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
 To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse :
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
 Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
 The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm ;
 While sad, she chants the solitary song,
 The soft lament for him who tarries long—
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave !

'Tis heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow :
 Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear ;

A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
 A thornless pillow for the widow'd head,
 May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
 And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S
 RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just ;
 What most admired each scrutinising eye
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry ?
 What spread from face to face that wondering air ?
 The thought of Brutus—for his was not there !
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd ;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own hath render'd less
 If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits
 Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,
 If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,
 Could with thy gentle image bear depart ;
 That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief :
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose ?
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose—
 A fount that only wants its living stream ;
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee ;
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine :
 The symmetry of youth—the grace of mein—
 The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene ;
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
 Which shades yet shows that forehead more than fair ;
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view

These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;
 And those must wait till every charm is gone,
 To please the paltry heart that pleases none:—
 That dull, cold sensualist, whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
 Behold! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall.
 Many a despot men miscall
 Crown'd and anointed from on high;
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
 Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
 Gray hairs but poorly wreath with them;
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
 More than thy very diadem,
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;
 And learn like better men to die.

Oh! early in the balance weighed,
 And ever light of word and worth,
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
 And left thee but a mass of earth.
 To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
 But tears in Hope's averted eye
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue :
 The present hours, the future age,
 For them bewail, to them belong.
 For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound ;
 While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
 The goblet's tributary round.
 A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
 Who would not share their glorious lot ;
 Who would not die the death they chose ?
 And, gallant Parker ! thus enshrined
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be ;
 And early valour, glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.
 But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In woe, that glory cannot quell ;
 And shuddering hear of victory,
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.
 Where shall they turn to mourn thee less ?
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name ?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.
 Alas ! for them, though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more ;
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

" O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
 GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so
 fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.
 Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess :
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.
 Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down ;
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the
 breast,
 Though midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of
 rest;
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.
 Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they
 be,
 So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters,
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming,
 And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee;
 To listen and adore thee:
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
 Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew
 There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
 Rising from each gory trunk,
 Like the water-spout from ocean,
 With a strong and growing motion—
 It soars, and mingles in the air,
 With that of lost Labedoyère—*
 With that of him whose honour'd grave
 Contains the "bravest of the brave."†

* Col. Labedoyère, who, with his regiment, joined Napoleon, on his return from
 Elba: he was tried by court-martial, and shot.

† Marshal Ney

A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
 But shall return to whence it rose;
 When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
 Never yet was heard such thunder,
 As then shall shake the world with wonder,
 Never yet was seen such lightning
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.*

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier-citizen
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,
 Till alone Tyranny commanded?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King?
 Then he fell:—so perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
 Whose realm refused thee even a tomb!†
 Better had'st thou still been leading
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
 Than sold thyself to death and shame
 For a meanly royal name;
 Such as he of Naples wears,
 Who thy blood-bought title bears.
 Little didst thou deem when dashing
 On thy war-horse through the ranks
 Like a stream which burst its banks,
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
 Of the fate at last which found thee:
 Was that haughty plume laid low
 By a slave's dishonest blow?
 Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;
 Through the smoke-created night
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,
 The soldier raised his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy—

* See Rev. chap. viii. v. 7. &c.—B.

Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt—A

And as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging,
 Fell, or fled along the plain;
 There be sure was Murat charging!
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice
 With her heart in her voice,
 But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
 Her safety sits not on a throne,
 With Capet or Napoleon!
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
 Pouring nations' blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union?
 The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
 Smile they at this idle threat?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,*
 Sever'd from thy faithful few?
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 Dear as both have been to me—
 What are they to all I feel,
 With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!
 First in fight, but mightiest now:
 Many could a world control;
 Thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 Death; and envied those who fell,
 When their dying shout was heard,
 Blessing him they served so well.†

Would that I were cold with those,
 Since this hour I live to see;
 When the doubts of coward foes
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee.
 Dreading each should set thee free!
 Oh! although in dungeons pent,
 All their chains were light to me,
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,
 In his native darkness share?
 Were that world this hour his own,
 All thou calmly dost resign,
 Could he purchase with that throne
 Hearts like those which still are thine?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
 Never did I droop before;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I now implore:
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave;
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

* "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."—B.

† "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like; this, however, you may depend on as true." *Private Letter from Brussels.*—B.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, on thou Rainbow of the free,
Our tears and blood must flow for thee,
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

* The tricolour.—F

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ersadow'd the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth,
 Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France !—but when liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
 Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
 And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face ;
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd :
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; and wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths ;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropp'd
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perish'd ! Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.*

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,
 Which lay unread around it ; and I ask'd
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ?
 And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;
 He died before my day of Sextonship,
 And I had not the digging of this grave."
 And is this all ? I thought,—and do we rip
 The veil of Immortality ? and crave
 I know not what of honour and of light
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight ?
 So soon, and so successless ? As I said,
 The Architect of all on which we tread,
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,
 Were it not that all life must end in one,
 Of which we are but dreamers ;—as he caught
 As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,
 Thus spoke he,—“I believe the man of whom
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
 Was a most famous writer in his day,
 And therefore travellers step from out their way
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
 Your honour pleases,”—then most pleased I shook
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
 So much but inconveniently :—Ye smile,
 I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,

* Charles Churchill, author of the *Rosciad*, &c.

Because my homely phrase the truth would tell
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël—
 Leman !* these names are worthy of thy shore,
 Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more,
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by *thee*
 How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory reel :

PROMETHEUS.

TITAN ! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise ;
 What was thy pity's recompense ?
 A silent suffering, and intense ;
 The rook, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where thy cannot kill
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
 The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,

* Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.—B

Refused thee even the boon to die :
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack ;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell ;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind ;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse.
 A mighty lesson we inherit :
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To Mortals of their fate and force ;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source ;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny ;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence :
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentr'd recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory.

[The pieces following, to the end, are, from their great beauty and unobjectionable character, extracted from Don Juan, a poem unfit to be printed, in this collection entire.]

FIRST LOVE.

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.
 Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth
 Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.
 'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end
 To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
 Particularly with a tiresome friend :
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.
 But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—
 And life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

VAIN REGRETS.

BUT now at thirty years my hair is grey—
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
 I thought of a peruke the other day—)
 My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I
 Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
 And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I
 Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.
 No more—no more—Oh ! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew ?
 Alas ! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more—no more—Oh ! never more, my heart,
 Canst thou be my sole world, my universe !
 Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
 Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse :
 The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
 Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
 And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
 Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure ;
 And the two last have left me many a token,
 O'er which reflection may be made at leisure :
 Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
 " Time is, Time was, Time's past :"—a chymic treasure
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
 My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

FAME.

WHAT is the end of Fame ? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their " midnight taper,"
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of man ? Old Egypt's King
 Cheops erected the first pyramid
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;
 But somebody or other rummaging
 Burglarously broke his coffin's lid :
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The wind
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale ;
 And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,
 Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind :
 At sunset they began to take in sail,
 For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift
Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,
Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,
Started the stern-post, also shattered the
Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift
Herself from out her present jeopardy,
The rudder tore away : 'twas time to sound
The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

One gang of people instantly was put
Upon the pumps, and the remainder set
To get up part of the cargo, and what not ;
But they could not come at the leak as yet ;
At last they did get at it really, but
Still their salvation was an even bet :
The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,
While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,
Into the opening ; but all such ingredients
Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,
Despite of all their efforts and expedients,
But for the pumps ; I'm glad to make them known
To all the brother tars who may have need hence,
For fifty tons of water were upthrown
By them per hour, and they had all been undone,
But for the maker, Mr Mann, of London.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,
And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam-ends.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset ;
The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget ;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks
Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,
And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went,
The main-mast follow'd : but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her as last (although we never meant
To part with all till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

It may be easily supposed, while this
Was going on, some people were unquiet,

That passengers would find it much amiss
To loose their lives, as well as spoil their diet
That even the able seaman, deeming his
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,
As upon such occasions tars will ask
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion: thus it was,
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick maws:
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,
As if Death were more dreadful by his door
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be
All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!"
'Tis true that death awaits both you and me,
But let us die like men, not sink below
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he.
And none liked to anticipate the blow;
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,
And made a loud and pious lamentation;
Repented all his sins, and made a last
Irrevocable vow of reformation;
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)
To quit his academic occupation,
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone,
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though before
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,
And for the moment it had some effect;
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect?

But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd :
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,
'Tis not so pleasant in the gulf of Lyons.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence,
Without their will, they carried them away ;
For they were forced with steering to dispense,
And never had as yet a quiet day
On which they might repose, or even commence
A jurymast or rudder, or could say
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope
To weather out much longer ; the distress
Was also great with which they had to cope
For want of water, and their solid mess
Was scant enough : in vain the telescope
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew
A gale, and in the fore and after hold
Water appear'd ; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps :—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more : he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

The ship was evidently settling now
Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
Of candles to their saints—but there were none
To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;
Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks ; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair
And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware,

That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less :
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet ;
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so ;
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail,
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one-half the people then on board.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use :
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,
For Juan wore the magisterial face
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair
Of eyes were crying for their owner's case;
Battista, though (a name call'd shortly Tita),
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;
They could not rescue him although so close,
Because the sea ran higher every minute,
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jose's,
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,
For on such things the memory reposes
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,
Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses!)
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

He also stuff'd his money where he could
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,

Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,
As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;
But Juan, trusting they might still get through,
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze :
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast ;
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
And present peril all before surpass'd,
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale : to run
Before the sea until it should grow fine,
Was all that for the present could be done :
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
Were served out to the people, who begun
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;
They did their best to modify their case,
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,
While t'other half were laid down in their place,
At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

'Tis very certain the desire of life
Prolongs it : this is obvious to physicians,
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,
Survive through very desperate conditions,
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,
They live upon the love of life, and bear
More than can be believed, or even thought,
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear ;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day :
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey ;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your labouring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;
For on the third day there came on a calm,
And though at first their strength it might renew,
And lying on their weariness like balm,
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
And fell all ravenously on their provision,
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
In spite of all remonstrances, and then
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !
And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do ? and hunger's rage grew wild :
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan, who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses ; and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and ycu might see

The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;
None in particular had sought or planned it,
'Twas Nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

* * * *

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth
When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with the famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half-glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free,
Then chang'd like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—
It is as well to think so, now and then ;
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged ; and most surely no men
Had greater need to nerve themselves again
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

About this time a beautiful white bird,
Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell :—this seem'd a better omen still.

But in this case I also must remark,
'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,

Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about ;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said " No !"
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,
And others, looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind :
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew ;
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the highlands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other islands.

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four,

And three dead, whom their strength could not avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquiver,
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
Had often turn'd the art to some account :
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr Ekenhead, and I did.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
The beach which lay before him, high and dry ;
The greatest danger here was from a shark,
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;
As for the other two, they could not swim,
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as t'was dash'd
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea :

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,

With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famished three,
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd:
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tinkling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And bathing his chill temples, tried to sooth
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung,
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,
And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary,
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case:
Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone;
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she

Had not so many ornaments to strike,
 Her hair had silver only, bound to be
 Her dowry ; and her veil, in form alike,
 Was coarser ; and her air, though firm, less free ;
 Her hair was thicker, but less long ; her eyes
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both
 With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,
 Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,
 And have ten thousand delicate inventions :
 They made a most superior mess of broth,
 A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
 But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's
 Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
 With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,
 Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
 With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
 A better welcome to the tempest-tost ;
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
 Save on the dead long summer days, which make
 The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

HAIDEE.

They carpeted their feet
 On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue ;
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete
 Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new ;
 The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
 A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
 Had done their work of splendour ; Indian mats
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
 Over the floors were spread ; gazelles and cats,
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain
 Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's
 To say, by degradation)—mingled there
 As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid
 With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
 Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
 Fretted with gold or silver ;—by command,
 The greater part of these were ready spread
 With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
 Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:

She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in their native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;

She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
 On mountain tops more heavenly white than her ;
 The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
 She was so like a vision ; I might err,
 But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
 "To gild refined gold, or paint the lilly."

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."*

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea :
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free,
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

* The νησοι μακαραν of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries.—B.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must *we* but blush ?—our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, " Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come !"

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine !

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one ?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

We will not think of themes like these,

It made Anacreon's song divine :

He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant ; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;

That tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind !

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore ;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells :

In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells ;

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,

Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

— EVENING.

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'Tis the hour of prayer !
 Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !
 Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !
 Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair !
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
 What though 'tis but a pictured image ?—strike—
 That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
 In nameless print—that I have no devotion ;
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest notion
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
 Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole
 Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore,
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Where the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
 And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along ;
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
 Which learn'd from this example not to fly
 From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 What'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
 Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
 Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
 Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb :
 Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
 Of feelings for some kindness done, when power
 Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

THE LOVERS.

THE heart—which may be broken : happy they !
 Thrice fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,
 The precious porcelain of human clay,
 Break with the first fall : they can ne'er behold
 The long year link'd with heavy day on day,
 And all which must be borne, and never told,
 While life's strange principle will often lie
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

“ Whom the gods love die young,” was said of yore,*
 And many deaths do they escape by this :
 The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,

* See Herodotus.—B.

Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore
 Awaits at last even those who longest miss
 The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
 Which men weep over may be meant to save.
 The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,
 The least glance better understood than words,
 Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much ;
 A language, too, but like to that of birds,
 Known but to them, at least appearing such
 As but to lovers a true sense affords ;
 Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
 To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er heard :
 All these were theirs, for they were children still,
 And children still they should have ever been ;
 They were not made in the real world to fill
 A busy character in the dull scene,
 But like two beings born from out a rill,
 A nymph and her beloved, all unseen
 To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
 And never know the weight of human hours.
 Moons changing had roll'd on, and changeless found
 Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
 As rarely they beheld throughout their round ;
 And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,
 For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound
 By the mere senses ; and that which destroys
 Most love, possession, unto them appear'd
 A thing which each endearment more endear'd

A DREAM.

SHE dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
 Chain'd to a rock ; she knew not how, but stir
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her ;
 And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
 Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.
 Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
 O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,
 And stumbled almost every step she made ;
 And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
 Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid ;
 'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
 Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
 And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.
 The dream changed :—in a cave she stood, its walls
 Were hung with marble icicles ; the work

Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
 Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk
 Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
 Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mirk
 The sharp rocks, look'd below each drop they caught,
 Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
 Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
 Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet
 Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now !)
 Lay he—nor could aught renew the beat
 Of his quench'd heart : and the sea dirges low
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
 And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

THE MANIAC.

A VEIN had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
 Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er ;
 And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
 O'ercharged with rain : her summon'd handmaids pore
 Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes ;
 Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,
 But she defied all means they could employ,
 Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
 With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;
 She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still ;
 No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead ;
 Corruption came not in each mind to kill
 All hope ; to look upon her sweet face bred
 New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
 She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
 When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
 But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
 O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair ;
 O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
 And ever-dying Gladiator's air,
 Their energy like life forms all their fame,
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.—

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
 Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
 A strange sensation which she must partake
 Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
 Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache
 Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
 Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
 For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why;
And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.
Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
Gentle, but without memory she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.
And then a slave bethought her of a harp,
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart resent;
And he begun a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.
Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being; in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.
Short solace, vain relief!—thought came too quick,
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close;—
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her in the hope to save.
Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace;
Food she refused, and raiment; no pretence
Avail'd for either; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone for ever.
Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show

A parting pang, the spirit from her past :
 And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
 The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
 Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
 Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
 Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away ;
 None but her own and father's grave is there,
 And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
 Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
 No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
 What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
 Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

FAME.

OF poets who come down to us through distance
 Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
 Life seems the smallest portion of existence ;
 Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
 'Tis as a snowball which derives assistance
 From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
 Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow ;
 But, after all, 'tis nothing but cold snow.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
 And love of glory's but an airy lust,
 Too often in its fury overcoming all
 Who would as 'twere identify their dust
 From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
 Leaves nothing till "the coming of the just"—
 Save change : I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
 And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome.

The very generations of the dead
 Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
 Until the memory of an age is fled,
 And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom :
 Where are the epitaphs our fathers read ?
 Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
 Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
 And lose their own in universal death.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
 Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
 Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
 For human vanity, the young De Foix !
 A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
 But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
 Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
 While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid :
 A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
 Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
 To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column :
 The time must come, when both alike decay'd,
 The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
 Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
 Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

Yet there will still be bards : though fame is smoke,
 Its fumes are frankincense to human thought ;
 And the unquiet feelings, which first woke
 Song in the world, will seek what then they sought
 As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
 Dash into poetry, which is but passion,
 Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

If in the course of such a life as was
 At once adventurous and contemplative,
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give
 Their images again as in a glass,
 And in such colours that they seem to live ;
 You may do right forbidding them to show 'em,
 But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,
 When nights are equal, but not so the days ;
 The Parcae then cut short the further spinning
 Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise
 The waters, and repentance for past sinning
 In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways :
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't ;
 Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
 And age, and sex, were in the market ranged ;
 Each bevy with the merchant in his station :
 Poor creatures ! their good looks were sadly changed
 All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
 From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged ;
 The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

Like a backgammon-board the place was dotted
 With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,
 Though rather more irregularly spotted :
 Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.
 It chanced amongst the other people lotted,
 A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,
 With resolution in his dark grey eye,
 Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

He had an English look ; that is, was square
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,
Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,
And, it might be, from thought, or toil, or study,
An open brow a little marked with care :
One arm had on a bandage rather bloody ;
And there he stood with such *sang-froid*, that greater
Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator

Just now a black old neutral personage
Of the third sex stepp'd up, and peering over
The captives seem'd to mark their looks and age,
And capabilities, as to discover
If they were fitted for the purposed cage :
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a tailor,
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

As is a slave by his intended bidder.
'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures ;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous ; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures ;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

The eunuch having eyed them o'er with care,
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to bid
First but for one, and after for the pair ;
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so they did !
As though they were in a mere Christian fair
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or kid ;
So that their bargain sounded like a battle
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

At last they settled into simple grumbling,
And pulling out reluctant purses, and
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and tumbling
Some down, and weighing others in their hand,
And by mistake sequins with paras jumbling,
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,
And then the merchant giving charge, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

I wonder if his appetite was good ?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion ?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts might intrude,
And conscience ask a curious sort of question,
About the right divine how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppressed one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

THE ASSASSINATION.

THE other evening ('twas on Friday last)—
 This is a fact, and no poetic fable—
 Just as my great coat was about me cast,
 My hat and gloves still lying on the table,
 I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce past—
 And, running out as fast as I was able,
 I found the military commandant
 Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.
 Poor fellow ! for some reason, surely bad,
 They had slain him with five slugs ; and left him there
 To perish on the pavement : so I had
 Him borne into the house and up the stair,
 And stripp'd, and look'd to,—But why should I add
 More circumstances ? vain was every care ;
 The man was gone : in some Italian quarrel
 Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.
 I gazed upon him, for I knew him well ;
 And though I have seen many corpses, never
 Saw one, whom such an accident befell,
 So calm ; though pierced through stomach, heart, and liver
 He seem'd to sleep,—for you could scarcely tell
 (As he bled inwardly, no hideous river
 Of gore divulged the cause) that he was dead :
 So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—
 " Can this be death ? then what is life or death ?
 Speak !" but he spoke not : " wake !" but still he slept :—
 " But yesterday and who had mightier breath ?
 A thousand warriors by his word were kept
 In awe : he said, as the centurion saith,
 ' Go,' and he goeth ; ' come,' and forth he stepp'd.
 The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb—
 And now nought left him but the muffled drum."
 And they who waited once and worshipp'd—they
 With their rough faces throng'd about the bed
 To gaze once more on the commanding clay
 Which for the last, though not the first time, bled :
 And such an end ! that he who many a day
 Had faced Napoleon's foes until they fled,—
 The foremost in the charge or in the sally,
 Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

LOVE AND GLORY.

O LOVE ! O Glory ! what are ye who fly
 Around us ever, rarely to alight ?
 There's not a meteor in the polar sky
 Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight

Chill, and chained to cold earth, we lift on high
 Our eyes in search of either lovely light ;
 A thousand and a thousand colours they
 Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

AULD LANG SYNE.

AND all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
 Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe
 (As far as rhyme and criticism combine
 To make such puppets of us things below),
 Are over : Here's a health to " Auld Lang Syne !"
 I do not know you, and may never know
 Your face—but you have acted on the whole
 Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.
 And when I use the phrase of " Auld Lang Syne !"
 'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity
 For me, for I would rather take my wine
 With you, than aught (save Scott) in your proud city.
 But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
 And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
 But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
 A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—
 As " Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
 Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams
 The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*,
 All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
 Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
 Like Banquo's offspring ;—floating past me seems
 My childhood in this childishness of mine :
 I care not—'tis a glimpse of " Auld Lang Syne."
 And though, as you remember, in a fit
 Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
 I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
 Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
 Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
 They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early.
 I " *scotch'd* not kill'd " the Scotchman in my blood,
 And love the land of " mountain and of flood."

THE BLACK FRIAR.

BEWARE ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
 Who sitteth by Norman stone,
 For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
 And his mass of the days that are gone.
 When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
 Made Norman Church his prey,
 And expell'd the friars, one friar still
 Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
 To turn church lands to lay,
 With sword in hand, and torch to light
 Their walls, if they said nay;
 A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
 And he did not seem form'd of clay,
 For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church.
 Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say;
 But still with the house of Amundeville
 He abideth night and day.
 By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
 He flits on the bridal eve;
 And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
 He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
 And when aught is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
 He walks from hall to hall.
 His form you may trace, but not his face,
 'Tis shadow'd by his cowl:
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
 And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway,
 For he is yet the church's heir,
 Whoever may be the lay.
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night;
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
 And he'll say nought to you;
 He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
 As o'er the grass the dew.
 Then grammerey! for the Black Friar;
 Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
 And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
 Let ours be for his soul.

NORMAN OR NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
 Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,

Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sings again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall :

Others, that some original shape, or form
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.

Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower ;
The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
The fact :—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween ;
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
Form'd a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.

MAZEPPA

I.

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly,
By day and night, through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power,
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests, darkling,
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must lay his limbs at length.
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff—his limbs were stark—
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet, through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,

And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade,—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold:
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board:
But spirited and docile too;
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around,—and Night
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV

This done, Mazeppa, spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good
The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt—
And next the venerable man,
From out his havresack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock,
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then,
With far less of inquietude

Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe ;—
And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, Mazeppa? On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou :
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride !"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore so.
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well ?"
Mazeppa said—" 'Twere long to tell ;
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthenes :
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep :
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back :
I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 'twas when Casimir was king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers, in my earlier age :
A learned monarch, faith ! was he,
And most unlike your majesty :
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again ;
And (save debates in Warsaw's Diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet ;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex ;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war ;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book ;
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court.

And dames, and chiefs, of princely port ;
 He was the Polish Solomon,
 So sung his poets, all but one,
 Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
 And boasted that he could not flatter.
 It was a court of jousts and mimes,
 Where every courtier tried at rhymes ;
 Even I for once produced some verses,
 And sign'd my odes ' Despairing Thyrsis.'
 There was a certain Palatine,
 A count of far and high descent,
 Rich as a salt or silver mine ;
 And he was proud, ye may divine,
 As if from heaven he had been sent :
 He had such wealth in blood and ore
 As few could match beneath the throne ;
 And he would gaze upon his store,
 And o'er his pedigree would pore,
 Until by some confusion led,
 Which almost look'd like want of head,
 He thought their merits were his own.
 His wife was not of his opinion—
 His junior she by thirty years—
 Grew daily tired of his dominion ;
 And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
 To virtue a few farewell tears,
 A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs and dances
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her Count with titles given,
 'Tis said, as passports into heaven ;
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of these, who have deserved them most.

V.

"I was a goodly stripling then ;
 At seventy years I so may say,
 That there were few, or boys or men,
 Who, in my dawning time of day,
 Of vassal or of knight's degree,
 Could vie in vanities with me ;
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
 A port, not like to this ye see,
 But smooth, as all is rugged now ;
 For time, and care, and war, have plough'd
 My very soul from out my brow ;
 And thus I should be disavow'd
 By all my kind and kin, could they
 Compare my day and yesterday ;
 This change was wrought, too, long ere ago
 Had ta'en my features for his page :
 With years, ye know, have not declined
 My strength, my courage, or my mind,

Or at this hour I should not be
 Telling old tales beneath a tree,
 With starless skies my canopy.
 But let me on: Theresa's form—
 Methinks it glides before me now,
 Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
 The memory is so quick and warm;
 And yet I find no words to tell
 The shape of her I loved so well:
 She had the Asiatic eye,
 Such as our Turkish neighbourhood,
 Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
 Dark as above us is the sky;
 But through it stole a tender light,
 Like the first moonrise of midnight;
 Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
 Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
 All love, half languor, and half fire,
 Like saints that at the stake expire,
 And lift their raptured looks on high,
 As though it were a joy to die.
 A brow like a midsummer lake,
 Transparent with the sun therein,
 When waves no murmur dare to make,
 And heaven beholds her face within.
 A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
 I loved her then—I love her still;
 And such as I am love indeed
 In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
 But still we love even in our rage,
 And haunted to our very age
 With the vain shadow of the past,
 As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

“ We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd—
 She did not speak, and yet replied;
 There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds,
 Without their will, young hearts and minds;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
 I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
 And still reluctant distance kept,
 Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion—then, even then,
 I long'd, and was resolved to speak;
 But on my lips they died again,
 The accents tremulous and weak.

Until one hour.—There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day ;
 It is—I have forgot the name—
 And we to this, it seems, were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget :
 I reck'd not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh ! to see
 The being whom I loved the most.—
 I watch'd her as a sentinel,
 (May ours this dark night watch as well !)
 Until I saw, and thus it was,
 That she was pensive, nor perceived
 Her occupation, nor was grieved
 Nor glad to lose or gain ; but still
 Play'd on for hours, as if her will
 Yet bound her to the place, though not
 That hers might be the winning lot.
 Then through my brain the thought did pass
 Even as a flash of lightning there,
 That there was something in her air
 Which would not doom me to despair ;
 And on the thought my words broke forth,
 All incoherent as they were—
 Their eloquence was little worth,
 But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
 Who listens once will listen twice ;
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
 And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

“ I loved, and was beloved again :—
 They tell me, sire, you never knew
 Those gentle frailties ; if 'tis true,
 I shorten all my joy or pain ;
 To you 'twould seem absurd as vain,
 But all men are not born to reign,
 Or o'er their passions, or as you
 Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
 I am—or rather *was*—a prince,
 A chief of thousands, and could lead
 Them on where each would foremost bleed ;
 But could not o'er myself evince
 The like control—but to resume :
 I loved, and was beloved again ;
 In sooth, it is a happy doom,
 But yet where happiest ends in pain.—
 We met in secret, and the hour
 Which led me to that lady's bower
 Was fiery Expectation's dower.
 My days and nights were nothing—all
 Except that hour which doth recall
 In the long lapse from youth to age
 No other like itself—I'd give

The Ukraine back again to live
 It o'er once more—and be a page,
 The happy page, who was the lord
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
 And had no other gem nor wealth
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.—
 We met in secret—doubly sweet,
 Some say, they find it so to meet;
 I know not that—I would have given
 My life but to have call'd her mine
 In the full view of earth and heaven;
 For I did oft and long repine
 That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

“For lovers there are many eyes,
 And such there were on us;—the devil
 On such occasions should be civil—
 The devil!—I'm lothe to do him wrong,
 It might be some untoward saint,
 Who would not be at rest too long,
 But to his pious bile gave vent—
 But one fair night, some lurking spies
 Surprised and seized us both.
 The Count was something more than wroth—
 I was unarm'd; but if in steel,
 All cap-à-pie from head to heel.
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do?—
 'Twas near his castle, far away
 From city or from succour near,
 And almost on the break of day;
 I did not think to see another,
 My moments seem'd reduced to few
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And, it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate:
 Theresa's doom I never knew,
 Our lot was henceforth separate.—
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree;
 Nor less amazed, that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got.
 While he was highest of his line;
 Because unto himself he seem'd
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd
 In other's eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath! with a *page*—perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing;
 But with a stripling of a page—
 I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

“ ‘Bring forth the horse!’—the horse was brought
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look’d as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
’Twas but a day he had been caught
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
They loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

“ Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
’Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam’d—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench’d my head,
And snapp’d the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And writhing half my form about,
Howl’d back my curse; but ’midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser’s speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed.
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis’ weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e’er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch’d and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch’d, as on the lightning’s flash,

They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank :
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

“ Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind ;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light :
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black ;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er ;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod :—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career :
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed ;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became :
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright :
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang :
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;

And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

" We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;

But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind .
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun ;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh ! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won ;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain-roë ;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,

Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
 All furious as a favour'd child
 Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will.

XIII.

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June;
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er:
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no further: he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.
 O'er-tortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go,
 And strove to wake; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below:
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
 My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain;
 But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such:
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again;
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust:

No matter ; I have bared my brow
Ful in Death's face— before— and now.

XIV.

“ My thoughts came back ; where was I ? Cold,
And numb, and giddy : pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold
And throb by throb : till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflow'd though thick and chill
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill ;
My sight return'd, though dim ; alas !
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars ;—it is no dream ;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream .
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance !
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell ; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew,

XV.

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top : a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight ;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate ;
No twinkling taper from afar

Stood like a hospitable star ;
 Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
 To make him merry with my woes :
 That very cheat had cheer'd me then !
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me, through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

"Onward we went—but slack and slow ;
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour ;
 But useless all to me.
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd—
 My limbs were bound ; my force had fail'd
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
 But still it was in vain ;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolonged their pain :
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won :
 Some streaks announced the coming sun—
 How slow, alas ! he came !
 Methought that mist of dawning gray
 Would never dapple into day ;
 How heavily it roll'd away—
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And call'd the radiance from their cars,
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne.
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

"Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around—behind—before ;
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;
 No sign of travel—none of toil ;
 The very air was mute ;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
 And still we were—or seem'd alone :
 At length, while reeling on our way

Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a feint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head
“ And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,

That makes us feel at length resign'd
 To that which our foreboding years
 Presents the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable—even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon ;
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare

That prudence might escape :
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,

And welcome in no shape.
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
 Whose heritage was misery :
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new,

Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave ;
 And, save the future (which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good,
 But as their nerves may be endued),

With nought perhaps to grieve :—
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears, to his distemper'd eyes,
 Arrived to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.
 To-morrow would have given him all,
 Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall ;
 To-morrow would have been the first
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon of many a painful hour ;
 To-morrow would have given him power
 To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
 And must it dawn upon his grave ?

XVIII.

“ The sun was sinking—still I lay
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,
 I thought to mingle there our clay ;
 And my dim eyes of death hath need,
 No hope arose of being freed :
 I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly,
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun ;
 He flew and perch'd, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before ;
 I saw his wing through twilight flit,

And once so near me he alit
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
 Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
 Together scared him off at length.—
 I know no more—my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
 And went and came with wandering beam
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath,
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks than cross'd my brain—
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

“I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie?
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I closed my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—
 But that I lived, and was released
 From adding to the vulture's feast:
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
 She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free;
 And then her hand on mine she laid,
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake

In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music follow'd her light feet;—
 But those she call'd were not awake,
 And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had not to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return:—while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

“She came with mother and with sire—
 What need of more?—I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest.
 Since I became the Cossack's guest
 They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
 They brought me into life again—
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
 His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
 To pass the desert to a throne,—
 What mortal his own doom may guess?—
 Let none despond, let none despair!
 To-morrow the Borysthenes
 May see our coursers graze at ease
 Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
 Had I such welcome for a river
 As I shall yield when safely there.
 Comrades, good night!”—The Hetman threw
 His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made,
 A bed nor comfortless nor new
 To him, who took his rest whene'er
 The hour arrived, no matter where:
 His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot
 To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not,—
 The king had been an hour asleep.

ODE ON VENICE.

I.

O Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
 Are level with the waters, there shall be
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
 If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
 What should thy sons do?—anything but weep
 And yet they only murmur in their sleep.

In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
 Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,
 That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
 Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
 Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
 Oh! agony—that centuries should reap
 No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
 Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
 And even the Lion all subdued appears,
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,
 The weeds of nations in their last decay
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
 Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;
 Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
 To him appears renewal of his breath,
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;—
 And then he talks of life, and how again
 He feels his spirit soaring—albeit weak,
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
 And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy
 Chamber swims round and round—and shadows busy
 At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
 And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth.

II.

There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
 Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*
 Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean

On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
 For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
 Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
 Are of as high an order—they must go
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
 What have they given your children in return?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
 What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
 O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?
 All that your sires have left you, all that Time
 Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
 Spring from a different theme!—Ye see and read,
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
 Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd
 By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
 And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tendered,
 Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the crowd,
 Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
 And trample on each other to obtain
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
 Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd
 The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
 'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
 And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain.—
 Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
 Which they abhor, confound not with the cause
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
 Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
 With all her seasons to repair the blight
 With a few summers, and again put forth
 Cities and generations—fair, when free—
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

III.

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
 With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
 The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,
 But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate
 All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
 Although they humbled—with the kingly few
 The many felt, for from all days and climes
 She was the voyager's worship!—even her crimes
 Were of the softer order—born of Love
 She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
 But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread

For these restor'd the Cross, that from above
 Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
 Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
 The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
 Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
 The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
 Yet she but shares with them a common woe,
 And call'd the "kingdom" of a conquering foe,—
 But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

IV.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe:
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
 Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
 Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the soul's our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

Byron, George Gordon Byron

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